

July 21, 1965

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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*Prince Edward and Prince Andrew*

**NAGGING — A MAJOR THREAT TO HAPPINESS**  
**BOOKLET: HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL MOTHER**



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## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JULY 21, 1965

Vol. 33, No. 8

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## WORTH REPORTING

● We are proud of our share in the latest success of Australian fashion designer Norma Tullo. (See story page 5.)

THIS is one development of the association of The Australian Women's Weekly with the Butterick Company, which provides our pattern service.

The plan to include styles by an Australian fashion designer in the world distribution of Butterick patterns was made in New York at conferences this year between representatives of The Australian Women's Weekly, Butterick, the Australian Department of Trade, and the Wool Board.

Norma Tullo, who this year broke fashion records by winning seven Wool Board fashion awards including the Designers' Award, was a natural choice.

Her styles have been specially created for Australian-made fabrics being sent to America in the first large-scale shipment of such piecegoods ever to be on sale in department stores throughout the United States.

This is a real breakthrough for Australia's fashion-trade interests.

The Australian Women's Weekly has been the biggest fashion influence in Australia for many years. We are proud to be using this influence now to aid Aus-

tralia's export drive and foster the young fashion talent of this country.

### "A very human lady"

OF the Queen Mother, Dick Francis, author of our new serial, "For Kicks" (story, page 4), says:

"She is a very warm and human lady with a sense of humor, as she showed me one morning in Kent.

"I was schooling one of her horses when she arrived with Queen Elizabeth.

"I had chicken pox; not bad enough to keep me in

### OUR COVER

● The Queen's younger sons photographed in a sitting-room at Windsor Castle. Prince Andrew, 5, a smart young man in blue tie and trousers and blue-and-white-striped shirt, holds a toy engine out of reach of his little brother while he shows him a toy animal. Chubby Prince Edward was one year old in March. This picture by Lisa Sheridan.

bed, but the whole family had it and the children were kept away from school.

"Anyway the royal party called me over to meet them.

"I came to within ten yards of the Queen Mother and said, 'I'm afraid you better leave me here, you might get chicken pox.'

"Come over here at once," she said with a laugh. 'We've all had it.'



● Justin O'Brien

### TV lecture times

● Dressmaking expert Bridget Maginn will give five half-hour television lectures for New South Wales viewers.

Details are: TCN9, Sydney, July 19-23, inclusive, 1 p.m.; NBN3, Newcastle, July 19-23, inclusive, 1 p.m. Lecture times for WIN4, Wollongong, July 19-23, inclusive, have been changed to 4 p.m.

#### In Auckland

After lectures at Wellington and Christchurch, Miss Maginn will go to Auckland.

Her Auckland itinerary is: Milne and Choyce, September 6-10, inclusive. Lectures, 10.30 a.m. daily, Skyroom. Parades, 12.20 p.m. and 1.20 p.m. daily. Lecture bookings, 5/-, Ground Floor Booking Office.



AUTHOR of the 16-page lift-out book in this issue, Eve Featheringill, pictured at home with daughter Kim. Mrs. Featheringill has experience to back her discussion of the special problems of mothering more than one child at a time. Although she is now in her late forties and her children long past babyhood, she has four — Kent, Kim, Jill, and Kerry.

### Rug was too much bother

AUSTRALIAN artist Justin O'Brien returned home after 18 months in Greece and Rome with one suitcase and 32 paintings.

"I took two cases over with me and came back with one," he said. "I can't be bothered carting things.

"I didn't bring home any souvenirs. I bought a rug, but I left it in Rome—it would have meant another suitcase."

The paintings were inspired by the months he spent living in a village on the Greek island of Skiros—his first return visit to Greece since he spent seven months there as a POW during World War II.

Some were painted later in Rome. "But they are practically all from the Greek experience," he said.

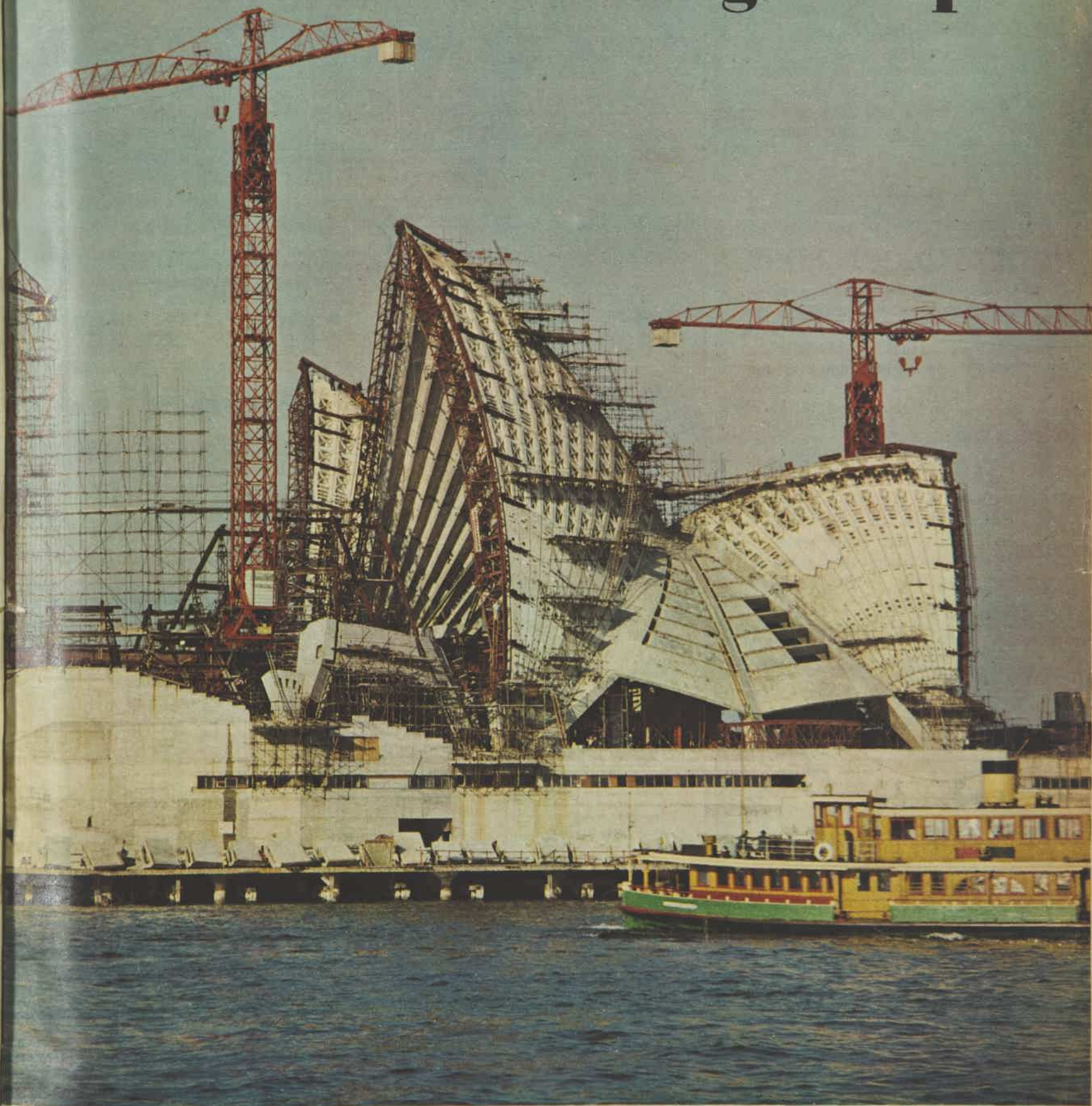
They will be exhibited at the Macquarie Galleries in Sydney from July 21.

About to return to Cranbrook School, Sydney, as art master, Mr. O'Brien commented that world-wide trade in books and periodicals keeps artists in touch.

"I don't feel cut off here," he said. "We get all the books the Europeans and Americans do! Why, you can buy them up at the Cross!"



# Sydney's Opera House is taking shape



**SYDNEYSIDERS**, who have spent years arguing, protesting, and accusing as the estimated cost of their beloved but unbuilt Opera House rose from the original £4,000,000 to £25,000,000, are at last beginning to see something for their money. Not so long ago, all that the casual eye took in at the dream site on Bennelong Point, jutting into Sydney Harbor, was a sprawling, untidy mass of building materials, cranes, and other gear. But now the fairytale "shells," which attracted world-wide approval when architect Utzon's design was first decided on, are taking shape, and weekend queues inspecting the progress are growing longer and more enthusiastic. At last it seems that by the time the harsh sounds of building are replaced by music, the Opera House will really be, as has so often been predicted, Australia's top tourist attraction — a work of superb architecture in an unparalleled setting.

Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg



## NEXT WEEK

It's big  
big

BIG!

And it's colorful . . .  
it's helpful . . .

chockful . . . of ideas

to make your  
meat cookery  
more marvel-  
lous than  
ever. You'll  
find every-  
thing in our  
16-page big



## MEAT COOK BOOK

— all about beef, pork, mutton, lamb, and veal — steaks, chops, sausages, minced steak, barbecue and party snacks — variety meats, kebabs, spareribs, smoked and corned meats — roasts, casseroles, pot roasts, stews, and leftovers.

**And:**

## "FASHIONABLE SAVAGES"

Here's a new name for the world's "Best Dressed" women. And here's the inside story of these women: what they are really like (and why they're savage!).

**And:**

## CAMELLIAS

(with a difference)

Learn about  
*Camellia reticu-  
lata* — a beauti-  
ful addition to  
any garden.



**And:**

Don't miss

## "A Cry In the Night"

— a rare short story by noted mys-  
tery writer Charlotte Armstrong.

**And:**

## Paris chic stro-l-l-s into spring

— and our pictures  
show a bright and  
colorful collection  
from the couturiers.



## Royal jockey

turned

writer is

author of

our exciting

new serial



● Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, with Princess Margaret and the Queen, waves to Dick Francis on her horse Devon Loch before the start of the fateful 1956 Grand National.

# Racing thriller with Australian detective

● You're riding for the Queen Mother and you're in front. This is your Grand National. You clear the last fence like a bird.

NOW you're racing up the straight thirty yards clear.

That's about as much of the 1956 Grand National as jockey Dick Francis likes to remember.

Seconds later Dick and the Queen Mother's gallant Devon Loch lay sprawled on the turf.

For some reason not even Dick himself knows, Devon Loch's legs suddenly splayed fifty yards from the post.

"I've racked my brains for the past nine years — I suppose I shall rack them for ever — over why my mount suddenly fell with the race all but over," said Dick.

These days, Dick Francis doesn't ride horses for cash. He writes about them.

His first book, his autobiography, was "The Sport of Queens."

His latest, "For Kicks," his third racing novel, set in the English racing world, is our new serial, beginning in this issue. It has a new fiction detective, an Australian horse-breeder, Daniel Roke, brought to England to track down the operators behind the mysterious wins of heavily backed outsiders.

In "For Kicks" there's an incredible array of characters — jockeys, owners, trainers, stable-boys, and crooks.

And Dick confessed: "I've never been to Australia. I invented Daniel Roke after reading a pamphlet about the Snowy River."

"I wanted a good sort of lad to do my story on. This man from Snowy River, who comes to Britain only to find the stable-lads think he sounds like a cockney, was just the ticket."

From riding to writing, at first, was not easy for Dick.

"After that terrible National a friend of my mother's, Jack Johnson, suggested I do my life story," he said.

"Anyway, next thing I knew he'd sent a man to my house to 'ghost' my story.

"I couldn't write, but I was hanged if I'd let anyone else write my life story.

"My wife, Mary, and I got to work — and that was that.

get past that, every fall is murder."

He has broken his collar-bones 11 times; he has broken his arms.

Once he broke his back, and went to ride in a steeplechase in America with a special brace to hold his vertebrae in place.

Nevertheless, like most "jump" jockeys, he'd do it all again.

"Racing is in my blood,"

By MIKE GIBSON in London

"Now I do all my own writing. Mary helps me whenever I'm lost for words."

The Francis family, two sons, Merrick and Felix, who — you guessed it — want to be jockeys, live at Blewbury, in Berkshire.

When Dick isn't writing books or his racing column in the "Sunday Express" or judging horse shows, he finds time to ride out with local trainer Frank Cundrell.

At 44, though, Dick says he'll never go National Hunt racing again.

He said: "My bones break too easily these days.

"Until you're 35, jump racing's not bad. Once you

he said. "I'll always feel more comfortable with a horse than a typewriter."

"I remember, as clear as anything, my first winner for the Queen Mother and her trainer, Peter Cazalet.

"The horse was called Ma's Tu Vu, and Mr. Cazalet made it clear that if I was to keep riding for him I must never look around in a race.

"Ma's Tu Vu was well clear down the straight at Lingfield, but I could hear all this shouting and thought we were being challenged.

"I was dying to look back, but put my head down and rode him hard to the post.

"Then I looked back and

was amazed to find there was nothing within 30 or 40 yards of us. I just wasn't used to the way the crowds react to the Queen Mother's winners."

After the biggest disappointment of his career — when Devon Loch went under him at Aintree — Dick said he felt like "throwing myself in the river."

The Queen Mother invited him to the royal box in the stand to commiserate.

"I remember she said to me, 'Well, that's racing. What could I say to an owner as sporting as that?'

Besides winning the jockeys' premiership in 1953-54, Dick's big wins have been the Welsh Grand National (twice), the King George VI Steeplechase at Kempton, the Topham Trophy at Liverpool, and the Champion Chase.

The Queen Mother has kept in touch with him. He danced with her till the wee small hours at her party last year to celebrate her 100th race-winner.

"She is one of the most remarkable women I have ever met," said Dick.

"Her energy and love of life are amazing."



● Thirty yards clear in the straight, Devon Loch stumbled, and a dazed Dick Francis could never understand what happened.



# Butterick signs up Norma Tullo

—And we will feature her patterns

● Another chapter has been added to the success story of young Melbourne fashion designer Norma Tullo. The Butterick Company Inc., manufacturers of Vogue Patterns and Butterick Patterns, has bought four Tullo designs for the Butterick January catalogue.

**NORMA** Tullo becomes the first Australian designer to join the Butterick list.

On this list are 20 "big name" couturiers who design for the Vogue Pattern range, people like Patou, Ricci, Cavanagh, and the new young designers like Mary Quant, Jean Muir, and Gerald McCann, whose designs are in the Butterick catalogue.

The Tullo designs chosen are for summer — a travelling outfit, incorporating a coat, blouse, and skirt, or, alternatively, a dress; a long cotton frock that also can be made short; a suit; and a short plain frock.

The Tullo Look, young, colorful, feminine, will go, via Butterick Patterns, all over the world, except to Germany and Russia.

Mr. Russell Norris, Butterick's Fashion Director, did the rounds of young Australian designers during a recent visit, accompanied by Mr. A. W. Roper, from Butterick in Sydney, and other firm members.

## American look

Judging by his enthusiasm, Tullo is only the first of the Australians likely to interest the pattern people — Butterick buy 900 new styles a year.

"Australian designers' clothes have such a wonderful young look," he said, "and an American look, so should be very successful in America."

Among other designers who impressed him were Prue Acton, Kenneth Pirrie, and Mark Shaw.

Norma Tullo, the tiny, vivacious, blonde governing-director of Norma Tullo Pty. Ltd., is elated.

Miss Tullo said that Mr. Norris praised the use of fabric, colors, and the styling of her garments.

"I think he didn't expect to see quite the standard we can achieve in Australia," she said.

"The garments he liked are the ones that sell best here. You would have sworn he had a crystal ball.

"There are 300 garments in the current collection and he pounced on the two best-sellers—a linen frock and a bright yellow coat with a navy-and-white striped blouse."

By  
Margaret Berkeley

Norma Tullo's sketches, approved by Mr. Norris, have gone to the United States. The garments must be made within a few weeks to be sent to America for photographing.

Slightly embarrassed nowadays by the often-repeated legend of her success, Norma Tullo can look back nine years to the little room in the old Metropole Arcade, Melbourne, where she first started on her own.

That youngster of 20, who loved colors and was so clever at designing dresses and slacks for her friends, dreamed of her own business.

"I would have loved a little boutique, but it would have cost a lot more money to open a boutique than to rent a little room," she said.

Her talent, a little experience of business life received

working in a solicitor's office, buyers who "were marvellous to me," all the people who helped her with advice, the "kicks in the pants," and the mistakes she learned from in those "chaotic" days — all these contributed to her success.

She is convinced that one of the most important things is building up the right staff.

"I am lucky," she said. "The staff I have, everyone, whatever they do, packing a box or adding up columns of figures, are specialists."

"We all work hard and we are close to each other. Everyone voices opinions rather readily. We have regular meetings, both general staff meetings and meetings of the design-floor girls, and we learn from each other."

Her staff, who call her "Norma," like and respect her.

Her general manager and friend, Mrs. Beryl Martin, has been with her for eight years.

From the moment you enter the door of the smart Tullo building in Lonsdale Street, with its black-and-white striped blinds, you realise that atmosphere means a lot to Norma Tullo.

In fact, the most appreciated compliment from Russell Norris, Miss Tullo said, was that the Tullo showroom was unique among showrooms he had seen in his world travels.

Its walls are softly draped, with high-backed old-fashioned chairs upholstered in black-and-white checked gingham, antiques, and a fountain in the centre.

Three floors upstairs, Miss Tullo presides in her very



● In her Melbourne fashion house, Miss Norma Tullo discusses with Mr. Russell Norris, Fashion Director of Butterick Company Inc., designs she is sending to America for the Butterick January catalogue.

feminine eyrie, more like a home than an office.

A fire blazes in the fireplace, the visitor and Miss Tullo sit in comfortable blue velvet armchairs, while in the background are her huge antique desk, lovely old-fashioned lamps, and dozens of other delightful pieces.

Although the Tullo name is constantly in the public eye, the owner is rarely seen.

Of herself and her husband, young businessman Brian King, Miss Tullo said, "I don't know anyone who goes out so little. We like to be at home."

"We only go out about once a month or even once in two months."

"The nicest time of the day is having dinner at home with Brian."

The Kings were married in Italy, will celebrate their

third wedding anniversary in December.

"Shop" talk is varied at their place — Brian's interests are industrial plastics, x-ray machines, etc.

## Rambling home

But he has interests in fashion, too. The General Store, South Yarra, selling Tullo clothes, is his, and soon he will open a General Store in Adelaide.

They have a big rambling home in Toorak with a garden which is their constant joy and interest.

They are preparing a nursery for their first child, expected in September.

The household routine, organised with Miss Doris Dale, the housekeeper, in charge, will adapt itself to the new baby, and with a mothercraft nurse in resi-

dence Miss Tullo expects to combine easily motherhood and her business career.

Norma Tullo wears extremely simple clothes.

"I am so tiny," she said. "I love black, brown, pale blue, and dark navy — these are colors I can wear well."

Far from looking down on "the little black dress," she feels that nothing looks as chic as black. She doesn't believe in way-out fashions.

"It doesn't matter what trend is current, women should look like women," she said. "If a woman can wear something a little different that is also elegant, she has reached the ultimate."

"If a fashion is beautiful it can't be wrong, and the same goes with color. Beautiful colors are always fashionable."

# Women know what they like in fashion

"WOMEN are discriminating," said Mr. Norris, Fashion Director of the Butterick Company.

"We have given up trying to predict which of the new styles will sell well."

"For instance, American women did not take to the Courreges styles until they were softened and made less 'sterile' by American designers."

So although a wealth of training and experience goes into selecting designs from more than 20 of the leading French, Italian, Spanish, and

● "Women are full of surprises, with minds of their own," said Mr. Russell Norris (pictured above), who selected the Norma Tullo designs for Butterick. For nearly 20 years he has had a wide experience in the fashion world, and consequently a world of women.

English haute couture houses for patterns, the company prepares for a 30 percent failure rate.

Mr. Norris co-ordinates his company's world-fashion and fabric operation, and twice a year attends the European collections to buy designs for the huge 1400-pattern Vogue and Butterick range.

Australia, far from getting the new fashions later than

anyone else, often gets them sooner.

"All fashion and fabrics stem from Italy and Paris," Mr. Norris said. "By the time they come out there in, say, January, it is too late for the American winter but just in good time for yours. In this way, Australia is ahead of America."

Mr. Norris said: "I came here expecting to be able to analyse Australia and put

you in a slot, but I haven't been able to."

"I feel as if you are on the verge of a tremendous explosion of creative talent. It's just waiting for an outlet."

"Youth is taking over the world," he said, "and this is one of the most critical challenges ever to the fashion world."

"That is why we are so interested in young designers."

We already buy from Mary Quant and Jean Muir of Jane and Jane. I predict great things for that girl, she's fantastic."

Mr. Norris likes the young, mod designs.

"At least I like what is happening to them," he said. "At first they were so full of gimmicks you could hardly keep a straight face. Now they have settled down, I think they are charming."

Two Mary Quant designs

(Butterick, No. 3288 and 3287) were among the company's all-time best-sellers with an elegant Nina Ricci suit (Vogue, No. 1313) and a complete mix-and-match wardrobe (Butterick, No. 2704).

(All four patterns have been featured in The Australian Women's Weekly.)

There was no excuse nowadays for a badly dressed woman, Mr. Norris said.

"The range of patterns and fabrics available today is so wide that women can make clothes that are simple, understated, and timeless. Women's greatest mistake is that they tend to over-dress," he added.

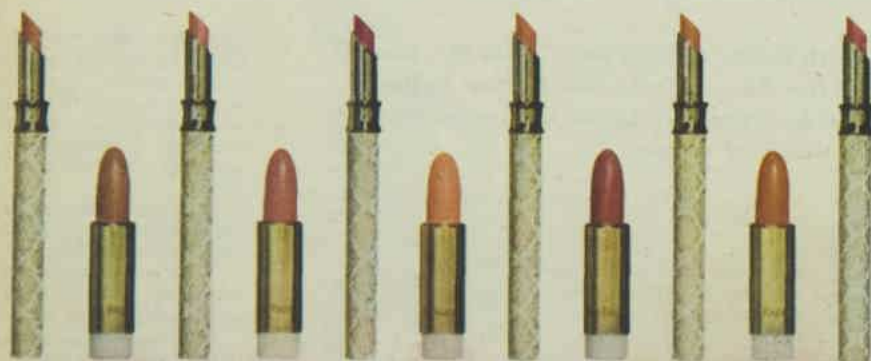




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6/11



# Australian singer in limelight

● "My happiest moment in standing-in for Maria Callas was when I threw myself over the battlements — and knew that I still had plenty of voice to go on singing," said Melbourne soprano Marie Collier.

IT is typical of Marie, 34, a mother of four, and now regarded at Covent Garden as the one soprano who can take over from Callas, that she chose this as her greatest moment in an evening of the greatest public adulation she has known.

Other stars might well have picked out the 25 minutes of standing ovation from a packed theatre, the 20 curtain calls, the hundreds of fans who stood for more than an hour outside the stage door to cheer her, or the unprecedented compliments from her fellow artists and the producer, or other aspects.



AUSTRALIAN singer Marie Collier relaxes with her four children at her Berkshire home. From left, Andrew, 2; Christopher, 5; Barbara, 7; and Michael, 9.

But Marie Collier has always been a professional opera singer first, last, and always. For her the most important aim is to give a good performance—and on her big night, July 2, she knew that she had.

"Although," she told me with meticulous accuracy later, "I am sure that I have done better, and I hope to do better next time."

Looking as unlike a diva as possible, in a plain black pullover and severely tailored black slacks, she sat over a rushed lunch in Soho, answering my questions.

It was the only pause she had taken from work for five days. And she needed it to get a proper meal.

For while every newspaper, magazine, and radio and television station in England has been blazing her success in "Tosca," Marie has quietly been getting on with the job she was doing when Covent Garden begged her to stand-in for Callas.

She is starring in the most difficult role of her life, the name part of "The Fiery Angel," by Prokofiev.

"I was so embroiled in it

that when I got home from a full day's rehearsal on the Wednesday night at 8.30, and was asked to ring the Garden, I almost felt too tired," she said.

"Then when Sir David Webster said he wanted me to go on for Callas on the Friday I told him it was impossible.

"But when he explained the difficulty, I couldn't let them down.

"The great joke was that I had an appointment booked with the artistic director of La Scala, Milan, for the next day at lunchtime — and had to cancel it in order to rehearse with the company."

## La Scala

Signor Francesco Siciliani, perhaps the most respected and best known selector of operatic artists in the world, had heard a tape recording of Marie.

He had come to London specially to offer her a contract with La Scala.

"It was all arranged some time ago, and the 'Tosca' meant that I had to postpone our meeting until the weekend," said Marie.

"Of course, it is every singer's dream to play at La Scala. I have stood in the gods many a time there dreaming of being on stage.

"But when people pretend that this sort of thing comes to pass because of a chance thing like Friday, they have no idea what really goes on.

"Now they all seem to think that I shall be dashing off to Italy tomorrow. But I have a contract with the Garden for this season.

"At the end of July I shall do 'The Fiery Angel' at Sadler's Wells. Then a big tour of America.

"I'm due back at the Garden in December to begin rehearsing for the role of Lui in 'Turandot'.

"When 'Turandot' is over I have to fly back across the Atlantic to appear in 'Tosca' again in Montreal.

"By March I am back at Covent Garden.

"Then I am contracted to do some more 'Bohemes' and 'Toscas'.

"So you see it would be the end of 1966 or beginning of 1967 before there was a chance of going to La Scala."

In spite of the dramatic gala atmosphere which has surrounded the Melbourne soprano for several days and the world-wide acclaim which greeted her superb performance, Marie Collier is as calm, practical, and full of humor as ever.

She is not, as so many of the English sensational newspapers have tried to make out, an unknown housewife suddenly wafted to fame.

Only three weeks ago a crowd of hundreds waited outside Covent Garden to cheer her for her "Boheme."

Less than nine months ago she sang "Tosca" at Covent Garden in a revival of the Franco Zeffirelli production and many London critics declared then she was musically greater than Callas.

Her performances in "The Makropulos Case" and "Katerina Ismailova" had



BIG HUG for husband, Victor Vorwerg, from Marie Collier, after her triumph in "Tosca" at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

them writing of "her gleaming presence," "her strong, shining tones," "her brilliant, striking performance."

And even more important to her than all the critical acclaim is that of her fellow artists.

Tito Gobbi, who has sung with Callas, was reported this week as having said of Marie Collier, "Given three rehearsals I would make you

1957, yet she took all that trouble to wire."

The most unexpected telegram came from someone Collier has never met — the actor Trevor Howard.

(Incidentally, there were no cancelled tickets on that Friday — there were 200 additional applications when Collier was billed.)

For a less down-to-earth woman, all this adulation

my sons Michael and Christopher out of school half a day early to be in the film.

"I think the one member of the family who enjoyed it was my seven-year-old daughter, Barbara.

"She now keeps asking, 'When are the photographers coming back?' I think she's going to hog all the limelight if given half a chance."

Her husband, Victor Vorwerg, a constructional engineer, told me:

"Marie never lets any temperament upset the household. I am so very thrilled about this happening because I know how hard she has worked, and how long."

Marie, asked whether the stand-in night was the greatest moment of her career, replied:

"One of the two greatest. The other was when I first appeared on stage with a professional company in Melbourne in 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' That was in 1952."

Over our rushed lunch she ruefully admitted to me that there were some bad moments on the big night.

"The worst was my first entrance," she said. "Not because of fear but because the audience clapped so hard I couldn't hear the orchestra."

"It made me feel more like a musical comedy star than a singer."

She had to dash back to "The Fiery Angel" rehearsals.

She went through the door to an accompaniment of "Buon giorno" from the waiters, who are now so proud of one of their favorite customers.

At the next table four businessmen from the Midlands interrupted their lunch to lean over and ask, "Was that Marie Collier?"

It was then I realised the value of standing-in for Callas.

The opera lovers of three continents have known Marie Collier and her artistry for more than ten years.

But now she is a household name for millions.

## By BETTY BEST

the greatest Tosca in the world."

General Administrator of Covent Garden, Sir David Webster, telephoned Marie in her dressing-room during the first interval of "Tosca" to say he was thrilled and delighted.

"One of the most exciting cables I got for that Friday night was from my old teacher Mina Shelley," Marie said.

"Then there was the long wire in Italian from the widow of my old maestro there. I last saw him in

could prove rather unsettling. But not for Marie Collier.

She dutifully attended a celebration supper at the Savoy Hotel with her co-stars, Tito Gobbi and Renato Cioni, their wives, and her agent, Gorlinsky.

She even gave up her precious Saturday morning to receive a television camera unit from the BBC at her country home in Berkshire.

"But that was mainly because they were making a film for Australia," she said.

"In fact, I felt terribly guilty because I had to get



MARIE COLLIER relaxes off stage.



# They're in the Army now—



**"KITTED,"** inoculated, and all papers completed, four new "Diggers" move to their huts to remove the final traces of civilian life.



**LEFT:** Pretty WRAAC Pte. Maureen Keevers, of Sydney, brightened the day for Pte. Raymond Stewart, of Lismore, N.S.W., when she took down his clothes sizes.

**ABOVE:** Pte. Malcolm Fletcher, of Taree, N.S.W., a "civvy" salesman, packs up his troubles — his 90 quartermaster store items — in his new kitbag and smiles.





# the 2100

● And so it was saying goodbye (until leave-time) to them all — the 2100 long, short, and tall 20-year-olds called up for the first two-year National Service intake. From all over the nation they went by plane, train, and bus to training battalions at Puckapunyal, Vic., and Kapooka, N.S.W., where these pictures were taken. After ten weeks' basic training, the new soldiers will be allotted to various Corps and transferred to Regular Army units.



"CUSTOMERS" had no choice of styles in this hat "shop." Here Cpl. Frank Peterson fits Pte. Malcolm Corby, of Orange, N.S.W. Later Malcolm learned how to put in the "bash" (dent).



## BARRACKS' NEW LOOK

ABOVE: One of the six new barracks being built at Kapooka. Each holds more than 100 men. Below: Old huts now in use.



BOOTS, boots, boots . . . First attempt at polishing by Pte. Colin Brown, of Brisbane. Pictures on these pages by staff photographer Ian Mitchell.







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# SOCIAL ROUNDAABOUT

By **Mollie Lyons**

**L**OTS of news from England this week of the comings and goings of many of the Australians who are over there at present.

Believe it was a most elegant dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Jock Pagan, of Point Piper, at the Savoy Hotel — where they are staying — when their guest list included many distinguished names. Among them were Sir Robert and Dame Pattie Menzies, Lord de L'Isle, Lord and Lady Slim, Lord and Lady Wakehurst, Mr. and Mrs. John Bovill, Mrs. Sam Hordern, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hawkins, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Dangerfield.

★ ★ ★  
**A**LSO heard that Penelope Morgan Giles' coming-out dance earlier last month was a marvellous success. A huge marquee lined with pleated white muslin and hung with chandeliers provided an elegant setting for the 350 guests at the dance, held at "Upton Park," Hampshire, the home of Penelope's parents, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Morgan Morgan Giles. Prior to the dance Penelope held two cocktail parties at her parents' town house in Eaton Square.

★ ★ ★  
**A**ND Mrs. John Stanton told me that she had just heard from her daughter, Mrs. "Slim" Somerville, the former Robin Stanton, who'd spent the weekend at Cowes with her husband and the John Minters from Sydney. The four of them competed in the Round the Island race in the yacht Misty Dream. Mr. Somerville was about to attend a party at the Royal Thames Yacht Club for the visiting Australian Admiral's Cup teams. The Australians reciprocated a few days later, hosting their own party at Cowes.

★ ★ ★  
**C**ONGRATULATIONS to Mrs. Fred Storch, who obviously shares my view that black is so right for evening wear. She looked absolutely stunning in her beautifully cut black crepe dress, which has a round neck and an unusual pleated skirt bound at the hem with satin. Perfect touch was the sparkling diamond brooch she wore on one shoulder.

★ ★ ★  
**F**ULL marks for versatility to Mrs. John Andronicus, who, with the help of an American magazine and a builder, designed the exciting 30-square house they are building at Wahroonga. All the main rooms open on to a courtyard, where a small fountain will play, and the children's rooms are quite separate from the main suite and living-rooms.

**W**HAT was to have been a short holiday abroad for Sheena Bancks has now become a stay of at least two years. Sheena's mother, Mrs. Jimmy Bancks, tells me that Sheena has enrolled again at the Brynm Shaw Art School (where she studied before) for a further two years. At present she is spending the summer holidays on the Continent with three friends visiting France, Italy, and Greece.

★ ★ ★  
**T**HE cellars of the National Trust's historic property Lindesay will be the meeting place on August 13 of a group of young people who'll form the Trust's newest committee. It's to be a Younger Group and, after a buffet meal and folk-singing by Megan Amory, a sub-committee will explain the purpose of the evening and disclose the name chosen for the group. Those on the sub-committee include Judge Colman Wall and Mrs. Wall, Mrs. John Kingsford Smith, Cedric Flower, Donald Carr, and John Morris. The new group will function quite independently of the women's committee, which has raised over £20,000 since its inception in July, 1961.

★ ★ ★  
**I**M hoping I'll be one of the lucky 100 people to be invited to the Sunday party at Retford Park, James Fairfax's lovely country house at Bowral, in October, when the Cornucopia Committee have arranged a chicken - and - champagne luncheon. The house was recently renovated and I'm looking forward most to seeing the Donald Friend mural right along one wall of the all-green dining-room.

★ ★ ★  
**H**OUSE full for Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Holt, who have their son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. John Duke, and their three children, David, Graham, and Richard, staying with them at Vauluse for six weeks. The family has been living in Lae, New Guinea, for the past six years and is en route to settle in Melbourne.

★ ★ ★  
**I**NTERESTING engagement announced this week in Malaya (where they are both stationed at Butterworth Camp) is that of Scottish girl Charlotte Brown and Sydney boy Captain Simon Hearder, son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Robin Hearder, of Newport Beach. (Charlotte, a school-teacher, holds classes for the children of Service families.) They are planning to marry in Baillieston, Scotland, Charlotte's hometown, at the end of the year.



**JUST WED.** Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hoffmann after their marriage at St. Philip's Church, Church Hill, with their attendants (from left) Mrs. Michael Rogers and Miss Vanda Gilkes. The bride was formerly Miss Jennifer Glass, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Glass, of Wauchope. The bridegroom is the only son of Mrs. A. H. Hoffmann, of Northbridge, and of the late Mr. F. Hoffmann. When they return from a two-month honeymoon overseas they will make their home at Northbridge.





**AT RECEPTION.** The chairman of the Council of Commonwealth Societies, Lieutenant-Colonel George Colvin, with Lady Woodward, the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Mrs. Colvin (left to right) at the reception given by the Council of Commonwealth Societies at the Australia Hotel to farewell Sir Eric and Lady Woodward.



**ABOVE:** Kangaroo-skin parkas were admired by (left to right) Mr. Stephen Streber, Miss Sue Furse, Miss Margaret Williams, and Miss Jill McDowall at the pre-snow gathering and mannequin parade held by members of the Kosciuszko Alpine Club at the Colonnades Restaurant. Guests were welcomed by the president of the social committee, Mrs. Tony Furse.



**AT LEFT:** Mr. and Mrs. John Melocco at the dinner party at the Bull 'n' Bush Restaurant arranged by the Woollahra branch of the Save the Children Fund.



**DEBUTANTE.** Miss Majella Veech, of "Quilbone," Quambone, with her escort, Mr. Kerry Hall, at the ball arranged by the combined St. Stanislaus College and St. Mary's Ex-Students' Association, Bathurst, at the Chevron Hotel. **BELOW:** Also among guests at the ball were Miss Cheryl Hane and Mr. Warwick Gumbler.



**FOURSOME.** Mr. Tim Yates, his fiancée, Mrs. Renate Thomson, Miss Jenny Stirton, and Mr. Bruce Hayman at the wine tasting held by The King's School Old Boys' Union at the Douglas Lamb Cellars. More than 50 guests discussed final plans for The King's School Annual Ball to be held at the Trocadero on July 29.





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BUNTY LAMPSON, sister of Lord Killearn, is one of the anti-debs who is now a dress designer.

One look at the  
"Debs' delights"  
and they became

## THE ANTI-DEBS

By CELIA HENDERSON

● The British debutante has survived quite a few minor social revolutions. She no longer curtsies to the Queen, but floats out at Queen Charlotte's Ball to curtsy to an iced cake, and for many the season is still a hunting one—matrimonially.

**B**UT the old order is cracking from the inside, and mutiny is breaking out in the world of the long white gloves. In the day of the anti-hero, right behind him (if not right alongside) comes the anti-deb.

There are plenty of them, these girls with minds of their own. Some go right through the season with two sharp eyes and one raised eyebrow; others take the bits they want and leave the rest; some just duck out of the whole thing.

One of the girls who can take it or leave it alone is Anne Dunhill—tobacco heiress and niece of Mary Dunhill, the present working chairman of the firm.

Eighteen-year-old Anne took last year's season in her stride, but not in the terms of husband-hunting. For her, the right people were "marvellous foundations for a future career—I worked very hard at that, actually."

Her first job was modelling—she is a pretty, green-eyed blonde, rather like an elfin version of Hayley Mills—but the work bored her.

At present she has journalistic ambitions, and is learning shorthand and typing for the purpose, but, meanwhile, she has a different kind of assignment this summer in Portugal—as disc jockey in a discotheque club.

Anne was engaged for a time to the grandson of the founder of America's Chase Manhattan Bank, but she changed her mind, and is in no hurry to settle down.

One of the antiest debs comes from a family that has moved in some very top circles indeed—but she just refuses to "come out."

She is Melissa, youngest daughter of Douglas Fairbanks, who, at the ripe age of 17, has declared, "Let's face it, debbery just isn't on my wave-length. I need that scene like I need a hole in the head."

Miss Fairbanks studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York, and has passed her entrance test for the Central School in London.

"Daddy wasn't mad keen about the idea, but he could see it wasn't much use arguing," she said.

Melissa hates Mod clothes—"I dig the Victorians; they really had style." And off she goes to find a feather boa or a genuine antique monkey-fur coat.

Melissa just dodged the season—but Jessica Kitson had the most sumptuous launching you could find.

Jessica Kitson's mother, an interior decorator, is a friend

of oil millionaire Paul Getty—so Jessica's coming-out party with 600 guests last year was held in the Getty country home, where the champagne flowed as deeply as the swimming-pool that a few guests fell into.

"Mummy was very keen," said Jessica, "and I thought I'd try it; but I was never a born deb—it's not me at all." Now she is modelling and happy in a job of her own.

Sue Mardon, cousin of Lord Erroll, has been a disc jockey, like Anne Dunhill, but in a Spanish nightclub this time. Bunty Lampson, sister of Lord Killearn, has started out as a dress designer, not too discouraged by having a whole cargo of her dresses stolen from her mini-car in Chelsea.

Another working girl too busy for the season is 17-year-old Lucy Fleming, daughter of actress Celia Johnson and writer Peter Fleming, brother of James Bond's creator, and himself a former explorer and High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire.

Lucy, like Melissa, has opted for show business, has done six months in a small repertory company, is taking her student's course, and will soon make a TV debut.

Teona Dorrien-Smith has worked as a charlady at 6/- an hour and was looking for work as a film extra "because you've got to start somewhere. I don't have the kind of pride that wants to take the six bottom rungs out of life—that would be awful."

Another ducker-out is Lady Jane Howard, who suddenly rang up her mother

**ANNE DUNHILL got bored with modelling, is going to try work in journalism.**



JESSICA KITSON saw the debs' delights and thought, "Move on." Now she is a model.

and announced she simply didn't want the dance planned at the family castle in Cumberland—and Mummy had to give way.

So the trend grows. And it seems that one of the things that put the girls off is the very factor that used to act as bait—the "chaps."

"I took one look at these Deb's Delights," said Melissa Fairbanks, "and I knew there just had to be something else." Jessica Kitson said, "I looked at the likely lads, and I thought 'Move on.'"

Anne Dunhill wanted to dodge the "drip-dry escorts, they're so draggy."

It seems that the young stockbrokers, Guards officers, or undergraduates are just so many Chinless Charlies to the anti-debs, who prefer pop musicians, photographers, writers—anything but the Establishment.





## JOY NICHOLS IS HOME



**THE NICHOLS CLAN:** Kneeling, left to right, Joy's daughter Roberta; Joy's brother Don holding her son, Richard; Joy's brother Cliff holding her daughter Vicky; her niece Jennifer; nephew Robert; nephew Warwick; and brother George. Standing, from left, three in-laws surnamed Nichols—Marge (Mrs. Don); Norma (Mrs. Cliff); Patricia (Mrs. Robert); then Joy's father, Bill Nichols; Joy; her niece Annette Nichols McGee; her aunt Ione; Maureen (Mrs. Warwick Nichols); and Rosemary (Mrs. George Nichols).

# SHE SLEPT IN HER MINK—IT WAS COLD

● After 12 years abroad, Joy Nichols stepped right back into her family circle in Australia just as if she'd never been away.

ON the way home with three youngsters, Roberta, Vicky, and Richard, Joy was held up in Honolulu because she left her British passport in the San Francisco airport ladies' room—but nothing fazes her for long.

Not even her crushing disappointment in 1953, when nervous exhaustion kept her from continuing past the first 12 days of the "Joy Nichols Show" in Sydney.

Joy returned to her overseas career until a plum offer brought her back to star in what she calls "an earthy comedy to music."

The popular musical comedy, "Instant Marriage" is to open on August 7 at Melbourne's Tivoli Theatre — one of the east will be Wallis Eaton, who worked with Joy for most of her seven smash years as "Eth" on the BBC's "Take It From Here."

"Before I left New York I did a lot of work choreo-

graphing some of the numbers I'll be in," said Joy. "I think this play may be one of those outside horses that get to the post!"

"I could have done a Broadway show in August—'Sweet Charity.' But I was terribly impressed when the Tivoli producer wanted me to come back after I played only 12 days of a sold-out three-month contract on my last trip home.

"I'm prepared for a three-month stay in Melbourne and, perhaps, a three-month stay in Sydney — if I stay longer, my husband will fly out, even if only for a little while," added Joy, who is married to Wally Peterson, an American actor-director.

"Separations—that's been the story of our lives. But only the bomb could wreck our marriage: 16 years in September!"

Wally Peterson is staying behind to direct a new play opening on Broadway in September—and is filling in his spare time sailing the

family's 47ft. yawl in Long Island Sound.

"The last play I did was on Broadway in 1961, before the twins were born," said Joy. "Since then I've done only TV.

I must say, if I'm proud of anything it's the way I brought these kids up in the first three years—the formative years.

"I consider this play is my reward for three years' hard work. Now is the time to get my hand back in.

("Vicky, how many times have I told you we can't buy another Richard! You mustn't treat him that way!")

"I'm looking forward to being a real pro and not worrying whether the kids are washed and fed!"

Joy is leaving the children in Sydney with her father, Mr. Bill Nichols, and a nurse. Roberta, 13, was here during her mother's last trip home—"she planted a banana tree in the backyard of Dad's house which is now

12 feet tall and giving bananas," Joy said.

"Dad and the twins adore each other—he enjoys explaining things and they like asking. Yesterday he gave them a lesson on how the lizard—lost—his—tail—but—not—to—worry!"

The twins are Richard and Victoria. "Vicky spelt with a y or an ie? Oh, I don't care—we mostly call her Vixen."

They are three—"If they'd only stayed two and a bit they could have come free!"

The Peterson family live in an apartment in Manhattan—our New York staff reporter Bob Feldman, who spent a weekend with them, describes it as "a comfortable, five-room apartment in a very respectable neighborhood."

So respectable, in fact, that Wally Peterson told him, "When I take the twins down to Riverside Park in the morning, when I'm not due at the theatre, it's a treat to watch the mothers and nannies. They move suspiciously away from the solitary, unshaven male as if I were a potential menace."

"The kids love it here—they wake up in the morning and ask 'Can I go to the park?'" Joy said. (They think the spacious garden around their grandfather's home is a park!)

"And they want to know whether they should go to the front park or the back park!"

("Roberta, get the kids—they're probably out in the chokoes.")

The days may be fine enough for the "park," but, with no central heating, the four visitors think nights are pretty cold. "I slept in my mink last night, so help me," said Joy. "I was SO cold.

**By Jude Ainsworth**

"I said to Roberta, 'Do you think I'm a nut to sleep in a mink?' She didn't—she was cold, too.

"I went out this morning in old pants and one of my dad's old leather jackets to buy some woollen underwear! It's cold enough for central heating here."

The whole family are performers. Roberta is a star pupil at New York's famous Professional Children's

School and hopes to be a comedienne.

"She has great artistic talent, and it would be her father's dearest wish if she did become an artist. But she said, 'Inside, it wouldn't be me'—what could I say?" Joy asked.

During our interview, Richard and Vicky, quite undeterred by two strangers and a flock of only slightly more familiar relatives, went right through a tuneless version of "Getting To Know You" while we all waited for an uncle to turn up.

"You want a Victorian family portrait? You're going to get it," Joy said—and the picture above was taken.

"I've never seen them all together like this. They're all arriving bearing gifts.

"One sister-in-law came with a leg of lamb, all cooked. Another one came with two uncooked legs of lamb."

She was smiling as she joked, "Anybody want a leg of lamb?"

"You know what I did last night? Packed the passports for Melbourne. I don't need passports for Melbourne?"



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# INVESTMENT GUIDE

This week: Money from abroad

By MARY BROKER

● As I told you last week, the second half of the recent White Paper on the Australian economy, 1965, was devoted to a discussion of the pros and cons of overseas investment in our country.

THIS is rather a complicated question and one which, over the past two or three years, has assumed tremendous importance among certain sections of the community.

The reason for this sudden upsurge of interest has, of course, been first the increased number of takeovers of existing local businesses by overseas concerns, and, secondly — and perhaps more important — the huge shares now being taken in mining ventures in Australia.

This latter fact led to a warning a few weeks ago from Mr. McEwen, the Minister for Trade, not to let Australia develop into "a quarry."

In addition, it is, of course, unwise, from our own point of view, to allow industries of such strategic importance as oil and other mineral developments to pass completely out of our control.

(You will have noticed, in some of the big new mining ventures I have talked about in previous articles, how large a proportion of the total equity is in overseas hands.)

However, to begin with let us see to what extent Australia relies on overseas investment, and why.

Actually, Australia is itself providing from its own output and saving nearly nine-tenths of its capital requirements.

In the seventeen years to 1963/64 the net inflow of overseas capital (that is, inflow less outflow) was £2004 million. Yet please note that in the years 1956/57 to 1959/60 the average annual direct private investment in Australian companies by overseas sources was £115 million; but in the years 1960/61 to 1963/64 this had grown to £170 million.

The bulk of this historically has come from the United Kingdom, but since the war years the influx of North American capital has shown a marked growth, and by 1963/64 these two were almost equal providers of capital.

Ironically enough, for all the hue and cry about overseas control, you will remember the flurry caused when both the United Kingdom and the United States instituted measures to reduce capital outflow early this year.

These moves indicate, as the White Paper says, "That we do not have, readily at our command, a supply of overseas capital in the

amounts we want as and when we choose to accept them," and also bring to mind the fact that overseas capital can fluctuate considerably, and that we, therefore, should not place too heavy a dependence on it.

Actually capital inflow has to date been a great help in our balance of payments picture, in which "it has been a steadier element than either exports or imports." In fact, in some years when our overseas trading account has been substantially "in the red," capital inflow has increased enough to greatly improve our over-all balance.

So far, too, we must remember that so-called "risk capital" has just not been available in Australia. I have pointed out to you before that Australian investors capable of providing large sums for development appear to be rather unwilling to put their money into something of which the outcome is uncertain or which may not be profitable for some years.

However, as the Paper points out, the demands upon our local sources of capital are so many and varied that any large undertaking needs years to come to full fruition. It is in cases such as this that our need for help from powerful overseas organisations is evident.

## Gain seen

The real advantage of overseas capital to a small (in numbers) developing country like Australia is, in fact, that overseas investment allows us to exploit more resources than we could possibly manage to do from our own savings.

"It can, and often does, make available resources, facilities, and services we simply would not have if we did not get them abroad, and they in turn can make possible both new industries and a better output from existing industries. The home economy will thus gain: but there can also be an external gain if the investment leads to greater exports or to a saving of imports through growth of economic local industries and a generally improved ability to compete with exports."

The danger is that we may find the profits from such developments flowing overseas to such an extent as to compromise our balance of payments, which the White Paper deems to be highly unlikely.

At this stage we cannot do completely without this source of finance, and until our national rate of savings increases substantially we must continue to rely on it.

# MOSCOW CIRCUS FOR TCN9

By NAN MUSGROVE

● The Great Moscow Circus, which recently made a Commonwealth-wide tour of Australia, will be telecast as a BP Super Show from TCN9 on Saturday, July 17, at 7.30 p.m.

WHEN the fanfare announcing the Great Moscow Circus sounds over TCN9 on Saturday it will smother a big sigh of relief from channel executives.

Filming of the circus for TV was a real cloak-and-dagger deal with the Government of the U.S.S.R., and permission was dependent on the deepest secrecy until the end of the Australian tour.

If a hint that the circus might be telecast was given before the circus left Australia, the Russian Government said permission to telecast it would be withdrawn, despite any expense incurred.

It was no wonder that the executive sigh was so heart-felt, because the circus was filmed in Melbourne, at great expense, weeks before the season ended.

To guard the real reason for it, it was filmed at a special performance arranged for an audience of 2500 handicapped Victorian children from various hospitals and homes.

## Animal acts

One of the filmed acts was shown on a performance of Don Lane's "Tonight" show, and the rest was edited down to 90 minutes of the top acts.

These include the live animal acts with bears and tigers, the aerial gymnasts, the clowns, and the amazing high-wire act.

Saturday night's telecast (which proves that channel executives can keep a secret) should be exciting TV.

I haven't seen the telecast, but I did see the circus in Sydney. It was entertainment plus. Many of the artists are the best in the world at their act, and their perfection is breath-taking.

I did not know I had been so carried away until I got home and found that the only pins left in my hair were the bobby-pins — the hairpins had all dropped out with the furious clapping.

"NO Time for Sergeants," a 30-minute comedy about life in the U.S. Air Force, has its premiere on TCN9 on Wednesday, July 21, at 7.30 p.m.

The focus of the fun is Will Stockdale, a hillbilly



SAMMY JACKSON as Will Stockdale... and friend (Laurie Sibbald).

recruit played by Sammy Jackson, a newcomer to TV.

It is not strictly correct to class him as a newcomer. He says he was in Hollywood six years ago and had a "dim kind of record" as a background player in a couple of dozen TV shows.

He also had a bit part in the film of "No Time for Sergeants."

Sammy thought about "No Time for Sergeants" often, but he was too busy to do anything about it except read the book as he worked as an all-night disc jockey on a radio station in North Carolina.

He read it ten times. One day he heard that Warner Bros. were going to make it into a TV series, and he



SIBERIAN tigers are a highlight of the Great Moscow Circus, to be seen on Channel 9. Their trainer, Madame Margarita Nazarova, here feeds one meat from a stick held in her mouth.

decided to do something about it.

All ordinary ways to do something about it failing, Sammy went to the top. He wrote direct to Jack L. Warner — and got the role. Sammy has much the same hillbilly background, apparently, as does Will Stockdale.

The director of the new show said recently, "As far as I am concerned, Will Stockdale in the person of Sammy Jackson is just about

Here, we are a year behind England in seeing "Z-Cars," so we have at least 12 months more to enjoy the doings at Newtown.

And in the meantime we also have Cluff, another of those different characters that the BBC have such a genius for producing.

## Dress, formal; hair, long

ABC-TV's "Impact," which recently telecast the Oxford Union's famous debate, was a feast of picturesque dress and hairstyles, as well as of debate.

The debate, "That this House would in no circumstances fight for Queen and Country," was a revival of the 1933 debate which affirmed the motion. This year's debate reversed that decision — the motion was defeated by 27 votes.

The President of the Union, Pakistani student Tariq Ali, gave an exotic look to proceedings in his white trousers and three-quarter-length, high-collared frock coat.

He wore his hair in a rather wild-looking long bob, and sported a white carnation at diaphragm level.

Other members of the Union who spoke or had an official position wore white ties and waistcoats and cut-away coats, and all wore, conventionally on the lapel, the white carnation of authority.

The visiting Members of Parliament who were guest speakers wore dinner jackets, black ties, but no carnation — and short-back-and-sides hairdos.

The audience, who were of all nationalities, wore everything from polo-necked sweaters to Savile Row suits — and all needed urgent attention from their barbers.

There is no doubt in my mind that the idea for the Beatles' hairstyles came straight from the Oxford Union. Indeed, the Beatles' hair is conservative alongside some of those there.

I have always envied people who had the opportunity of going to Oxford ("being up," as Mr. Reginald Maudling put it in his speech), but it must be a most bewildering experience for those not born to it.

## Television

as pure an image as any director could desire. He is Will Stockdale to me, and I don't intend to tamper with him."

So Sammy (untampered with), complete with Southern accent, is Will Stockdale; and enjoying every minute of it.

CLUFF (ABC-TV, Tuesdays, 8 p.m.) stumped across my TV screen recently and, with a minimum of fuss, neatly presented clues, crime, and solution on a new scenic background — the Yorkshire moors.

Cluff's headquarters are at Gunnershaw, Yorkshire, where he is a detective-sergeant. Gunnershaw is his home town, and he prefers to stay there among the people he knows rather than accept promotion, and crime, in the city.

Cluff is a bachelor, a rather thickset, fiftyish one who wears tweeds, a kind of damped-down check tweed hat, and walks with a stick and a dog at heel.

I liked Cluff, and it is very good to get away from city crime into that of those beautiful wide open moors and cottage gardens.

Cluff, I think, will prove to be as unconventional in his detecting habits and to have more character (like Maigret) than a station man like Inspector Barlow of "Z-Cars."

Which reminds me, I heard recently that "Z-Cars" is to finish production this year.

The producer, David Rose, said the decision was reluctantly made, but they believed it should finish now at the height of its popularity rather than go on till it began to lose its appeal.

## TOMMY HANLON'S

### Thought for the week

Momma once said, "I wonder how many domestic arguments have started over the naming of the first baby...? If a boy... We'll name him after my father... Your father!... What's the matter with my father's name?... Or she wants to call him Wilfred... And he says Wilfred? What kind of a name is Wilfred? All the kids in school will start picking on him... What's the matter with John?... etc., etc., etc."

Momma's moral: Some parents have trouble deciding on a name for the new baby... Others have rich relatives...



READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

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## Why do you get so much more strawberry flavour in KRAFT\* Strawberry Conserve?

### Simple: more fresh strawberries!

KRAFT pure Strawberry Conserve is made from more fresh strawberries than other brands. And only KRAFT has a secret way to "quick cook" this fine fruit at temperatures way below boiling . . . to keep in the fresh-fruit flavour that others boil away. There are nine other fresh-fruit varieties in the KRAFT range of Conserves and Jellies.

**KRAFT** for good food and good food ideas

\*Reg'd. Trade Mark





# TWO-WAY WARDROBE with VOGUE PATTERNS

6105. — Easy-fitting two-piece (right) in a sparkling spring color has a cowl-necked overblouse. Sleeves are elbow-length and the slim skirt has a gathered front and concealed pockets. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue Pattern 6105, price 7/6 includes postage.



● The new spring wardrobes shown here — one ideal for the current mod look, the other in sophisticated stylings — can all be made from Vogue Patterns. The collection here and overleaf includes sportswear, daywear, and designs for after-five. Easy-care double jersey is the most versatile fabric you can choose. It's fresh, easy to sew at home, and most suited to the season.

● A line-by-line translation of each of these garments is available in pattern form. The designs illustrate the newest trend in international couture fashions. Patterns are obtainable from Pattern Department, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

*Continued overleaf*

6159.—Sporty three-piece pants suit becomes a daytime ensemble worn with crisp pleated skirt. The double-breasted blazer (left) with princess seaming has slightly extended shoulders, wrist-length sleeves, and patch pockets. Pants are straight. The skirt (right) has pleats stitched down to hipline. The blouse has a straight bateau neckline, slightly extended shoulders. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Pattern 6159, price 7/6 includes postage.





# VARIED "LOOKS"

## FOR SPRING

● This collection of eye-catching fashions suitable for all sorts of occasions shows the newest trends in spring designing. All are made from Vogue Patterns in easy-care double jersey.



6438 with 6427. — Paris-styled tunic, hat, and slacks. Cropped tunic (left) has oval neckline, cuffed three-quarter sleeves. Shaped hat has padded edge and bow-tied band. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Pattern 6438, price 6/6 includes postage. Slender pants with longer-than-normal leg lengths have front, back, and inside seams. Waist 24, 25, 26, 28, and 30 for 33, 34, 36, 38, and 40in. hips. Vogue Pattern 6427, price 5/9 includes postage.



6437. — Paris-influenced two-piece dress (left). This straight, boxy, and essentially youthful style has a long overblouse, welt pockets, and short sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Pattern 6437, price 7/6 inc. postage.



6325. — Gay, swinging one-piece party dress (right), semi-fitted, has scooped neckline with beaded petalled collar. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 30, 32, 34, and 36in. bust (teen) and 9, 11, and 13 for 30½, 31½, and 33in. bust (young junior). Vogue Pattern 6325, price 5/9 inc. post.

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6225.—One-piece dress with fine lace trim along edge of pleats is a semi-fitted style with an away-from-the-neck Peter Pan collar and cuffed, bracelet-length sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Pattern 6225, price 7/6 includes postage.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 21, 1965





6348. — Debonair three-piece (above) has a semi-fitted deep-cut jacket with button-and-loop closing. The fitted blouse with oval neckline has ruffled cuffs. The A-line skirt is cut bias or straight. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Pattern 6348, price 7/6 includes postage.



1416. — Long-line suit (above) with sleeveless blouse has a small shaped collar, flap pockets, a belt that slips through slashes slightly below the waist. The fly-front blouse has self-tie. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1416 Vogue Paris original by Laroché. Price 14/- includes postage.



1403. — One-piece dress and matching coat (left). Kimono-sleeved dress has a two-piece effect at back. Back-belted coat is collarless with kimono sleeves set in at back. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1403 Vogue Paris original by Gres. Price 18/- includes postage.



6258. — One-piece dress and slip (right) has a softly bloused bodice with batwing sleeves and a skirt with unpressed inverted front pleat. Ribbon or self-belt. The straight slip is slit at back. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Pattern 6258, price 7/6 includes postage.





CONCLUDING...

# TODAY is TONIGHT

● Judy Lansdowne has everything—looks, money, and a handsome stockbroker husband, Peter, who is a cause of other women's envy. They have been married three years and their closest friend is Peter's partner, Bill Reynolds, who was once Peter's rival for Judy and is still in love with her. At a weekend house party, Peter falls from his horse and suffers a brain injury, losing his sight. While he is undergoing surgery—which fails—the 1929 Wall Street crash wipes out the firm of Reynolds and Lansdowne. Judy insists on keeping the news from Peter, letting him think that Bill has sold him down the river rather than know that they are penniless. She sells the house, pawns her jewellery, and they move to an apartment in New York. Desperate to find her old daredevil self, so that she will have the courage to try to brighten life for her morose, embittered husband, Judy volunteers to play Lady Godiva—naked—for a charity benefit. A theatrical agent sees her performance and offers her 250 dollars a week to do the Lady Godiva act in a nightclub. Judy, in need of the money, decides she can get away with it by persuading the blind Peter that daytime is night-time, so that he will not question her hours. She pretends that her "days" are spent doing voluntary charity work.

**BILL REYNOLDS** did not like nightclubs. He had been attracted to the opening of the Club Heron's new show solely because he sought surcease from individual womenkind by indulgence in the exploitation of feminine charms on a commercial basis.

He felt ridiculously conspicuous when he was placed at a ringside table. He surveyed dispassionately the girls who wriggled themselves about the floor in a pattern designed to bring their charms as close as possible to the encircling tables of observers.

The lights went out. The curtains closed, shutting off the semi-stage from the dance floor proper. With audible rattle of pulleys, the rhinestone-monogrammed draperies drew back.

Before him was, in artificial perspective, the replica of a street which must be England of many years ago. A girl on a white horse seemed to be at the far end of that street, and yet was not there at all in reality. Before the succession of illusions had brought the actual Lady Godiva on the very real white horse to the centre

of the stage, Bill knew that it was Judy.

This was the answer to the thousand-and-one questions he had been asking himself ever since—a week ago—he had sensed an incoherent evasion in Judy's daily telephone reports to him. He squinted his eyes to focus them on Lady Godiva's left ankle. A thin, crisp shadow betrayed to him that the anklet of small pearls was in place. Better than any man save Peter, Bill knew that Judy would never take that anklet off. It was there! So the masked lady was Judy!

The straying fringe of a spotlight lifted Bill out of the fantasia into recognisable reality in Judy's eyes and consciousness.

By the time she got back to her dressing-room, she had formulated the note to send to him—to ask his mercy and understanding.

A note from Bill was awaiting her. "I'll be waiting for you."

Suddenly she felt horribly ashamed.

**JUDY** put her head down on the tufted arm of the divan in Bill Reynolds'

living-room and let herself cry openly. The moment her tears flowed freely she felt better.

Bill was stupid enough to do exactly the right thing, to sit there quietly in his chair and make no move or word to console her.

Finally, Judy lifted her head and sniffed back her tears.

"What are you doing it for, Judy?" asked Bill quietly.

"For 250 dollars a week," she answered clearly.

He warmed at the practical note in her words and voice.

"Would you mind telling me one little thing?" he demanded. "How in the name of squatty pink-frilled alarm clocks does Peter stand for you being out all night? It's four o'clock in the morning!" Then, Bill stiffened and rose to his feet. "Wait a minute! Peter doesn't know what you're doing?"

"He'd kill me!" she cried desperately. "I don't expect to get away with it! I'm only holding on until it all blows up! You can see now it's really getting to be morning, but he thinks it's evening, so I'll go home and

make his dinner, and then he'll do what he does every night—I mean day—I mean the days that he thinks are nights—and we'll go to bed—and tomorrow we'll wake up or maybe it's tonight we'll wake up—"

"I'm going to say this even if you don't want to listen," Bill announced bluntly. "I'm going to send you home, and tomorrow I'm going to send you 250 dollars in cash for the week's salary that you're not going to collect next Saturday. I don't want any argument."

Judy stood up and faced him proudly. "Item A—" she began crisply, "you haven't got 250 dollars. Item B—you're getting about 75 a week from your father, who is giving you a financial spanking for not starting at the bottom of his business and working up. Item C—Bill Reynolds, you happen to be the only living male in the world I most certainly couldn't take money from. Giving me money is—is out!"

"I have worked out this job very carefully—at least I think I have—and I've made myself memorise a couple of important points; the main one is to get home at six o'clock."

"I don't understand," said Bill doggedly. "And why six o'clock?"

"If I get home at six o'clock in the morning, I've got an alibi prepared, and in changing night into day I have to keep it to the exact minute so that I won't be confused. I'm not going to give you the 700 reasons I've had to confront—but all put together they spell six o'clock in the morning for me to walk in and say 'Good evening, Peter.'"

"Judy!" he pleaded fervently. "If you get away with this insanity for as long as a week, what are you going to do every night between the closing of the show—and the alibi time to get home?"

"I'm going to spend that time here," she said placidly. "Don't worry, Bill, I know Poppa demands office hours from little Bill, and little

Bill can go to bed when the sandman comes every night, and Judy will sit here and read the papers."

"GOOD evening, Peter."

Judy was distracted by a sudden fear. The electric bulbs were burning! Of course! The lights were the one detail she had forgotten to include in her many preparations before she had left last night for the Club Heron.

"Stand where you are!" Peter's voice commanded.

He was in the bedroom doorway. Stretched across the room, nailed ruthlessly from wall to wall, was a line of thin, strong cord. Peter reached up his hand to take hold of what looked like—yes, and certainly was—a large ivory bracelet which Judy had failed to sell because its second-hand value was only two dollars. The ivory ring was threaded on the cord.

"Where are you standing?" Peter was asking, happy, mischievous.

"Just inside the door."

"Will you kindly step over to the Grand Central Station, there by the window seat?" She hurried to do so.

"Cross-country airliner now taking off! Watch!" he called.

Judy caught her breath at the exhilaration of his mood.

Guided by the bracelet sliding on the taut cord, Peter crossed the room in six long strides; their sure vigor reflected his pride in his accomplishment. He dropped his hand from the improvised overhead monorail system and cried out an incoherent word of satisfaction when the hand brushed Judy's body in descending.

"Peter! Bless your gorgeous heart! Why—why—this is colossal!"

Beaming like a child first discovering it can stand erect, Peter cupped her shoulders with his hands.

"I was looking for a kitchen knife—one of those with the long, narrow point—to clean out my pipe," he explained with eager enthusiasm. "I found this cord. I thought of tying it across the room to guide me—and then, while I was digging out one of your high-heeled pumps to use as a tack hammer, I found this bracelet. Tomorrow I'll have up three or four more rapid transit lines—one'll take me to the cigarettes, and I'm pretty sure one will take me to that bottle of scotch."

Judy searched for a phrase that would keep him keyed up.

"There ought to be a

special short line to the place where you have to go to see a dog about a man," she reminded thoughtfully.

"Don't have to," he said gaily. "There are some things that you learn to do in the dark without feeling for them—like lifting a cup of coffee to your lips—a kind of instinct from long training. How many hungry children did you feed today?" he demanded.

"Tut, tut! Don't! It took the whole morning to get that gang of rattle-brained dames organised! That Sally is the most aggravating hunk I've met in my life! I'll get your dinner, darling."

It was eleven minutes past six o'clock in the morning.

By the time she had put aside the dishes, distasteful enough with their greasy whorls, she had to think twice to remind herself that she was still living this huge deception.

The rising sun, through the frame of the bedroom window, bathed the skyscraper towers with an enchanting crystalline stipple which hid the griminess of the city. Judy closed the draperies.

"Tonight is ours," Peter said, and then grimaced apologetically at his own blatancy.

*Tonight is ours! Tonight! Today is tonight! And because of a foolish piece of twine and a worthless ivory bracelet, tonight is ours, and Peter is mine again!*

**NOT** because of its precariousness did the first structural defect in Judy's house of cards reveal itself. Out of its success came its failure.

A maze of cords, stretched across the rooms of the apartment, had brought Peter up to the point where he could give something of his old self to Judy. For six incomparable days—and nights—was Judy lulled into a wisp of hope that she could deceive him successfully for an indefinite time.

She had even contrived an excuse to get herself out of the house today, during those hours which Peter naturally would think were hours of darkness, when actually they were the rather limited hours in which banks are open.

The 250 dollars were duly deposited and Judy's fingers shook with excitement when she wrote the first imperative cheques.

Because Peter realised anew the immeasurable loyalty that Judy had given him, he made another assault



**JEAN HARLOW** posed for this picture with an Afghan hound to publicise the film "Red Headed Woman," for which she dyed her platinum-blond hair red. The heroine of her novel, Judy Lansdowne, is a beautiful redhead.



Second part of a story written by film star Jean Harlow before her death in 1937. The idea for the plot came to her in a dream.

## A NOVEL BY JEAN HARLOW



on the rebellious forces of his own temperament.

It felt like a nice morning. He shaved himself carefully, reminding himself again that the process was entirely a matter of the sense of feeling rather than the sense of sight. No matter how sharply you studied your face in the mirror, you never were sure you were well shaven until the rubbing hand felt no single remnant of unharvested stubble. He selected the double-breasted suit—Judy's favorite.

It took a monorail trip along Route Number Four to the scotch bottle before he could finally decide to walk out of that living-room door into the corridor. He felt his cautious way to the elevator.

The elevator boy opened his mouth in surprise, but closed it again in cautious reminder of Judy's largesse against just such a moment as this.

When the elevator door opened at the lobby floor, both its operator and Peter stood helplessly in indecision. Peter thought again of Judy and wet his lips so that his voice might be steady and natural.

"Will you help me to the door—and then find a taxi for me?" he asked quietly.

The taxi clattered up with a typical whine of brakes. The driver popped out quickly and flung wide the door.

The driver's name was Meagher. He was—as he often boasted—"as Irish as Paddy's pig." He had a wife and two stepchildren.

"Right on the job and champion at the bit, sorr!" he told Peter.

Peter gripped himself. "Will you help me in?" he asked slowly. "You see—I'm—I'm blind."

Meagher's indignation of

his own stupidity expressed itself in an audible snort.

"And beggin' your pardon, sorr," he urged apologetically. "Let me be givin' you a hand."

With a gentle touch he steered Peter into the cab, meanwhile shaking his head in honest commiseration.

Back in his driver's seat, he awaited instructions, anxious only to avoid annoying his unfortunate customer. Finally it became necessary for somebody to speak, lest his silence be misinterpreted.

"And where might I be takin' you, sorr?"

"You tell me," Peter said boldly.

Meagher had heard this instruction before. He grinned cheerfully. "Just a bit of a drive is it you're wantin' then? And a fine night it is for a little drive!"

The cheery emphasis did not drown out the assumed error to Peter's ears. The taxi started, halted with a jolt at Peter's laugh.

"Night?" he called jovially, "you mean morning?"

"Night, I said," Meagher rebuked politely. "I suppose you do be gettin' yourself mixed up when the light and the darkness makes no difference."

"What time of night is it, driver?"

"It'll be lackin' but a minute of a quarter past seven, sorr."

"Will you pull up to the kerb, please. I want to sit here a while and think."

Even a New York taxi-driver could shiver at the starkness behind Peter's words. "No extra charge for thinkin', sorr," he said consolingly. "And it's less for standin' still than it is for drivin'."

WHEN Meagher guided

Peter across the apartment-house lobby to the elevator, the two men had talked long and well. The elevator door opened and the taxi-driver urged Peter to take a step forward, directing him with both hands.

The room was cold. The potent steam radiator could not offset the wintry gusts surging in the open window at dawn. Neither Peter nor Meagher bothered to don overcoats, although the taxi-driver was sitting on the window seat with his head out the open window watching the deserted street below.

An hour passed, then Peter sat upright as he heard an automobile stopping at the entrance to the apartment house. Meagher pulled in his head so that he could see without being seen.

"A taxi, sorr," he whispered from the corner of his mouth.

"Who's getting out?" asked Peter in a furtive voice.

"A man—and now a lady. They're both coming in the front door—"

"What does the woman look like?" asked Peter, leaning toward Meagher, anxious, yet afraid of an answer.

"As beautiful as that risin' sun. She and the gentleman are stoppin' at the door. Seem to be havin' a bit of a talk."

"What color is her hair?"

"'Tis the color of an old copper teapot me mither had," answered Meagher; he stole a quick look at Peter's face. It had sagged perceptibly.

"Get out!" said Peter almost savagely. "Here—"

He held out a crumpled small wad of paper money.

"I think there's about 15 dollars here. If there's more,

check with me tomorrow—I'll trust you."

The taxi-driver sprang into activity, stuffed the money in his pocket without examining it, and whipped open the door to the hallway.

"Anything more I can be doin' for you tonight?" he whispered shrilly.

"Yes. What time is it?" demanded Peter crisply.

Meagher fumbled at his watch pocket and drew out a large yellow-gold weather-beaten timepiece on a leather fob.

"Four and one-half minutes after six," he answered hurriedly.

When the door closed after Meagher, Peter recalled suddenly that he had not provided against a possible encounter between the chauffeur and Judy in the elevator.

Meagher, however, had been driving taxicabs in the lesser and greater city of New York for many years. He was steeped in the instinct of deceit. When he left the apartment he ducked swiftly through the opposite door marked "Stairway" and remained there until he heard the elevator start and then stop. He could hear the sliding door open and footsteps as they passed by. He skipped down the several flights until he emerged into the lobby; then he winked at the sleepy nightclerk and went out to his cab.

Several weeks of successful duplicity backed Judy's entrance into the living-room. With an aplomb now careless, she tossed off the long polo coat and hurried over to Peter. Her lips went to his, her arms clung to his shoulders.

"How are you—tonight, darling?" she asked lightly. "Gosh, almighty—what a day! Aren't you going to buy me a drink?"

She swung around to pick up the bottle and a glass. He stood rigidly before her without an expression of emotion on his face.

Presently, he asked:

"Drinking it straight, are you?"

Judy put the half-drained glass down in alarm.

That sounds strange—coming from Peter. And he's talking in that cold, sullen politeness again! Why, he's walking away from me! Damn those trolley wires he strung up! He's already in the bedroom!

It was when she hurried impulsively after him that she noticed the daybed, made up for sleeping.

Who made up that daybed? And why is it made up? Could Peter have—?

"Peter!" she called, trying to make her words sound trivial. She did not look through into the bedroom to which he had retreated.

"What is it?" was the lifeless answer.

"Are we going to have company?" Her heart was sinking, though her voice rose courageously.

"No sense of my getting up at the crack of dawn because you have to go out to your charities," he said calmly. "You can sleep in your own bed and when you go out through this room it won't even disturb me."

I'm sunk! I must think of something to say. What question can I ask that won't seem guilty?

"Did you make up this nice daybed all by yourself?" she asked as evenly as possible.

"Of course," answered the deliberate figure who was now fingering a button of his shirt. "I'm not entirely helpless, Judy, no matter what you might think. I've just come to realise what a fool I've been. I've changed." The voice grew more matter-of-fact, and its emphasis on triviality stabbed Judy to the quick. "How about some dinner?"

His careless manner and matter-of-fact tones caused Judy to stare at him for a moment before answering. Then she said quickly: "I'll—I'll get it right away!"

How much does he know?

**PEARL ANKLET** which Jean Harlow wore is an important clue in her novel. Judy's anonymous pose as Lady Godiva is discovered because she insists on wearing the pearl anklet which Peter had given her.

Or doesn't he know anything? Peter's not the kind of man to sit back with evidence against me and nourish it viciously by pretending just to be angry or hurt without reason. I suppose if I had any sense, I'd realise that these fearful suspicions are founded on my own guilty conscience.

Peter was asleep on the daybed when Judy walked on tiptoes through the living-room. With the door half-closed, she stopped short. Supersensitive to auditory sensations now, she listened to the distant chiming of bells. Was there any way Peter could—or had been able to—identify the hours by such chiming?

She decided in her own favor. Six is six and twelve is twelve. She walked to the elevator with a bodily rhythm attuned to her own version of an ancient lyric:

"It's six o'clock in the morning—da da da da da—'t's nine o'clock in the evening—da da da da da—"

The elevator boy's usual gracious salutation was slightly reserved as he bowed Judy in and lowered her to the street floor. He did not mention that Peter had gone out for a ride and had returned to entertain—from all appearances—a taxicab driver in his apartment.

Judy climbed into the taxi, one of several generally parked at the corner. Had she walked around that corner, she would have seen a driverless cab at the kerb, while its chauffeur was ostensibly at dinner. As a matter

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A BRAZEN BLONDE (left) was typical of Jean Harlow's movie roles. Because of a public outcry against sexy films and Hollywood scandals, Louis B. Mayer, head of MGM, gave her a "good girl" part in "Saratoga" (right). At first Jean was shocked. "Me play little Miss Purity?" she said. "Why, audiences will laugh!" She died while the film was being made.

The Australian Women's Weekly, July 21, 1965.



# FOLLOW THE SUN

# WITH *Golden Circle*

## Tropic style CHICKEN DINNER

15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Sliced Pineapple, 3½-4 lb. roasting chicken, salt, pepper and butter. Prepare chicken for roasting and lightly stuff with your favourite mixture, adding one chopped pineapple slice to the usual ingredients. Place on rack in pan, brush with melted butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Pour half cup hot water into bottom of pan. Roast, uncovered, in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) basting occasionally with mixture of butter and pineapple syrup. Turn chicken breast down for last 20 minutes, placing remaining pineapple slices in pan under chicken to heat through. Serve topped with pineapple slices and surrounded with baked vegetables.



**PEEL**  
a can today

The  
Golden Circle Cannery,  
Northgate, Brisbane, Q.



From page 21

of fact, the driver was named Meagher, and at that moment he was lounging inconspicuously in the doorway of a cigar store, eyes fixed steadily on the window of a certain apartment four storeys up.

Peter was not asleep. He had been simulating slumber, while he worked out the exact details of his actions. When his calculation of time proved beyond the venture of a doubt that Judy was out of sight, he shook a handkerchief out the open window.

"GOOD evenin', sorr."

"Say it again," said Peter with irony. "For the nine hundredth time, I'd like you to remind me that it's evening, instead of morning."

"And as fine an evenin'—"

"Help me with my things," said Peter shortly.

They had trouble with the black bowtie. Meagher's willing but clumsy fingers had neither experience nor agility.

"Ever been in a nightclub, Meagher?" Peter asked.

"My job's on the outside lookin' in."

"I used to think it was fun."

"You're better off now, then."

The one-dimension version of a portion of his old life that Peter was now able to sense gave him an ability to reason he had not indulged since his affliction.

Why the falsification of night and day? Why did Judy want him to be twelve or ten hours, or whatever it was, behind the clock?

Of the myriad explanations, he rejected all. Did she desire a free hand to gratify every opportunity for a liaison? No, certainly not! Judy and he had too many times, and too convincingly, discussed the stupidity of laws that proclaim night the exclusive province of dalliance, as well as darkness. Judy and he had established beyond a doubt the existence of the cosmic urge, at noon—or dawn—or mid-afternoon.

Out of a clear sky came solace. He remembered vividly the silly denouement of a mystery he had thrown into the lap of a psychiatrist once, when Judy and he had been distressed by unanswerable happenings. The psychiatrist

the nice young fellow who had lost his eyesight and who had, for this foolish moment, forgotten the search for a woman who must be none other than his wife.

The girl was sulking. "I don't like this place, darling—let's go home!" she exclaimed pettishly.

Peter held up the one dollar bill. "My buck," he said triumphantly.

"What does that prove?"

"It proves they're married."

"No foolin'?" demanded Meagher. His interest—not in the wager but in Peter—dropped him into current American idiom with no trace of a brogue. "How could you tell, sorr?"

"The intonation of her voice."

Meagher glared at the luscious young female in question. "She didn't sound hoarse to me."

"When you can't see anything you learn to hear very acutely. Try it some time."

"Now, Mr. Lansdowne, I'm hopin' you're wrong, but you wouldn't be askin' me to pay off a bet until I've got some proof."

Behind them the girl spoke again. "Besides, Daddy, the

particular morning, and again he felt annoyingly frustrated. Again she was definitely too casual in her greeting.

"Ready for dinner, darling?" she asked.

He chose to play her a little.

"Your voice sounds odd," he said pointedly.

She immediately thrust every resource into an effort of convincing honesty. "It's not easy at the Guild place, Peter. Spending your whole day—had she emphasised the word too heavily?—listening to and seeing people with nothing but rotten luck in their hearts isn't exactly an inspiring job."

"Give it up!"

"Give it up? Why—why, Peter, you yourself practically insisted that I—"

"I know," was the calm answer. "I didn't want you to feel that you had to hang around and take care of me. I'm over all that now. I want you to give it up."

"I can't," she said aghast.

"Suppose I ordered you to give it up? What would you do?"

"Ordered? Peter—this isn't like you at all—"

"Sorry, Judy, I'll give you the rest of this week to get out from under it."

She saw the bottle of scotch with its single glass beside it, and quickly poured herself a goodly portion.

Peter's voice was gentler now in accent, but its significance was devastating.

"Another thing, Judy. We've got about two and a half a week and I'd like to have a little money. We're living pretty moderately, so I'd like you to write me a cheque for 100 dollars."

She wrote out the cheque. It exhausted her first week's income from the Club Heron.

"Going to take a chance on stepping out, darling?" she inquired flippantly.

"No," he said shortly. "I'd like you to get this cashed for me. Then buy one of those secondhand portable typewriters. You see, Judy, before I was thrown for a loss, I owed a number of private trifles."

"I understand, dear," she said gently, completely deceived. "Can I help you with the typing?"

"That's going to be the fun of it," he said. "I learned to touch-type in school. I'll

ties Peter had pledged before his accident. Peter never carried any amount of cash in his pocket. It was a nuisance and completely unnecessary to a man in his fourth year of big money.

The addresses on the envelopes would not have told her that the gratuities had been incurred in the last several days—nights. Days—nights?

"I THINK it's a lead, Mr. Sikorsky!" The waiter was eager, because if the information was valuable, he would thus restore himself to the favor of the columnist who never betrayed and always rewarded.

"You see, I came up here tonight from the Montparnasse because you yourself know this here Capitole is classier and you get bigger tips. A couple of nights ago, this bird was in the Montparnasse—I mean the blind guy—and he was with the same guy who I know is a taxi-driver. Now does that make sense, Mr. Sikorsky? A classy guy like that is blind, running around to high-class jernits with a heap pusher?"

"Maybe we'd better drop it," reflected the saturnine writer. "What kind of guy is this guy what is out with a taxicab driver?"

"This is a blind guy—and I've waited on him for years. He's Peter Lansdowne—the guy who went ker-floey in the Wall Street business."

"So?" said the other. Then he turned away, leaving the waiter disappointed.

Peter and Meagher did not know that an altruistic eavesdropper was listening to their conversation; Peter, because he could not see the listener, and Meagher, because he was being annoyed—verbally so—on the huge mountain of a woman singing out there on the floor in a spotlight.

"Askin' your pardon, sorr," insisted Meagher for the fourth time. "'tis not what'd call music—the fat old—"

"But it is music," interrupted Peter. "There is nothing visual about music. You are looking at the woman instead of listening to her song, I only can hear her. It is music!"

"You're complaining because she isn't pretty."

"I used the word 'pretty'



Meagher, but violets are very hard to wear. Once I cured a girl of using too much lipstick by refusing to take her to lunch unless she wore the violets, I sent her."

Peter knew he hadn't talked like this for many dark days. At first he felt ashamed of his loquaciousness, then he gloried in it.

"I don't like this place much," he said.

"Says why?" queried Meagher.

"I don't like the waiter."

"Says why again?"

"He's clumsy."

"Says why again? He bows every time he gives you a fork. And when he's sweepin' off the cigarette ashes, he might well be servin' the king himself."

"The King of England?" said Peter wickedly.

Meagher bridled. "Ireland had kings once, too, even if I meself cannot remember the day."

Peter leaned forward in assumed confidence. Nearby the man with the grey hair listened more closely.

"Well, good me Lord of Dublin and Cork, I'll tell you why he's clumsy. When he puts down a plate on the table, he puts it down with two little thumps, one when the edge of the bottom touches the tablecloth, and the other when he lets go the plate and it drops just a half-inch more. You wouldn't notice it, but since I can't watch what he's doing, I go a little jittery waiting for the second thump. Like the man in the overhead bedroom, who dropped off one shoe to the floor—"

"I remember the story," Meagher nodded his head. "It's forty years old."

"The principle behind it is as old as the human race," ventured Peter. "It's probably a relic of the caveman who managed to kill a great sabre-toothed tiger and then couldn't sleep for eight nights waiting for its mate."

"I marvel at you, sorr. Do you know everything?"

Peter smiled gravely. "I don't know anything, Meagher. Nothing but the things I'm learning now. But I learned that this is a clumsy waiter."

Peter did the waiter a serious injustice. It was because the serving man was eyeing pointedly the adjacent newspaper writer that he put down the plate uncertainly. He wanted to be sure the columnist was getting all that Peter said.

The gentleman in question was not missing anything. His incoherent notes would be translated into specious crisp Broadwayese next morning. He might have a full column out of this very incident.

The floorshow concluded itself in a blaze of light, the finale being the summing-up

## Peter sets out to discover Judy's secret

"Well, you're going to be on the inside looking out, tonight."

"Fine, sorr, and if you be needin' any addresses, just remember I'm ridin' a heap."

"Ridin' a heap?"

"Beggins' your pardon, sorr, a heap is a meter cab, and ridin' means drivin' it, o' course."

"O' course," repeated Peter gravely. "Riding a heap naturally makes it necessary to know the places to go. Ever get any requests for places that don't use electric signs?"

Meagher grinned broadly for the first time. He was convinced now he was co-operating with a regular guy.

"When I run out of places," he said profoundly, "I have to go to a bit of trouble—I have to locate me a cop to ask him for new numbers."

Peter laughed aloud. The friendship was clinched.

"Let's start with the places that have the biggest electric signs."

Meagher ventured a suggestion.

"Would—would the lady be goin' to places like that?" he asked curiously. "Wouldn't she be goin' to the quieter ones?"

"No," said Peter. "She wouldn't go to the quieter clubs, because the only time you're ever caught is when you try to hide. Where shall we start?"

"This here Club Heron has got the biggest sign. It's got these here new nee-on lights with real pictures of nakid women."

"Let's do it geographically," suggested Peter. "Let's start at the nearest of the big signs."

Meagher pinched his nose reflectively. "That'll be the—the Pump!"

"Pump us in that direction," ordered Peter.

"Oh, they're gay enough, sorr—as you can probably be telling by the noise they be makin', but it's not me that'd be sayin' they look as if they be havin' a lot of fun."

had proved conclusively his premise, and Peter had registered the knowledge definitely for future use. He would apply it now. *Quod erat demonstrandum* Judy had reversed the sun because she wanted to allow full play to something trifling, but necessary. With a deep breath of gratitude, Peter shed his cloak of bitterness and revelled in the conviction of his philosophy. Trifling, but necessary.

Meagher's voice brought him back to The Pump.

"Now take a look at that couple over there—beggins' your pardon, sorr—I mean I wish you could take a look at that couple over there."

"Tell me." There was genuine interest in Peter's manner. "Who are they, where are they, what do they look like?"

"A rich old man, 65 if he's a day," whispered Meagher. "And the flibbertijibbet with him is jail bait, or I'm a Orangeman. And both of them frownin' at each other."

"Mr. Meagher," Peter said glibly, "you must learn not to jump to conclusions. My own contact with this sorry world tempts me to offer you a word of advice."

"Whenever you encounter a situation as loathsome in its moral aspect as the couple you describe, you may be sure that they represent only the quintessence of harmlessness."

"I want to try an experiment. I think I will be right, but I'd like to lose a dollar cash money to you, in case I'm wrong."

"My bet is that the gent and his siren are no more than a happily married couple."

"Not them!" said Meagher.

"This nice old dollar," Peter straightened out its folds, "will be yours permanently and positively unless the first of those two people who betrays himself or herself proves them to be eminently respectable citizens of our realm."

They both listened assiduously. Meagher was enjoying the proposition more than Peter. He wished he could lose many thousands of dollars if their loss would maintain the merry mood of

baby did have a little bit of a temperance."

Meagher reached across the small table and pushed the dollar into Peter's palm.

"Fair enough, sorr."

The Montparnasse.

"One of the girls is singing much louder than the others. Is she—you must be able to hear her—pretty?"

"Sure, and I don't think I was lookin' at their faces at all. But I know the one you mean now that I've had a look. She's pretty—she ought to be in high school."

"Look the place over once more," Peter said. "Can you see a lady with hair like your mother's old copper teapot?"

The honest Irishman rebuked him mildly. "I haven't been neglectin' my job, sorr. No such lady in the place."

"More places, James!" commanded Peter.

"The name is Fitzmaurice, sorr. Fitzmaurice Meagher."

"More places, Fitz!" Peter corrected himself.

Peter's decision, more whimsical than systematic, to

## —And runs up some nightclub bills

search the night places geographically would mean that some sixteen such resorts must be explored before Meagher's taxicab would park itself before the Club Heron.

SUSPICION is like fire—dangerous, even when smoldering, but a bad master when allowed to bloom into a conflagration.

When Judy, as reported by Meagher, climbed out of a taxi at six the next morning, Peter was quietly inflamed. He analysed it rather quickly. Because he had taken one step in the direction of proving or disproving his suspicions, he must now follow that path hotly. It would be easy to have Meagher furtively trace Judy's activities whenever she left the house, but he could not quite descend to setting a spy on his wife without more definite conviction that her deception was an evil one.

Judy arrived alone this

spend a day tapping out 'Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party,' and 'The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.' When I get a good page of each without any mistakes—and you'll have to tell me that—I'll write three or four little notes and you can slip the money into the envelopes."

"Of course I will, darling." Her eyes were moist. This surely was a comforting new attitude.

Peter did practise on the little typewriter. He did give her several envelopes in which to insert certain bills.

Judy was sorely tempted to notice the addresses as she licked the stamps and before she slid the letters into the corner mailbox. But had she studied the name and address of every one, they'd have told her nothing in discordance with Peter's word. They were addressed to a headwaiter here, a *maitre d'hotel* there; they could have been gratui-

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After dinner enjoy **BORONIA**



## The Liqueur Wine of Romance

BORONIA is a distinctive rich creamy liqueur wine made to a closely guarded secret formula. It is a subtle blend of aromatic and fragrant flowers, herbs, seeds and roots gathered from all over the world, compounded with specially aged luscious wines. BORONIA is truly unique, costs no more than any good wine and is delightful in so many ways.



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Enjoy Boronia as a long drink with ice and your choice of soda, lemonade, cola or dry ginger.



Pour some over ice-cream for a glamorous dessert



For a delightful finish to your dinner, serve as a liqueur. As a special treat, top with cream.



To give your cakes that continental touch use any cake recipe, omit half the liquid and use the same amount of Boronia.





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and exhibiting of all the nudity available in a full master of the performers.

The applause was temporarily enthusiastic, but the orchestra switched so quickly into a fox-trot that its leader could well be suspected of complicity with the more sober members of the audience. Such, and they were not few, mused over their disillusion—for such generous expanses of the exposed female form divine did not survive successfully the furious activity of the finale, certain little—or large—expanses of skin betraying a most unromantic glisten of perspiration.

"And how many folks would you be sayin' were here this night?" demanded Meagher directly.

"Ah, my dear Watson," pronounced Peter, "you're trying to lay a trap for me. I can tell you without hesitation that this dance floor is rapidly filling with cavorting pairs—in fact, the place is full and the dance floor fuller. I do not intend to pun, my dear Meagher, I do not mean that the people are full but the dance floor is crowded to suffocation."

Meagher only digested the last five words. He looked at Peter with awe. "You're guessin'!" he challenged. "You're makin' fun of me! That be somethin' you'd have to see!"

"Nonsense!" declared Peter. There is an aura emitted by a throng of people in close proximity! I can tell you that the floor is so crowded that the dancers hardly have space to move. They're rubbing shoulders with each other. The couples, Meagher—not the individuals! The individuals are not rubbing shoulders! They're rubbing—cheeks!"

"Tis wonderful, sorr!"

"Forget it," said Peter, laughing in his natural voice. "I've been in these places so many times that I practically can tell you how well filled they are by the tone of the headwaiter's voice. And, of course, we've sat here for a couple of hours, and I could tell you the place was full before the show started, by the amount of clatter-clatter and dingle-dangle of the dishes. They don't serve food or less solid refreshments while the show is on, so, be-

"Excuse me," he said easily. "My name is Sikorsky. I write a lot of junk for a morning rag. Maybe you've heard of me."

"Don't be delicate," said Peter without emphasis. "I've heard of you. I've read you. I've seen you. Once I met you. If it will be of any interest to your readers to announce that the blind Peter Lansdowne was low-spotting with a gentleman, I'll give you the full details. Mr. Sikorsky, meet Mr. Meagher, both members of this club, and no hitting in the clinches."

Sikorsky noticed the brittle unreality of Peter's tone. "No hitting in the clinches is exactly what I mean," he said gently. "Nobody'll believe me, but I kill plenty of stuff that'd make trouble. I don't go out looking for blood. I just try to beat the world on news that's bound to come out, anyway. You'd be surprised."

"I drive a taxi," proclaimed Meagher pugnaciously.

"And very well, too, I'm sure," answered Sikorsky. "Now listen, Mr. Lansdowne, maybe it won't interest you to hear what I have to say, but again, maybe it will. I've been listening to you for a couple of hours. You've got an angle."

Two days later, thousands of New Yorkers noticed an item in one of the morning newspapers which these thousands read occasionally or regularly:

#### BROADWAY by a blind man

If you don't believe this is going to be interesting, pretend to be drunk some evening—or morning—or maybe you won't have to pretend too hard—but fumble in your pocket for your hat check when you're about to leave any one of Broadway's night spots.

Listen awhile as you fumble, but keep your eyes turned away, for we never heard these things until we could only hear them. Before that, we watched rather than listened. Now we hear the quaint little quips the poor little hat-check girl has to endure. You see, by being able to listen only, we've learned that a large percentage of the unattached male visitors to nightclubs have gone there in the indefinable hope that a miracle will occur

quarters. Her maddening little costume was selected because it displayed her gorgeous little figure—and then because she couldn't hide any coins in it without the said pieces of currency revealing themselves—

"NOT bad," Sikorsky had said. He had handed the typewritten sheets back to Peter without disclosing that the full sense was clear only to an experienced newspaperman accustomed to reading the most inaccurate typewriting. "Let's go over and see Barham. He's on the 'Chronicle.' Of course, I can't take you to my own sheet. They'd think I was nuts to bring in somebody else to do another column. Maybe I am nuts!"

At the city desk of the "Chronicle" sprawled a man. He studied two clippings from his newspaper. They were pasted side by side, dangling from a strip of cardboard.

"Hmmm," he said unwillingly. "If you think you can keep it up as good as these first two for awhile, I'll give you 50 a week and I'll give the stuff every day under the same head."

"The money isn't impor-

tant," said Peter happily, "but you, of course, won't ever know—I hope you won't—how it is to feel you're a whole man again, with a place in the world, even if it's only a little place—"

The city editor flicked the clippings across the desk so that Peter would understand exactly how he meant his next words.

"Didn't get into the war on account of my own eyes," he said gruffly. "Negative in the left and 20-100 in the right. That's what the doctor said. I've been fighting that 20-100 in the right ever since. It won't be long now. Get along with you."

Peter's column, before it became a "column," was not an overnight sensation, or even an important success by the time he had drawn his second weekly pay cheque.

For the first few days, he had cherished the thought that perhaps he would be lifted immediately into fame. At the end of the second week, he soberly reasoned out the inevitable truth of the

Judy exchanged the key to her own apartment for that of Bill's, slid it into the lock, and entered the apartment. I've got to have a drink. I wonder if I'm getting to be a real drunkard? No. I'm drinking only because I have to have something to keep me going.

"Drinking it straight, are you?" Judy put down the glass abruptly.

"Don't say that! Peter said that! Bill, for the love of Heaven, don't you start on me!"

Bill crossed the room swiftly. Taking her by both elbows, he moved her into a great wing chair.

"Sit down and tell me," he said fiercely, "or shall I beat it out of your dumb red head?"

"It's Peter," she said dully. "He hasn't spoken to me for a week. He ordered me to give up the work he thinks I'm doing—the Guild relief work. He gave me a week—that's a week ago—and when I told him I couldn't, he just froze up—and now he doesn't speak to me at all."

Her sobs were no longer

and on top of that live practically in a state of heebie-jeebies!"

"I can't?" she defied. "Look at me!"

"I never want to look at anything else."

"Do you still love me?"

"Still—and always!"

"Don't be so serious," she said breathlessly. Then she laughed artificially. "I just thought of a gigantic epigram! The man who has me can't see me, and the man who can see me can't have me!"

Bill spoke with difficulty. "I'm not asking for anything."

"You asked me to marry you once."

"I wish I had the right to ask you now."

Her eyes glistened. "If I were free, would you, Bill? If there weren't any Peter, would you really want to marry me now?"

"I wish—I only wish there were some way to prove it."

"Bill—dear old Bill—"

His smile was grim. "Yes—big, clumsy, steady old Bill."

Her voice was very soft.

## Judy's nerves reach breaking point

concealed. Bill's arms were tightly about her, his own eyes blinking rapidly.

"There—there—" he tried to comfort her.

"Bill!" she demanded abruptly. "Do you love me?" With an effort he managed to smile. "I'd do a pal a favor. What's on your mind?"

The words tumbled in a torrent from her lips. "Then talk to me! Talk to me the way a man ought to talk to a woman! Order me around! Hit me in the jaw! Do something—anything—to make me feel that I'm a pretty girl who belongs to a man and has been taught too damned well how to be a woman!"

A flood of understanding enveloped Bill. "Stop crying!" he yelled savagely.

Judy shuddered once. Immediately she understood. "Yes, sir," she murmured meekly.

"Get me a cigarette!" She did so.

"Light it for me!"

He pretended to draw one magnanimous puff, then hurled it into the fireplace and rose to tower over her furiously.

"The end of that cigarette was wet!" he shouted. "How many times have I told you never to give me a wet cigarette? What you need is a good sock in the jaw!"

Bill lifted a clenched fist as if he would strike her down. But the tears on her cheeks and the hopelessness of it all broke the spell.

"Bad as that, Judy?" he asked gently.

"Worse," she sobbed without raising her head.

"Are you going to— to leave him, Judy?"

She jerked her hands away, but kept her arms about his shoulders.

"Never—never—never—never—never," she cried hysterically.

"You can't keep this up," he remonstrated. "You're a good juggler, Judy, but you're trying to keep too many balls in the air at once. You can't do it. You can't keep Peter believing that night is day, and day is night, and hide your work from him forever,

"Big, yes. Steady, yes. Clumsy, no."

"Unromantic old Bill," he insisted evenly.

"Unromantic? That's funny!" she declared. "Why, I love you more this minute that I did when you asked me to marry you—" her voice choked, then cleared itself. "And you know, Bill, I really did have an awful time making up my mind between you and Peter."

Bill cleared his throat gruffly, wondered how steady he could keep his voice. "Sure, an awfully hard time. You said to yourself, 'Whom shall I marry? Peter or Bill?'—and answered yourself—'Peter!'"

"That's—that's not so. There—there was one night—when I practically answered—'Bill.' That night in a hansom cab—driving through Central Park."

"That night?" he asked blankly. "The night you had a headache and had to get home in a hurry?"

"I didn't have a headache. It was something else. If it had been a headache, it would have been because I told Peter that very morning I would marry him—and I—I was afraid I'd made a—mistake—"

Bill studied the back of her head until he was sure her meaning was what he thought. Then he turned her face toward him. She did not dodge the issue. Her eyes did not waver.

"Since then," he whispered, "you haven't had a headache, have you?"

"My—my head aches a little now. I think—"

He watched her carefully to be sure that her words carried no special significance and read in her face that she intended one.

"Going home early didn't seem to cure my headache that night, did it? What shall I do, Bill?"

"Don't worry, Judy—I'll take care of you all right—"

"Take care of me now—"

At last Peter's search brought him to the Club Heron.

And what would a real

society girl be doin', actin' without clothes in a place like this?" Meagher asked. He was really curious to know.

Peter shrugged. "It's not an unusual piece of showmanship. Old, maybe, but effective. One class of people come here to see what an undressed member of the other class looks like. The other class comes here convinced that the mysterious female is a fake, but hopes desperately to discover that she may be one of the Astors or Vanderbilts revealing both her person and some hitherto concealed perversity."

"If you ask me, the 'lady' on the white horse is a hussy," said Meagher.

"So the lady is a hussy," Peter said. "After all our experience together you must be indeed impressed if you call her the worst we've seen. Just exactly what did she leave off that makes her a hussy?"

"Weren't it for her long blond hair," said Meagher positively, "sure and the horse helps a lot—she'd be as stark naked as the day she was born."

"The long blond hair disillusioned me," said Peter. "I know it's very blond, and I know it's very long, therefore, the young lady—I take for granted her youth—is probably not very naked. I hear she wears a mask. Right?"

"A half of a mask if you want to call it that."

"You see!" said Peter glibly. "Even half a mask proves she has some sensibilities left."

Meagher was confused, but game. "If her left sensibility is as good as her right—and I do be no bad judge—she has two of the roundest sensibilities I've ever seen in me long life."

"Probably some nice, decent girl earning a good living without her personal morals being involved," Peter said. He felt happier than he had been in months. Meagher amused him tremendously. He had almost forgotten Judy in the exaltation of finding himself in his new world.

Somewhere in the mysterious recesses of the building an electrician pulled a switch. The Club Heron was plunged into darkness. The applause drowned the sounds made by Lady Godiva's horse and retainers as they disappeared from the floor. A blaze of light, the current waltz hit wailing from violins, and the Club Heron's second show of the night was concluded.

"Not a very successful evening," said Peter. "Enough stuff for a half column, that's all. Tell me some more about the lady in the blond wig. How did she act? Did she seem bold? Or was there



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More delicious ways to beat starvation diets



and still stay slim

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What's more, it's so tasty!



With a seductive smile, Lady Patricia said, "You're new here, aren't you?" as Dan led the horse over to her.

# FOR KICKS

Beginning our new serial . . .

an unusual suspense story

By **DICK FRANCIS**

**T**HE Earl of October drove into my life in a pale blue Holden which had seen better days, and danger and death tagged along for the ride.

I noticed the car turn in through the gateposts as I walked across the little paddock toward the house.

"Where can I find Mr. Daniel Roke?" he asked.

"I am Daniel Roke," I said.

"Oh," he said blankly.

I was used to this reaction. I was no one's idea of the owner of a prosperous studfarm. I looked, for a start, too young, though I didn't feel it; and my sister, Belinda, says you don't often meet a businessman you can mistake for an Italian peasant. Sweet girl, my sister. It is only that my skin is sallow and tans easily, and I have black hair and brown eyes. Also I was that day wearing the oldest, most tattered pair of jeans I possessed, with unpolished jodhpur boots, and nothing else.

"I heard in Perlooma that you have an English stablehand who wants to go back home . . . I suppose

it may sound surprising, but if he is suitable I am willing to pay his fare and give him a job at the other end . . ."

"Will you come into the house?" I said. "And explain?"

I led the way into the living-room, and heard his exclamation as he stepped behind me. All our visitors were impressed by the room. I sat down in an old bent-wood rocker and gestured him into a comfortable armchair.

"Now, Mr. . . . er?" I began.

"October," he said easily. "Not Mister. Earl. Perhaps I had better start by saying that I am in Australia on business—I have interests in Sydney—but that I came down here to the Snowies as the last part of a private tour I have been making of your main racing and breeding centres. I am a member of the body which governs National Hunt racing—that is to say, steeplechasing, jump racing—in England, and naturally your horses interest me enormously."

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— despite her lack of costume—a certain air of modesty about her? You know, Meagher, the legend tells us that the original Lady Godiva rode proudly through the streets because she was doing it to relieve some innocent sufferers.

"Modesty," Meagher snorted. "I did be seen' no modesty. Sure and she sat there like she had invented nakedness!"

"Not a bad line, Meagher. Make a note of it. But don't take modesty too seriously. Mostly, ugly people are modest. Lady Godiva is a most respectable young girl supporting her aged parents."

"Wait a minute! Excuse me, sorr, but I think I do be knowin' somethin' about her!"

"That'd be a help," said Peter with interest.

Meagher thought and spoke heavily. "Sure — sure — she's one I took home from here a while back."

"Go on with you," chided Peter. "How would you know her with clothes on?"

Meagher grew more certain. "I was waitin' in me cab at the back door of this place. It's a good spot as any, near to three in the mornin'. Up pulls a big car. 'Tis empty. The choffor comes up and says to the scene-shifting lad would he be takin' a message in to Miss Nolan, the lady who is playin' the part of Mrs. Godiva. 'Tell Miss Nolan that Mr. Reynolds can't be meetin' her tonight, and would she be kindly takin' a cab to Mr. Reynolds' apartment.'"

Peter was sitting upright, frowning and then smiling wickedly.

"Reynolds," he said with relish. "I know that dirty dog! Maybe we can take a left-hand crack at him in our column. But how do you know it's the same girl?"

Meagher's voice was important. "Not five minutes later comes another lad. Spyin' me, he says to stand by for Miss Nolan. Couple of minutes more and out comes a young lady and hops into me cab. 'The Griffon Apartments,' she says, and off we go."

"Oh, Mr. Reynolds," said Peter happily, "is your face going to be red?"

Meagher sat there undergoing a remarkable transition. His eyes were almost popping from their sockets. His mouth was open and he held a tall glass of ginger ale in mid-air.

"Mr. Lansdowne," he whispered hoarsely. "Sure and I'm the one that's blind, not you! 'Tis blind I am because I won't be seen'! Miss Nolan had hair of the color of me mother's copper pot!"

A flash of cold white light-

ning struck into Peter's brain. A question arose to his lips, but it was never spoken. Meagher answered it unasked.

"The red hair," he said almost unwillingly. "'Twas the same color red hair on Miss Nolan as was on the head of the young lady I did be seen' out your window."

He was frightened by the horror on Peter's face.

"Tell me, Meagher — did Lady Godiva wear an anklet?"

"An anklet, sorr?"

"A thing like a bracelet around her ankle?"

"She did, sorr — a string of little white beads tight around the ankle."

The anklet of matched, tiny pearls. The anklet Judy had sworn would never be removed —

BILL unlocked the door for Judy and stood aside to let her enter. It was fortunate that in the heyday of his opulence Bill's taste had run

to hand-tufted Aubusson carpet, which kept their entry into Bill's living-room silent.

Peter was sitting in a corner of the divan before the fireplace.

"That you, Bill?" he asked unsteadily.

"Right, Me." Bill answered quickly. He motioned Judy to remain silent. Brazen it out, he thought, that's the only way — he can't possibly know that Judy is here.

"What's that in your hand, Peter?" he asked loudly. "Looks like an olive branch."

He warned Judy with a look to remain as she was.

"Just that, Bill," Peter said with a grave smile. "If you'll have it so. I've been a good deal of an ass, haven't I?"

An imperceptible tinge of something or other in the voice made Bill and Judy look sharply at Peter. But while grave, Peter seemed good natured and innocent.

"How did you get in, Peter?" he asked casually. "Don't tell me that that dumb biddy who cleans up here was on the job this late?"

"Forgotten, haven't you, Bill? I still have a key you gave me to the flat when you bought the place."

"Sorry," Bill said, drawing a deep breath. "I did forget. You see, the way things have been with us lately I didn't think you'd be popping in."

"Of course not," agreed Peter. "You certainly had no reason to expect seeing me here."

Again Bill and Judy exchanged fearful looks. Again they felt that odd significance to Peter's simple words.

"What time is it, Bill?"

Bill looked at Judy and thought he saw her sway slightly. He moved to her side, touched her arm to give her courage. Without thinking, he raised his wristwatch, but Judy's hand pressed against his lips before he could speak.

Judy looked around the room without seeing it. She was conscious only that lights were burning brightly and that drab dawn was stealing in the windows. She did not remove her restraining hand until Bill nodded slightly in understanding.

"I — I guess I must have

left my watch off, Peter. What's it matter what time it is? It's going to be a fine, clear evening."

They watched Peter with bated breath.

"It is?" asked Peter pointedly.

There was not much doubt left now. Bill wet his lips. Judy closed her eyes.

"Well — well — isn't it?" asked Bill inanely.

The blind man rose to his feet with surprising firmness.

"No, Bill, it isn't. It's as fine an early morning as I've seen in a month of Sundays. And about time for the sun to be showing up, unless my favorite taxi-driver has been leading me astray."

There was nothing to say to that.

"I know, Bill. You thought I was still duped by Judy's beautiful little scheme. I've known about that for some time. I'm blind, Bill, but really now, you know, Judy couldn't have hoped to get away with that for ever."

"I suppose not," was all Bill could think to say.

Judy finally made a decision. "Peter," she said boldly, "it's Judy. I'm here."

"I knew that," answered Peter quietly.

"Peter! You don't think I made up that day and night business in order to come here, do you?"

"No, Judy," he said steadily. "I was suspicious at first. Then — just a few minutes before you came in, I thought it all out — helped, I'm sure, by the darkness that shuts out untruthful light. When I was suspicious of you, I was unworthy of you. I have my own hunch, but if you'd like to, Judy, it would be nice to have you sum it all up in one sentence."

She was surprisingly cool. "One word, Peter. Broke!"

"My taxi-driver told me about the market. So the whole elaborate game was to earn money to take care of me?"

"You mean Lady Godiva?" she asked in a small voice.

"You didn't take off the pearl anklet, Judy, did you?"

"You put that anklet on, Peter."

"I know — I'm — I'm very sorry, Judy," Peter swung his shoulders about, definitely including Bill. The latter had not spoken; instinct told him that he could only hurt the situation, not help it.

Peter cleared his throat.

"I've got something to say to both of you. First, to you, Bill. I acted like a cad to you. I know that now, because I've checked up and found that you did everything humanly possible to save our business, and then you lied like a gentleman, trying to make it easier for me. All I can say is — I'm sorry. That used to be enough between us. Is it still enough?"

"Will you shut up," Bill answered brokenly.

Peter instinctively took a step forward, his leg bumping a small table, but he righted himself quickly. "Now, Judy. I was a pretty bad sport to you, wasn't I, after — after this happened?" He gestured toward his eyes. "I just couldn't take it. I was mean and unreasonable and everything nasty that I could be — but I'm over that now, and I want to apologise to you

from the bottom of my heart."

Judy spoke haltingly: "That's — that's all right —"

Peter reached out for her, not expecting to find her within his grasp, but to tell her that he wanted to. "Then everything is all right?"

Now's my chance. It would be so easy to say, "Yes, Peter, everything's all right." The Ninety-nine women out of a hundred would say, "Yes, Peter, everything's all right."

"Everything isn't all right," she said, and wondered at the precision of the syllables. "You see, Peter, I've — I've fallen in love with Bill."

Peter's body seemed to grow smaller.

"You don't love me?"

"I do love you, Peter — I love you, and I'm in love with Bill. That's a distinction without a difference. I remember that phrase from high school."

Bill could no longer endure his self-abnegation. "Peter," he said humbly, "we — Judy — Judy and I — thought

we were going to leave Judy on her own."

Peter turned the upper half of his body without moving his feet.

"I understand, Bill. You planned — on marrying Judy?"

"Yes," said Bill.

"Yes," said Judy.

"I see," murmured Peter. "I see, Bill. I see, Judy. Then the other thing — that other old, wonderful thing we had — is all gone?"

A sob was only partly muffled by her determination to make him understand. "Of course it isn't gone! But I thought it was — when you were so — so upset — and — Peter, nothing could ever kill all the beauty and happiness we've had. Nothing could ever destroy the great love on which we founded it. Bill is something beside that."

"I don't know what I'm talking about! I don't know what it's all about — except that I need both of you!"

"I know I sound very ridiculous. When I said I needed you both, I meant I can't

decide between you. I know that's absurd, too. But it isn't so absurd if you stop and think. I've done a lot of thinking in the past few days. The world is changing. Things that were wildly radical ten years ago are now old-fashioned and conservative. Yet we have to live our lives and work out our destinies on an age-old basis that every woman knows positively and finally which one man is all she needs and wants all her life.

"I ought to be able to look at the two men before me and decide which one is a hundred percent right for me and the other a hundred percent wrong — and the devil take the hindmost."

She faced Peter squarely. Her face grew tender.

He knew she wanted to continue explaining herself. He knew this would be best for her. He remained silent. So did Bill.

"Peter," Judy's voice was tremulous. "I loved you in the most tremendous way anybody ever loved anybody. When I believed you didn't want me and didn't care for me at all

— and you — you changed so completely — then I found, and I was the most surprised girl on earth, that I was starting to care for Bill. Not in the same way, Peter. In an entirely different way. But, Peter — you've changed again. It isn't what you've said tonight that makes me know that you've changed back into the old Peter — the very same old Peter — it's something you radiated. When I came into this room and saw you there, I wanted to come right over to you and kiss you. And you have not been very — very kind to me lately, have you, Peter?"

"No," he admitted.

Judy smiled delicately. "But it hasn't put Bill out of my heart, Peter — and I'm afraid it isn't going to."

A flash of the old Peter illumined the scene.

"I'm pretty broad-minded, Judy," he said whimsically, "but I'm afraid it's a little too modern even in these hectic days to imagine a household with two husbands and only one wife!"

"Of course it is!" Her laugh was high-pitched. "And there's many a woman who's miserably unhappy even in these hectic days because she can't — she can't have her cake and eat it, too. She won't admit it, not even to herself. It's sacrilegious — it's indecent — it's obscene! Well, I've had to admit it."

Judy controlled herself with a great effort. That she turned toward the front door to escape was proof how definitely she felt the problem to be unsolvable.

"Wait a minute, Judy," called Bill. "You can't go like this, with nothing settled."

Turning about slowly, Judy looked utterly helpless and suddenly felt very tired.

"I have to go with nothing settled."

She pulled open the door and made her escape quickly. Fortunately, there was no one in the corridor to see her tears.

The two men remained motionless in the room, both still facing the door.

Peter spoke first, carefully. "In that funny little insanity

applied it. She was permitting herself to indulge in only those thoughts which might be comforting."

Judy surveyed the texture of her skin as she had done many times before, but not lately. Her complexion, her hair, her lipstick — all received the same careful attention she had always devoted to herself. But the zest of it was gone. She tried to trace back to the exact day or hour when she had ceased the almost fanatical study of herself under the vivid white light of her dressing table mirror. She must buy some new lipsticks. Six of them. Nothing recaptures self-appreciation like experimenting with cool, red greases on your lips.

When she went home, she was not surprised to find that Bill had brought Peter back to the apartment. There was a small shock in discovering that she had guessed so accurately.

Peter was sitting on the bed. Bill was stuffing masculine garments into a masculine suitcase with masculine clumsiness. She walked directly into the bedroom.

"Peter — and Bill!" she said loudly. "I have something to say. It's — it's very important to — to all of us. I've had to change my mind. I'm never going to tell either of you why. I've had to choose between you. I've chosen. And I've decided on the basis that love and romance and madness have their place in this world and in our lives — but they can't last for ever — not in anyone's life."

She turned appealingly to Bill. "Bill, darling, let me talk to Peter alone for a minute. I'll — I'll come out in the living-room and talk to you in a little while."

Judy noticed how quietly Bill closed the door behind him. "Peter," she said, "tell me something. Are you really the same Peter I married?"

"Better than ever," he said stoutly. "Let me tell you something, Judy. I'm making no argument in favor of myself, but there are some things you've got to know. You see, I've found out all about you since we — we separated in spirit. I've got a job. I'm doing newspaper

work. I write a daily column 'Broadway By A Blind Man.' Judy, it's — it's swell!"

"Happy, Peter?"

"Happy in my work."

"Peter, do you remember when we once thought we were going to have a baby — and then found we were — mistaken?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember, Peter, how we didn't know whether or not we were glad — or disappointed — when we — when we found we weren't?"

"Please, Judy —"

"We won't be disappointed next time, will we?"

When they remembered Bill — an hour later — they found the living-room empty.

Not for several months did this constant visitor to their home and table tell them that he had gone without an instant's hesitation from their bedroom to his own home.

"TODAY IS TONIGHT," by Jean Harlow, published by Grove Press Inc. Copyright (c) by Ruth Hamp.





## Flowers for Miss B. Hetherington

**A surprise awaited her  
... an amusing story**

**By BARBARA  
SCROPE**

**I**T WAS WEDNESDAY, and I trudged drearily through the early-morning streets that separated my flat from Covent Garden flower-market. Above my head the sky hung grey and sad and streaky, like an old army blanket, flattening the tall houses downward into the ground.

I was as sad and grey as the day, for this morning Uncle George was to retire and hand over his tiny flower shop in Soho, where I was manager, to its new proprietor, and although I am an expert at self-deception, I could hardly deny it was unlikely any boss more demanding than he would employ somebody as feckless, idle, and inexperienced as me for very long.

The loss of a job—even a job as congenial as this one had turned out to be—might seem small reason for the bitter despair I felt that morning, but if I lost it, then I lost London, too, at least for several months.

You see, my sister Mandy and I are identical twins and we spent the first sixteen years of our lives doing identical things, thinking identical thoughts, and wearing identical clothes. Then, bored by being treated as Mandy-and-Clare, a sort of comic pantomime-horse double act, we made a resolution never to live in the same house again.

Our lives would follow different patterns—we would have different friends and we would scarcely ever meet. We went to London, found separate jobs, lived in separate flats, but somehow, however hard we tried, we always seemed to orientate like magnets toward each other.

If I decided on an impulse to go to the zoo, the person leaning raptly over the guard rail of the giraffe house beside me would turn out to be Mandy. When I went to the hairdresser and turned to look at the swaddled

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20	48	28	19	58	33	19	48	19	37
16	52	33	23	18	33	19	48	19	37
27	16	42	28	33	42	19	35	21	
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# MY SON

An appealing short story  
complete on this page  
By KATINKA LOESER

THIS, friends, is my son, the younger one, who lies here sleeping. He is ten years old. Regard him now, at the end of a busy day.

Although he is asleep, he is not in bed; he is on it. Under him are the sheets, the blanket, and the bedspread configured with bright pictures of old cars. He is a car man now, having been a horse man briefly, when he was five, and having given up horses almost at the instant of making their acquaintance.

One sneezed at him and he never gave them a second chance, although he continued to wear boots, a fringed shirt, and a cowboy hat for some time afterward. Now he is a car man, attested to by the models and pieces of models scattered about the room.

In his waking hours he is cool toward me because I will not, in our own car, floor it, peel, or invite the driver next to me to drag. I am chicken. I am also chicken about picking up frogs.

Aside from him, the room is unremarkable. The walls are neat and clean, because of their having been recently papered. I simply couldn't stand them any more, so I had new washable paper put on, and in an inspired moment I cleverly selected a mural map of the world for one wall.

My motive was not only to tidy up the place but also to present a stimulating decoration herein, one that would possibly initiate a scholarly approach to homework. More about that later; the immediate problem is how to get him between the sheets.

He never turns his light off; apparently he considers that my work. It shines now on his stripped body as if it were directed on a sculptured figure in a museum. But is this a work of art, this boy asleep on his stomach? Beginning with his toes, one could scarcely say so—they look like young parsnips, beige, wrinkled, and gnarled. All the rest of him, from his heels to the nape of his neck, is copper-colored from the beaches and swimming-pools of the past summer—all of him, that is, except for those two white mounds, like round loaves of underdone bread, at the base of his spine.

Past his neck is a head of fine bleached hair. His cheek, turned away from the pillow, is still rounded as in the days of his youth. His arms are raised in an arc above his head as if he were ready to dive back into summer, the hands curled as if clutching at all the past vacations.

Teetering on the edge of the bed is a book I grab just before it falls to the floor; it has a brown wrapping-paper cover on which are printed this student's name, his age, his grade, the name of his school, and the following legend: "Do Not Feed the Animals—the teachers have their own lunchroom."

So this is my son. He doesn't care at all for the name he has; nobody else is named that. Lots of famous people have that name, I have pointed out, even a movie star. I cannot tell him that I remember his name first in a novel by an Englishman who is not read now.

That romantic, impetuous boy in the book was my friend when I was a romantic and impetuous girl, and he still is, which is part of the worth of reading. My son claims, too, that whereas he has only one name, most of his friends have two.

Often he is surprised that anyone bothered to name him at all, despite the quite obvious fact that he was the most wanted baby in the world and he knows it very well. His sisters didn't much care whether he

turned out to be a boy or a girl; his brother held out for a boy, explaining that he was the only child in the family who did not have a brother.

Everyone was happy when one-name arrived. There were tricky moments in the hospital, though; he was a little baby, and I was offended unnecessarily, I felt. At feeding hours nurses come around with long tiers of baskets and wheel them into the rooms where mothers wait.

There were five of us in our room, and the scene was usually something like this: Enter nurses, pushing, or pulling these baskets of babies. A nurse picks one up. "Here's Bobby Smith, you old ten-pound heavyweight."

Then there would be Timothy Ames, jun., eight pounds if an ounce; and nine-pound Gregory Foster, who should have been ashamed of himself, a big boy like that expecting his tiny little mother to lift him; and ten-pound Christopher Bailey, big enough to walk instead of riding round all the time.

And I would be alone in that chattering, maudlin group until a scream of rage caused the nurses to glance toward the baskets and one to amble over and glance at the labels. She would then remove the final baby and hand him to me with a "this-must-be-yours" expression. Under his name on his ID card was printed "Gib. 1oz." He weighs a lot more now, having added several pounds this summer, owing to his being permitted to sign for his lunch at the snack bar of the club where he went to swim.

How to get him into bed without waking him . . . Thinking hard, I stroll over to his desk and notice two papers in his familiar and indifferent penmanship. The first one is something I believe I was required to do in school; it is a written solution to Frank Stockton's famous story "The Lady or the Tiger."

I cannot remember how I finished it, but here is how this paper goes: "As the man opened one of the doors out leaped the most fierce-looking tiger in the world. The man jumped behind the door with fear. The tiger started to crawl toward him. He sprang upon the man and tore him to bits. The tiger left, licking his lips. The princess snickered with joy." The second paper causes me to turn back and stand by the bed . . .

This is my son. He has to be covered some way; the nights are cooler now. Suddenly I notice his new bathrobe, two sizes too large so that it will last for a while, slung over the foot of the bed. Of course. I spread it over him, but I am not ready to leave.

What will the years bring to this sleeping child? The questions that occur to all mothers come to my mind. Will he be happy, and is happiness all? Will he continue to be healthy? Will he contribute something valuable to his generation; will he be destroyed in the grand climax of a self-destructive universe?

Frankly, none of these questions bother me now. I know what his future is—his immediate future, that is. In the first place, he is going to finish that second paper on his desk. It is an arithmetic paper headed "Answer the following questions."

The questions follow, and then there is a column labelled "Answers." In this column there is the numeral 1, followed by a round, fat period. And the rest of the page is spotless and blank. Implacable, I shall be by his side, and I doubt that either of us will be snickering with joy.

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# THE HAPPY GARDENER

A charming story

By  
MARY DRAKE

*Millie looked down at the little elm which her kind old friend proudly offered to her*

**W**Henever I think of Millie I get a mental picture of her on her knees. No, not praying. But knowing her as I do, I guess there's been many a time when she's done that, too. For she's a woman who has been close to nature, which is the same thing as being close to God.

It's years now since I first knew her intimately. But then came a time when we were almost strangers. She was a spry, birdlike, little creature when she moved into the house next door, and if anyone ever had green in her fingers it was she.

I watched that derelict neglected garden become a miniature fairyland. An old seaman like myself likes to see things made shipshape. Early and late, whenever I peered through the wide slats of our paling fence she would be somewhere in sight, a small, brown nut of a woman with a battered straw hat on her curly, greying hair. She scorned the use of gloves, and her capable weathered hands tended the plants as though they were nurslings.

It was not long before we were on speaking terms, for gardening is a universal language. I gave her some of my daffodil bulbs when I was lifting them, and she in turn struck some cuttings for me of her prize geraniums, which sprawled riotously under her front windows.

But we had our differences, too, and they were mostly because of our back gardens. Mine was in full sunshine, but hers was overshadowed by the brick wall of a house at the rear. It would have disheartened most gardeners, but to Millie Cooper it was a challenge.

She filled it with a profusion of shade lovers: fuchsias, violets, forget-me-nots, and ferns.

Running parallel with our dividing fence was a long bench where she kept her collection of Bonsai, small dwarfed trees. And these Bonsai were the cause of our first disagreement. During the hot summer months they required frequent watering, and there was an overhead spray near the top of the fence which did the job for her.

The trouble was that a lot of the water came over my side, and it was the spot where I grew my petunias. Lovely they were, too, the result of one packet of seed I had brought from Japan. Great fringed beauties, forming a vivid patchwork of violet and heliotrope.

Each year I saved the seed, and it was something to look forward to, those first warm days that coaxed the color from the green buds. They revelled in the hot sunshine, but one thing they didn't like and didn't need was a lot of water.

I'm a reasonable man, mind you, but it used to incense me to see that



sprinkler interminably playing on those blessed Bonsai while my proud beauties hung their bruised heads.

If Millie happened to get a caller she would sit inside gossiping, the sprinkler forgotten. For she didn't lack friends. The rattle of the brass knocker on her front door and the tinkle of her telephone were familiar sounds.

It was inevitable that as time passed we became friendly, but you'd be wrong if you're anticipating a romance. My independence and solitude were precious to me, yet that didn't mean I wasn't glad of a bit of company during the long winter evenings.

Sometimes I would tell her stories about my old seafaring days, and I must say Millie was a good listener. At other times I would work at my easel. I'd always been fond of painting even as a young lad, and loved to do little still-lives of the flowers in my garden.

And while I worked at them Millie would be pursuing her own hobby. For years she had kept a journal which was the story of her life. But it was more than that, it was also a story of her gardens. Interspersed with trivial little incidents was a day-to-day record of the work she had done there.

"Today," she would write, "Today, the tenth of March, and I decided to plant my bulbs. The soil is just right after yesterday's inch of rain." Or "The third of July. The roses will soon be waking from their winter sleep, and I've done my pruning." On November the first, she had written: "Where has this year gone to? Already the front lawn is green with small, new blades of grass, my reward for last month's topdressing. Today if it is cool I will pot some of those lovely purple hydrangeas for Christmas presents."

She had no objection to my browsing through the pages, provided, she added with a twinkle in her eye, I took no exception to what I might read about myself. And though I found several amusing little references to our squabbles there was nothing in those journals that was malicious or unkind.

It was one night when we were sharing a nightcap of steaming hot cocoa that the idea occurred to me.

Yes, I was to blame for the plan that was to change Millie's life.

"Why don't you write a book, Millie?" I asked her. "A sort of autobiography, but make it a gardening book as well. Tell the reader in simple language what to plant and when to plant 'em, and sprinkle it with little bits about yourself."

Millie didn't think much of the idea at first, but gradually she got just as excited about it as I was.

"You'd have to help me, Jud. I wouldn't know where to begin." And she looked at the row of past journals that nearly filled one of her bookshelves. "How would it be if you illustrated it for me? You could use some of those still-lives of yours."

By the end of the evening we were both properly fired with enthusiasm. We went through each journal in turn, carefully making notes of what we would eliminate and what we would use.

That was a grand winter. As the days gradually shortened we would settle ourselves in her cosy study, a table between us in front of the log fire.

When we had our first rough copy completed Millie was impatient to put it in the hands of a publisher, but I persuaded her to go over it with me again and again till it was as perfect as we could make it. It was a thrilling day when we made up the parcel of all those pages, together with my illustrations.

We were prepared for a long delay after we had delivered it, yet it was only a couple of weeks before we heard the good news from our publisher. And I think it was the proudest day of our lives when we saw our first copy of the book.

We held it a long minute in our hands, looking at the title on the dust-jacket. *A Lifetime On My Knees*, by Millie Cooper, and my name underneath hers in smaller print. I had illustrated the front with a sketch of Millie just as I had so often seen her, squatting amongst her bright flowers, the battered old hat pushed back on her head.

The publisher, with a nice sense of timing, had brought the book out a month before Mother's Day. And it seemed that every son and daughter had decided it was just the ideal gift. It sold like hot cakes.

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Your skin needs  
**HERCO**  
OLIVOL SKIN LOTION  
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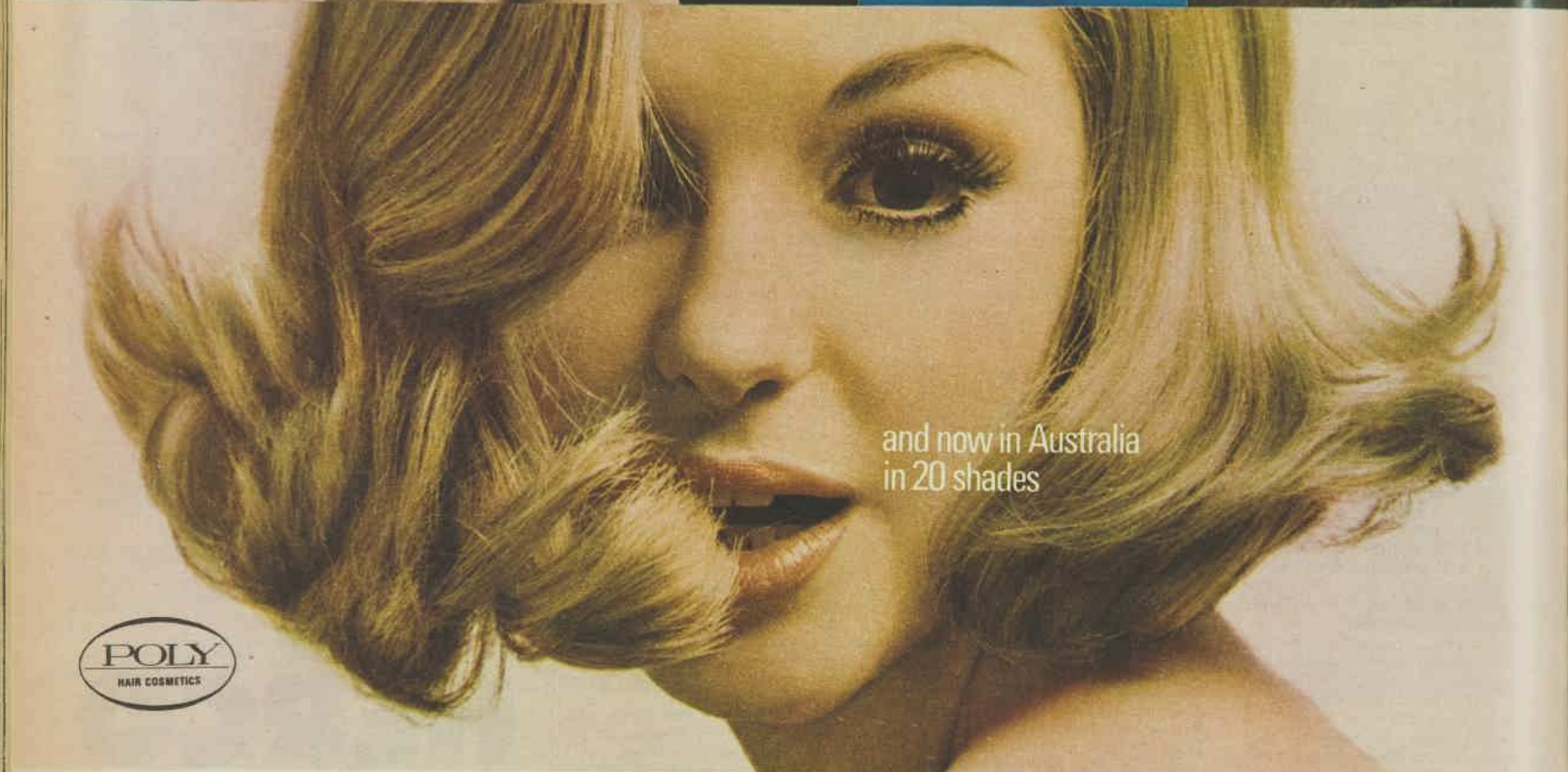
**HERCO FACE LOTION with TURTLE OIL.** When age lines begin to show on your face . . . that's when you need this unique Face Lotion containing Turtle Oil. In less than 2 weeks it will remove the obvious signs of your biological age. Available in 2 sizes — 3-oz. bottle 11/9 or beautifully designed 4-oz. plastic pack 15/6.

**HERCO OLIVOL SHAMPOO.** Still the finest shampoo that money can buy but now in a new, plastic, salon-style pack . . . doesn't matter if you drop it in the shower — it won't break! HERCO OLIVOL SHAMPOO lathers luxuriously, leaving your hair soft, silky and easy-to-manage. 6-oz. plastic pack — 7/6.

**HANDS.** Finest barrier cream ever made — prevents dirt, grime, grease, etc. entering the pores of the skin because it's Siliconised! Leaves hands soft and smooth. 5/6 per Tube.

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CREAM SHAMPOO PASTEL  
HAIR COLOR

Millions of women in Britain, Europe and America have proved it for you – Polycolor is the most natural, easiest hair coloring in the world. Polycolor Cream Shampoo Pastel is now here in 20 wonderful shades. It colors, conditions and cleans as it shampoos – a complete hair beauty treatment. Because it's a cream, there's no drip – no mess. Polycolor Cream Shampoo Pastel won't stain the scalp – blends in up to 25% Grey – lasts a month or more (6-8 shampoos). Hair Beauty Consultants at Chemists and Department Stores are fully informed on Polycolor and will be pleased to advise you. 10/6 tube.

See facing page for Polycolor hair beauty hints. —————>





## POLY COLOR HAIR BEAUTY

By Pauline Reynolds  
(Polycolor Hair Beauty  
Counsellor)

### BEAUTIFUL HAIR MEANS A MORE BEAUTIFUL YOU!

Nothing flatters a woman's appearance more than glossy hair of a rich natural color. A hair color change can take years off any smart woman's looks, can flatter skin and eyes — and make you feel positively radiant.

Now you can color your hair with internationally famous Polycolor Cream Shampoo Pastel — the true cosmetic for your hair.

Polycolor comes in 20 wonderfully natural and high fashion colors — no other cream hair coloring offers such a range. There's a shade to suit every woman's taste and a perfect way to select your color. Choose your shade from actual hair samples in the Polycolor Shade Selector — there's no more guesswork — you're sure of getting the color of your choice. Remember it blends in up to 25% grey hair and certain shades will tone down yellowish tinges in grey, white and blonde hair.

### Beautiful Natural Shades

For hair beauty in natural shades, choose from Light, Medium and Dark Brown, Auburn, Hazelnut, Copper, a natural Rich Black and Raven Black (with a hint of blue). There's Light Blonde (for added gloss and freshness on faded blonde hair), Golden, Medium, Ash and Dark Blonde.

### Outstanding Fashion Shades

Smoke Blue — for an attractive soft blue sheen on medium grey, dark blonde to black hair. Mahogany — for lovely mahogany lights in medium blonde and light brown hair. Pearl Grey — for a Pearl shimmer and to eliminate yellowish tinges in blonde or grey hair. Ruby — for luminous, highly expressive red tones in non-grey brown hair. Tréam Blonde — for a soft golden red shimmer on medium blonde to light brown hair.

See your Chemist or favourite Cosmetic Counter and ask to see the complete shade range.



If you have any problems and would like advice on coloring, conditioning or hair beauty in general, just write to me at: Poly Hair Cosmetics, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W.

P.C.1.14.1



## LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Sweet smell of nostalgia

"SCENTS OF YESTERDAY" reminded me of the heart-warming smell of home-baked bread in my mother's kitchen. We lived many miles out of town and with a large family my mother baked bread two or three times weekly. Each crusty golden loaf had a lovely smell — possibly one of the first old scents to disappear into antiquity.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Smith, Penrith, N.S.W.

I CAN still recall the heavenly perfumes from mignonette and wallflowers, lasting all through spring and summer in many gardens of the Tasmanian town where I lived 50 years ago. These old favorites appear to have given way to cinerarias, asters, zinnias, etc., which certainly are colorful, but lack the dainty appealing scents of yesteryear.

£1/1/- to "Chic" (name supplied), Mt. Isa, Qld.

A SCENT I won't forget is the aroma of home-made jams in my grandmother's kitchen when I was a child. There always seemed to be a smell of tomatoes or quinces in the air.

£1/1/- to B. Cox, Lismore, N.S.W.

THESE are the remembered perfumes of a three-mile homeward trek from a country school: The scent of crushed boxthorn berries which we ate; mushrooms in the paddock we crossed; lemon thyme, crushed in the hand when passing an old lady's garden.

£1/1/- to "Nerita" (name supplied), Grovedale, Vic.

AS children my sisters and I spoke of "Mummy smell" and "Daddy smell." Mummy smelled of talcum, lavender, and cooking. Our father was a timber worker, and the "Daddy smell" we recognised after he came home from work with a mixture of green sap and warm woollens.

£1/1/- to M. Gould, Eltham, Vic.

A SCENT that takes me back to my childhood days is the smell of boots being polished. We didn't go out very much in the country when I was young, and the smell of boots being polished brings back the excitement and thrill of getting dressed up to go somewhere.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Elaine M. Noble, Eaglehawk, Vic.

THERE are no nice smells on washing days as there used to be with a fuel copper full of bubbling white clothes. When my family were small it used to take me half a day to do the washing, but I loved it. Nowadays it's all too short with a washing-machine.

£1/1/- to Miss Tannant, New Norfolk, Tas.

### Thursday's children

MY husband was born on a Thursday. My sister, brother, and myself were all born on Thursdays, too. Then our daughter added another link to the chain by arriving on a Thursday also. I wonder does any other reader have a similar "days" chain?

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. M. Cook, Lithgow, N.S.W.

### A change for the worse

NO doubt there are many good and varied reasons for changing the names of places. However, I, for one, dislike the practice. Germiston, South Africa, will always be Blandfontein to me, Leningrad or Petrograd will be St. Petersburg, Oslo will be Christiania, and Istanbul, that friend of our schooldays, Constantinople. How different today from 50 years ago when we were taught the ancient name for China, Cathay.

£1/1/- to "Elizabeth Jane" (name supplied), Prairie, Qld.

### Out of season

WHY must shops start displaying all the new summer materials and clothes so early? Recently I walked in and out of nearly every shop in town looking for a certain piece of material. Every shop had the same story—they were out of stock and would not be reordering. This means you must buy all summer clothes in the winter, and vice-versa. This is very annoying to late shoppers like myself.

£1/1/- to "Missed Out" (name supplied), Belmont, N.S.W.

### Watch those Diggers!

DOES any reader know the real reason for the side of our traditional slouch hat being turned up? Is it typically Australian wanting to keep one eye on your mate? Or has it a genuine meaning?

£1/1/- to Rush Smith, Rokeby, Vic.

### Grandma's trick

LIKE most people today, I rely on pressure-packed sprays to remove cooking odors from the kitchen. Recently, with visitors expected, I found my spray tin empty. Then I remembered how my grandmother coped with this problem—whenever she cooked fish or aromatic vegetables she always put a small saucepan of water to boil, adding to the water a pinch of cloves, cinnamon, ginger, or lemon essence. My guests commented on the beautiful aroma and wanted to know what spray I was using.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Ridgeley, Brisbane.

## Ross Campbell writes...

I HAVE been very pleased to notice the improvement in candles for birthday cakes.

The ones on my son's recent cake were "guaranteed smokeless and dripless," according to the packet. And so they were.

No more smoky odors or candle-grease in the icing.

Some people are sticklers for having as many candles as the birthday person's age. I have seen cakes with up to 40 of them.

In our house we don't go higher than 12. After that it takes too much huffing and puffing to blow them out. Teenagers get one or two token candles, and that's all.

Birthday-cake candles have a strangely short career. They are lit once, while everyone bawls the Happy Birthday song, then blown out for good.

We used to keep them with the idea of using them again (a Scottish impulse). But somehow a second-hand candle, with a burnt wick, does not look right on a new cake. We use new candles now, and hang the expense.

I have seen some younger birthday persons try to eat the candles

### BRIEF CANDLES

on their cake. But they usually give up this idea after one or two disappointments.

My wife has made 48 birthday cakes for children, so I respect her judgment.

She says that for young ones the cake should be good and hard. It



has to be cut up into small pieces and wrapped in paper serviettes for the guests to take home.

She also believes in decoration on junior cakes. It gives the birthday person status.

She puts on the top one of those pre-fab Happy Birthday things made of concrete lolly, obtainable

## HOW MANY GRAINS IN A SCRUPLE?

• The Federal Government is reported to have postponed the introduction of metric weights and measures because a sudden change from the current methods might confuse people.

Rods and poles and perches,  
Yards and links and chains,  
Gills and pints and gallons,  
Scruples, drams, and grains,  
Not to mention pottles,  
Barleycorns and nails—  
Find a book of tables  
If your memory fails,  
Turn to weights and measures,  
Avoirdupois and troy,  
Lineal, liquid, surface,  
And I wish you joy  
If you're not bewildered  
And don't recoil, amused,  
To think a metric system  
Could make you more confused.

—Dorothy Drain

### Lunch for one

I WAS lunching alone, as usual, when a visitor called. To my astonishment she burst out laughing and said scornfully, "Fancy using a tablecloth, napkin, butter knife, and jam spoon when you are on your own. You do pamper yourself." Am I supposed to eat from the floor because I am alone?

£1/1/- to Mrs. Vida Lyons, Burwood, N.S.W.

### Dolorous dollars

WITH our currency change not many months away, our schools have begun to prepare the children for it. I was rather amused, however, to see in my daughter's writing pad a list headed "Disimal Currency." Not a very bright outlook, apparently.

£1/1/- to "Dismal" (name supplied), Chinchilla, Qld.

### Jacks have disappeared

DO people still know how to play the old game of jacks? I have two granddaughters in Malaysia who wrote and asked if I could send them some plastic jacks, as they can't get them over there and have to play the game with stones. I went to ten shops to try for them, and only two girls even knew what jacks were!

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Sargent, Ashgrove, Qld.



## FLOWERS FOR MISS B. HETHERINGTON

figure under the next dryer, Mandy's familiar profile would meet my eye. It was intolerable.

Eventually, we hit on a means of cheating our fate by living in different parts of England, one at home and one in London, but the only way we could settle which should have which was by taking it in turns.

Fortunately, neither Mandy nor I have ever been able to hold down a job for longer than a few months, so it was arranged that each time the London twin lost her job, home she went to Nottingham, and the country twin, starving for a taste of city life, took the next train to London.

And this is why I squelched so sadly through the drizzle to do my morning marketing. Months of dreary Nottingham stretched bleakly before me, and the cheerful bustle of Covent Garden, and the heady vegetable smells held none of their usual magic.

Sunk in gloom, I wandered among the bright harlequin ranks of flowers, but I indulged my mood of blues and bought only armfuls of lilac and weeping ferns.

On the way back to the shop I added pots of leprosy-looking succulents to my load, and then I was ready to face the day and my new employer.

For once, Uncle George was

before me. A wicked old dilettante with a round pomegranate face, he was in fact no relation, but everybody called him uncle, and I loved him. Today, dressed in a suit a Victorian bookmaker's clerk might have envied, he was in a sentimental mood.

"Sad," he sighed, turning his little watery eyes up toward the ceiling. "Sad to see the labor of my youth, the child of my brain, falling into the hands of another."

Uncle George had been a famous music-hall star of the 'twenties, and pathos came easily to him. I knew that the shop had been left to him by his sister only two years before and that he had never done a full day's work in it himself.

His life was spent in frequent journeys between the saloon bar of the Dancing Cow and the betting shop round the corner. He now cast a quick, beady glance at me to see if I was going to cheat him of this new and delightful picture of Uncle George, the dedicated, heartbroken old shopkeeper. I said nothing.

"You'll get on well with Miss B. Hetherington, Clare," he went on falsely, with a careful saintly smile. He knew quite well I would not! He had already told me enough about the new proprietor to assure me that here was an employer unlikely to appreciate my special gifts of delegation.

I am hopelessly lazy, so I solved

the problem of how to work and rest simultaneously by delegating the typing of the few letters I had to write to the two girls who ran a typing agency on the second floor of the building in exchange for lunch, which I cooked on a primus stove at the back of the shop.

I delegated the sweeping and polishing of the premises to the barman of the Dancing Cow across the road in exchange for a daily buttonhole and flowers for his bar, and I delegated the polishing of Uncle George's prized brass vases to the council dustman in exchange for nothing in particular except that he seemed to take a pride in the shine he got on them.

Uncle George was always delighted to welcome these assorted assistants but would Miss B. Hetherington be so complacent? I doubted it.

My sister and I both suffer from, or perhaps more truthfully enjoy, chronic idleness, and this was the reason why, between us, we had lost more jobs in a single year than most people have in a lifetime.

Agency after agency had regretfully taken our names off their books, unable, they said, to keep their good name and recommend us.

Uncle George didn't care, but, once again, what about Miss B. Hetherington? According to Uncle George she had a deep masterful voice, cropped hair, and fifty-four-inch hips, and though I knew I could discount at least half of his description, given in the special light, sneering voice that meant his victim had failed to fall under his own particular charm, I still believed enough to make me ready to dislike Miss Hetherington on sight.

At eleven o'clock Uncle George put on his hat, and set off briskly for the betting shop to place his daily bets.

AT twelve I closed the shop and retreated to the little dark room at the back where bulbs and buns, fibre and flour jostled each other in the deep oak chests, to prepare lunch for myself, and Wendy and Kate, who shared the office above.

Curry we would have, I decided and set to work. I was brooding over the bubbling pan, pondering whether an extra pinch of paprika would make or mar its subtle flavor, when a deep voice behind me said "May I?" and a hand took the wooden spoon from my nerveless grasp.

I looked up and saw a man crouching beside me by the little stove—a tall man, young, and thin, with a fascinating clown's face.

"The door's locked," I said stupidly. "It's lunchtime." Still stirring the curry with one hand, the young man held up a key with the other. "This isn't quite sweet enough," he said, tasting the steaming brown mess thoughtfully with the end of a plastic plant name tag. "Have you got any peaches?"

I brought a small tin from among the cans of liquid manure in the cupboard and when he had added its contents to the pan, I fetched two plates and we sat down on two large green tubs and ate the lot.

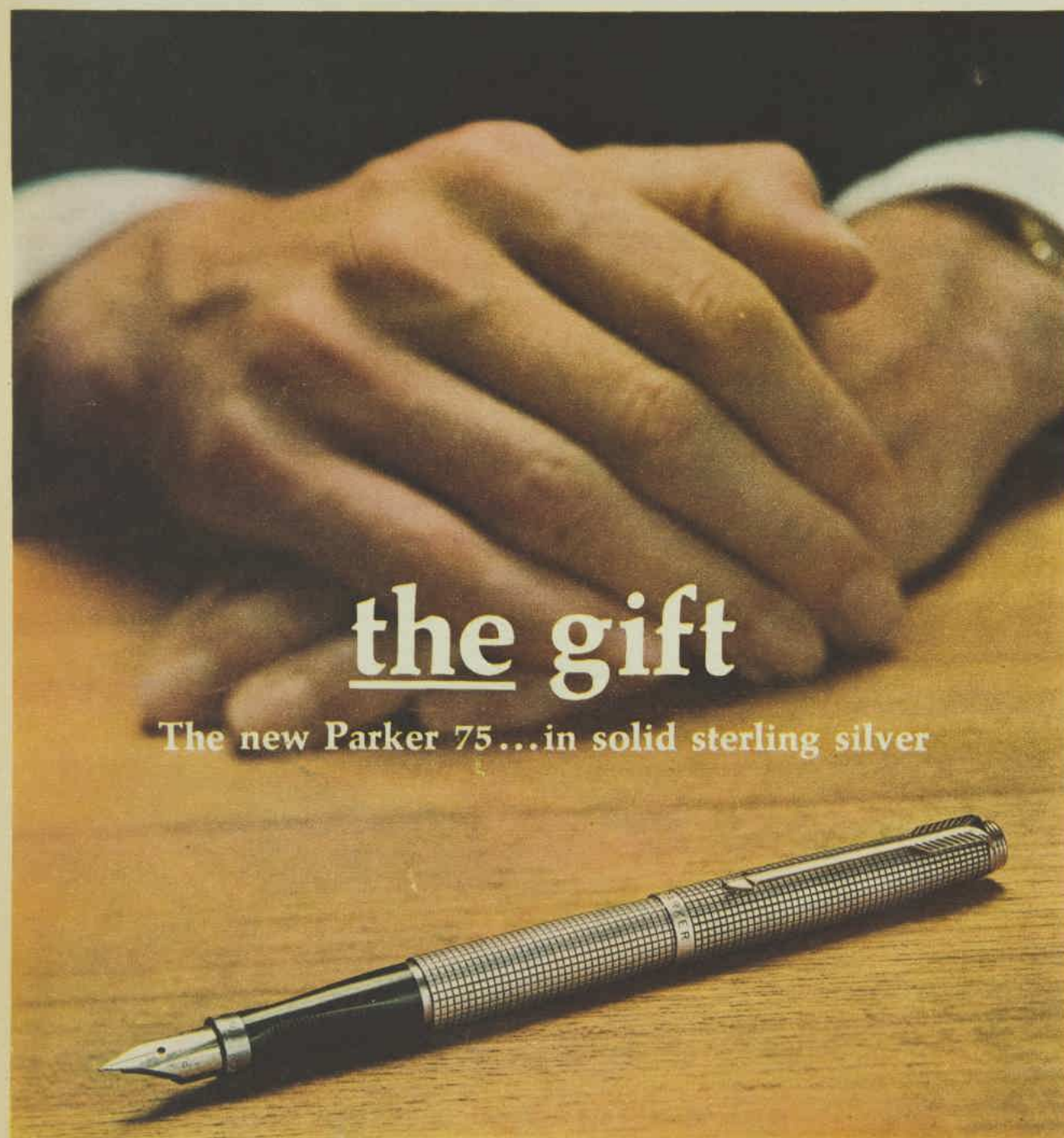
We talked of cooking and flowers, of the theatre and books, of the future and the past, until the curry was finished, and then a sudden suspicion leapt into my mind as my eye fell on the key beside him.

"Are you the efficient business woman?" I croaked. "Are you Miss B. Hetherington?" The clown's face split into a howl of laughter, but I remembered the wicked glint in Uncle George's little blue eyes and the hurry he had been in to leave me on my own, and I didn't need an answer to my question.

Today is Thursday, and I ran through the May dawn to the brightly lit market, and all the rich riot of scent and color that makes up Covent Garden. The sun is coming up fast above the rooftops and London's skyline stands tall and clear against a sapphire sky.

I had dinner with Bill Hetherington last night and I shall cook lunch for him again today, and it won't be me for Nottingham — not now, perhaps not ever.

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## The Parker 75 is the first personal-fit pen, tailored to write his own way

The Parker 75 is a gift both personal and memorable. No other gift can be so completely custom-fitted to its owner.

The beautifully sculptured grip nests his fingers in its curvatures. There is less pressure as he writes; his fingers do not tire. The point can be adjusted to the exact angle at which he writes—his hand stays relaxed. The angle is set by a dial as carefully calibrated as the lens on a £200 camera. The 75 is precision throughout.



The grace and beauty of his writing is enhanced by the cushion flexing of the 14K gold point. Point sizes are available for all writing styles from broad, bold strokes to Spencerian tracery.

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The case of the Parker 75 is sterling silver, deep-engraved and subtly antiqued.

The 75 pen is the newest in a complete line of Parker quality writing instruments. Included are the T-Ball Jotter, the 45 Convertible fountain pen, the famous 51, and the Parker 61. Parker 75, £19/19/6.

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY presents

# HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL

# MOTHER

By EVE FEATHERINGILL

**N**OTHING can be more rewarding than life with small children — and probably nothing can be grimmer. It is not surprising that somewhere during the years of unending physical drudgery, constant noise and interruptions, lack of privacy and freedom, many a mother loses her sense of identity.

When you had your first baby and put him first, you took your first wrong turn. You were so absorbed that you forgot your husband, the whole world.

You get lots of advice about baby, all right, in books about The Child. They don't mention the situation when several, all too small for school, must be handled by their mother at home, alone.

They don't describe the appalling volume of dirty laundry, the eternal lifting and handling of small bodies, the inexorable frequency of small meals, the unending noise and constant interruptions.

None of the books talks about you, tells how you will feel when you find out what a hard, tricky job you've taken on.

You need a point of view, a perspective. Real meaning and joy in your

work will escape you without this. Being a mother is one of the important, interesting things a woman can do, but it is not her whole life as a person.

I do think we stop **thinking** about ourselves and our work too soon, stop asking for what we need. And when we do, we stop absorbing a lot that helps us love and lead our families. We begin instead merely to serve them.

Let this sink in: you're supposed to be at home. You won't be able to do your job if you can't be comfortable. If I had got that through my head early, I could have spared myself much frustration and bone-weariness.

I had to learn that it was possible, and essential, to please myself about bringing up my children. I learned to sigh with relief at the end of a day, not to relive a self-punishing post-mortem. I then began to have fun.

Miraculously, by the time I had enough children to fill my house and my heart, I found out they didn't also have to fill my whole day.

I had four in five years, with no house help. If the job had demanded sweet patience and a natural taste for drudgery, I'd have been straight up the creek.

Once any job becomes your own, you know how easy it is. Just because being a mother is an important job, you don't have to go on doing it the hard way.



**T**HE door closes. Your husband has gone to work. Your mother or some other helper has gone. You're alone in the house with your new baby.

You may have had a weekend of mixed relief and panic — your husband helped you (probably for the first time got enough of handling the baby) — but now you're alone.

This is a historic day. Make much of it. Begin it the way you may think now is the *wrong* way. Put your feet up, have another cup of coffee, and read this.

The baby is asleep. Hurrah! For heaven's sake, *let* him sleep. Starting this morning, you begin to learn the mother's trade.

You would be wrong to tackle being a mother with a ball-of-fire attitude. It doesn't work that way, and you've got too many tough nights ahead.

Take all the peace, silence, solitude, and luxurious self-indulgence you can get.

The baby's asleep. Don't wake him up to wash and dress him. I warn you, never wake a baby for anything at all.

This new job is already exciting, compulsive. No matter what I say, you'll get right up and go back to it. You're the slave of glands and instincts.

As you sit reflecting on your first morning alone in the house, you realise that the events of this birth and homecoming were not just the same as your advance picture.



Page 2 — SUCCESSFUL MOTHER

You came home with the baby ready to do all the baby-care yourself, all the housework, regardless of how you felt physically.

But, as well, night and day, you've had to talk and talk — with your home-help, with interested neighbors and relatives who kept dropping in to see the baby. You never got a second's rest.

(Can you never simply have a baby in peace and put an expert in charge of the house while you relax? Never.)

You've also realised that you have mounds of junk you don't need, and painfully lack things nobody planned for.

You found this out about the clothes and equipment as you began to handle them.

Make formula with dispatch, and put all the stuff away quickly.

The sad truth is that nobody sees you at your real work, so nobody knows what a good mother you are. Nobody believes you could be if they see that your house, your baby, and you are untidy. People believe the facade; so preserve it. Then never alibi, never explain.

**You'll break your heart if you try to maintain a totally ideal house, worrying and racing from point to point.**

When you have company, relax and be a poised and smiling hypocrite (even before your mother and your husband).

Your sleek plastic pail may be full of dirty wash, and a hidden rack may hold a set of unscrubbed bottles, but the public



even the most apprehensive new mother if only babies didn't cry.

When they cry for essential needs, and you can answer those needs promptly, life remains sane and orderly.

I hasten to say I mean hunger and discomfort crying. A baby crying with pain will drive you frantic, too, and unless you can find it and fix it quickly call the doctor.

They *never* cry just to be mean. They *always* need something. In this they're reasonable beings.

All through this book the talk is about wants within normal range and hurts you can patch at home. Whenever things go beyond that point, yell for help.

Colic's the only curse of normal babies I'm going to talk about—you're supposed to get professional help for that, too.

Some doctors think it's food allergy. Others say it's tension. They may tell you half a dozen things to try, and if your baby's crying half the night, making evenings with your husband hideous, destroying everyone's sleep you'll be ready to try anything that might stop it.

It's not temper; it's pain. The baby draws up his knees and yells—and so would you if you had colic.

Colic is a bad break to get with a first baby. It shatters so much of the natural joy new parents share.

Barring colic or illness, problems with a new baby are few. You feed him and change him. He sleeps. While he sleeps you recuperate and learn how to handle the extra work.

## A family begins with one baby

The baby's basket no longer satisfies you. It is too fancy, or you planned to park it in the wrong place.

You look around the one decent room you own. What happens to turn it, in minutes, into a sordid shambles of bottles, towels, blankets, and nappies?

Think it out. These clothes are little and dear and touching. You don't mind the mess — but your in-laws will whisper, your neighbors sniff, your husband look pained.

**Begin now to form necessary habits. In caring for your baby the slick surface is a grim, inflexible necessity.**

You may be proud that you conquered that mound of squalid laundry, restored it to decency and daintiness — but get it out of sight.

face of your house is smooth, and you've seen to your own and your baby's polish.

When people are gone, you work hard in the factual house (with water and soap and mess), and in this sometimes hateful, thankless drudgery you will find the very bones of your integrity.

But nobody sees, and, believe me, nobody cares.

Cherish the shop that makes fast deliveries and takes phone orders, even though you prefer scanning the bargains and looking through the lettuce.

Lots of days are coming when the quick call and delivery will gain you an hour that may save your temper or your all-important "face."

Let it be said at once: there's nothing about raising babies that would throw



## Suddenly, the days seem easier

There's time for your work, for rest, for calling a friend on the phone.

But if you idle and don't really learn your job these months you'll be caught out later. Then you won't have time to delight in development. You'll look back wearily to the lovely time when the baby slept 20 hours a day.

You can set a pattern in the first months that ensures enjoyment of a first baby. Follow it faithfully, and you'll find room and time for more children, and still be able to read books, change hair styles, take up new interests.

You don't have to like housework. You just have to get enough of it done to keep adequate appearances and serve your family in a way that doesn't exhaust you.

There are three ways to do this:

- You can divide the big jobs, and do one of them thoroughly each day.
- You can clean one room every day.
- You can do everything that must be done in very small pieces, just as it needs doing.

I favor the third way—short, easy jobs, with never a dismantled house, never a project so extensive it can't be stopped in the middle. But you have to be at peace with your method to establish a habit that will wear well for years.

You are now taking up your usual housework, plus a full baby schedule.

### Interruptions

Just as you get under way doing the baby's work or cleaning the house, the baby is going to wake up and cry. You stop, and go and attend to him.

Ten to 40 minutes later you return to the job that was interrupted. You cut corners to catch up time.

Somebody knocks at the door, somebody calls on the phone.

You straighten out some of the new clutter, get back to your work again. Just as things get into hand the baby wakes up and cries.

We'll suppose you're healthy and making a good recovery. You'll soon learn to use a new sense of timing. You'll start jobs with a pretty good idea of about how much time to count on. The schedules dovetail. Life seems "normal" again.

Then, just when you're going on well, the baby develops, begins to move about, vocalise, get teeth, snatch at toys, need a playpen, and—you guessed it—when ever you start a job you're interrupted.

There's no way to break it to you gently. You just never get set again. For at least five years.

With a new baby, no one ever gets an unbroken night of rest. Only when the baby sleeps through to his own outrageous idea of breakfast-time may one at last say again, "Night and day."

One fact shows itself then: It's not your day; it's the baby's. It's the infant laundry, food-making, dishwashing, bed-refreshing, grooming that must be done.

In the terribly short intervals he sleeps, or in the night (moving softly, lest you wake him), you do these things, try to keep house, put your own life back together.

Somewhere near two months a miraculous end comes to this tense, exhausting honeymoon.

You begin to bang and splash in the kitchen. You get back to TV and hi-fi at the volume you like. You let him yell a little while you answer the door.

You feel much stronger. You had no idea how hard everything had been until it seemed, one day, mysteriously easy.

Unbelievably, you've got used to the fact that you have a baby. For a few minutes at a time you can even forget what needs to be done.

You may take one of his sleeping intervals to indulge at last in a long-soaking tub bath, look over your changed but recovering figure, think about clothes you'll soon need, interests you'll take up again.

THE day has arranged itself. It seems to have a will of its own. The work almost tells you what you have to do next.

After lunch comes the baby's nap, and you use that time for your own grooming and rest. Perhaps you do some cooking then, so dinner's half done.

By the time he wakes you are glad to see him again, and it's time to get out of the house.



The afternoon is for shopping or for visiting. A quick clean-up and snacks when you get home, and the baby is ready to play with his father. You can hand him over and start dinner in peace.

I hope you had the heart and sense to include your husband from the beginning. A man who has participated in the nappy and bottle routine is eager and happy to get in on the next stage.

You see that your husband has more patience than you had anticipated, that whatever he feels about other people's children his own surprises and pleases him.

By six or seven o'clock you have the baby tucked away for the night. He should sleep for at least 12 hours, wake up soaked to the ears and in great spirits.

You have a real evening now—for friends, for yourselves. You can go out safely, leaving any responsible teenager to sit. It's a wonderful phase, having a big baby.

"And so," you think, "it is basically simple, this growing up, getting married, having a child." Simple because natural—despite the haze thrown around it.

At last you understand how nice simpletons like your aunts managed to marry and to bring up very nice kids. They just relaxed and let things happen, not trying to manage every minute.

Right now your baby is probably doing something blissfully reasonable, such as sleeping. But let's predict a few of the things he will be doing later.

### 18 MONTHS-2 YEARS

Baby now has a different kind of charm—opening drawers because they're shut, pulling push-toys, crawling head-first down the stairs.

He can helpfully empty his cereal box in the bowl, but he can also do the same with a giant box of detergent.

He can't look peacefully at a book alone, but he can pull one down, riffle through it, and tear it.

He can undo a slide fastener, flush the toilet (neither one when they need it), and he's determined enough to move all the portable and pushable objects.

One big rule: When he's busy and safe, content, let him stay alone, doing what he wants to. Don't interrupt him.

Let him grab for the food you have until now been laboriously spooning into him.

### A happy age

He's about to take over part of that chore. Take his cup when he hands it to you politely. (He'll drop it if you don't, because he's done with it, see?)

If you don't want him to pour the contents of the sugar-bowl into the casserole, don't put him in range of those things. Everything is to use.

This can be a very happy age as long as you don't let it distract you. As long as you're alert, you should remind yourself that you don't have to be so wound-up and busy.

While the going's good, have a sandwich, read a short article in a magazine. Check to see if he's all right. Clear the table. Do what he needs. Vacuum.

Continued overleaf



the living-room. Short hitches, with good humor.

Don't expect him to let you do a two-hour job while he plays oafishly with two toys in the playpen. He may refuse to use the playpen any more. Just be grateful for short intervals when he will.

### 2 TO 3 YEARS

Opening and closing doors and boxes, unpacking and refitting, he talks about all he does as he goes. His hands are always reaching—for the cord of the iron, the telephone, the pan on the stove.

In the most friendly way he will put his toys in a heap before a playmate, then be unable to bear to watch him play with one for more than a minute.

You introduce certain new rituals: "We've had the ice-cream, now we wash hands." "No—first we rinse off the soap, then we use the towel."

### AROUND 3 YEARS

Now he not only has customs and sequences, but he'll stay in one room "keeping house" or out in the yard for quite a long time.

He'll mess about indefinitely, standing at a sink, soaping, rinsing, and scouring—either himself or anything you give him.

If you have two near this age, the older one will bully and boss and take the little one's share. Two so small shouldn't be left alone to play too far from you.

He's old enough to help you set the table. Don't be surprised if he puts two plates at his place—he may have an invisible friend.

### 3 TO 4 YEARS

Now modifying words appear: "How about going to Grandma's?" "Is this wrong?" "Wasn't I first?" Definitely this person is trying to come to terms with practical possibilities.

But he also has times of being fantastic and silly, singing or shouting absolute gibberish. Now and then a few words he hasn't a clue about will make you jump.

He wants to know "How do I do this?" and "Why?" and "Why can't we?" about everything.

At the table he may have to get up and down several times during a meal instead of polishing off each course and waiting for the next one.

### Hold on to your hat!

Your rules, you see, can move over if his timetable is different. However, he can't stand it if his plans go wrong because something changed for you. Beware announcing a treat if it's not forthcoming.

At this age he likes changes—eating outdoors or on a tray instead of at the table. He may trade his brand new truck for some playmate's scruffy little plastic popgun.

If he comes in and says, "Guess what," hold on to your hat.

### 4 TO 5 YEARS

Now, somehow, the child who always put the right shoe on the left foot can suddenly button his coat correctly, get himself to the toilet, return the book to the shelf after reading. He begins to say: "It's time to paint now." "No, I think we'd better wait till after lunch."

In general, he makes good sense. He knows colors, numbers, times, and lots of important customs. He can give up as well as demand, has thousands of words.

After five, the words are always there, describing life, giving you warning, explaining what he's going to do.

Page 4 — SUCCESSFUL MOTHER

## Take stock of your marriage

**T**HE first few times you tried to make love after the six-week check were a little amazing. Let's hope there was no serious physical difficulty or pain (if so, to be reported to your doctor at once).

It is probable that you found you had lost the exact sense of timing, the unspoken signals that had given you grace and ease together before that three-month vacation, just before and after the baby.

Luckily, any comfortable new habit almost immediately produces amnesia for the old one it replaces. By the time the baby is three months old, most couples are perfectly happy together again, physically.

What neither of you may have anticipated was the sudden letdown that comes with a double realisation: "Now I am really married to this person. And now that we know each other so much better, I'm not so sure I like it so well."

Who would have thought that much-advertised "togetherness" could be so cloying now and then?

How badly you need from time to time to forget you are married, to flee the whole house-and-baby business, and go off somewhere by yourself, forget for one afternoon that you deliberately chose this man and gave yourself no peace until you had married him.

Well, you're not the only one who feels this way. You've caught your husband now and again looking at you as if you were the stranger.

You know a lot about the man that used to be hidden behind his good manners. Now you know his temper, you have seen his endurance crumple, have heard his doubts and suffered his lukewarmness.

What's worse, he now knows a great deal too much about you.

You may sigh over this, but you must begin to look at a few positive things.

Didn't you both come through the experience in better shape than you expected?

Wasn't there more generosity and resourcefulness in both of you than you knew in advance? Don't you find him touching in his feelings about the baby?

It's time to take stock. What doesn't he have from you that he needs?

Should you overhaul your face, figure, and wardrobe, and get more free time, so he has at least an approximation of the girl he had a few months ago?

Are you bending his ear with the details of your ghastly day when his own may have left him drained and disheartened?

Not that you should fuss about these things, but there are some you can improve by thinking about them.

See the baby in context: if you hadn't chosen this man, you would never have had the baby.

In a few years a child is grown-up and gone, but you will still have your marriage—if you have never given it second place while you were mothering or following your single-person interests.

It's up to you to find yourself a way through the new work, the present unrest and uncertainty, and join your husband again.

Look at the way outsiders have crept in between you. Your affectionate friends and the grandparents have moved into the middle of your private life. The baby is settled in now.

It's no longer open house.

### Alone, and in peace

Superb grandparents are those who arrive ecstatic, stay a week, go away, send large pink boxes or large cheques, and come back next Christmas.

Use plenty of tact with your husband's parents. It may be wasted, but your husband will love you for trying.

It's all right to swear a bit to him about your own parents, even your own mother, even though secretly she's your best friend.

Tell him the simple truth: "We don't need any help, and I want us to enjoy what peace we have. All I want is to be left alone with you and the baby."

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 21, 1965





**V**ERY shortly you're going to need a big cot, an extra chest of drawers, a pram, and a playpen. Your new baby is tiny — but his furniture is going to be enormous. Besides, all too soon he'll need a high chair, a potty chair, and a play table.

When the time comes to get these expensive things, you'll find that people usually give them to you, touchingly grateful to be rid of them at last.)

Given space and money, you can go all out: a specially decorated room, a huge expensive crib, an imported pram.

But the baby couldn't care less. He'll do just as well sleeping in a canvas car-bed, being toted about in a shoulder sling. Buy just as little as you can get by with.

★ ★ ★

Let us suppose that six months from the day you come home from the hospital you wonder: whatever happened to your nice decorating job?

Anyone can see at a glance who lives here now; the baby.

Every room—and most of the cupboard space—is dominated by what used to be called his "little things." And now the time has come to go out and buy still more.

These are to cover the six-months-to-one-year stage, some much longer. Most will be tough enough to last several babies.

Well, a good first move is to try to get your house back. Put up a screen, if you haven't a separate room, or get the clutter into the kitchen or laundry.

At this point you're not thinking of having another baby immediately, so lend your sleeping basket, baby bath, and big pram as you move in the cot and stroller.

Ruthlessly pass on the small, fluffy baby clothes. They really don't work any more. (You can secretly keep just a few.)

He's not safe in your canvas shoulder sling any more; he's too agile and heavy. The new little stroller goes to the shops. Sitting up, your baby's really responding to scenery and strangers.

The playpen will be a blessing when you don't want him underfoot.

You must have a full-size cot and mattress, sheets, and pads to fit it, a



## All that juvenile equipment!

special chest of drawers just for the baby and, of course, a high chair with a harness. (Put a large piece of oilcloth or plastic under the chair for food droppings.)

Add to your equipment latches mounted high, and gates at stairheads.

Start storing your own things high, and putting safety catches on drawers and cabinets. Many crawling babies can open these—and the lethal little cabinet under the sink.

All pulling-up-to-standing babies clutch small tables, light-cords, curtains, table-

You won't have much patience with dress-up baby clothes.

**Have a picture taken in full-dress for the grandparents, then get back into the good little sleep-and-sprawl clothes.**

As presents roll in, view with a cold eye the too fuzzy, fussy, funny, or frail.

You already have what you need to take care of the baby: napkins, a gown or so, a blanket, the milk, and a soft small place for the baby to sleep. All else is elaboration.

Mothers are aseptic at the first stage,



cloths, and get behind the fire-screen to sit in the fireplace, chewing the irons.

All babies try to eat house plants, matches, full ashtrays, martini olives, door keys, candles, coins, grandmother's glasses.

They soon move on to making murals with unguarded eye shadow, lipstick, peanut butter, push-button shave cream.

One good harness will do for all purposes if you have the patience to carry it about, and, of course, a long gauze nappy tied on the bias around the baby is a good substitute if it's a short fall.

Get a light cup he can learn to handle, a heavy plate he can't tip, and a short-handled baby spoon. (While you feed him, he can hold his own spoon and mess, stir, pour the strained peas into his ear.)

as they should be. But soon, instead of "Is it truly sterile?" you'll be asking, "Will it wash?" and "Does it show?"

(I asked my doctor, "When does all this boiling and tong-handling end?" He said, "When you're scrubbing the top of the table to start the formula, and the baby is crawling under the table eating whatever he finds on the floor.")

After the first six months, clothes are fun to buy and wonderful to accept as hand-me-downs. They are in real colors—T-shirts, long- and short-sleeved, corduroy overalls, plenty of extra big plastic pants to fit over double napkins; and the first real shoes.

At this teething and messy feeding stage you'll need half a dozen bibs. Wash-

cloths with tape ties are fine, and dry quickly. They also swab off the high-chair tray (as you lift him out), and can be tossed straight to the sink for a rinse. (By the time you get back to clean the high chair, the spilled cereal has turned to stone; get it off while it's wet!)

You'll need only one dress-up outfit, but several pyjamas and extra bottoms. A towelling robe a bit big for baby is good for after-bath dressing and the evening feeding when he's all dressed for bed.

## You learn, along with your baby

**I**T seems only last week that your baby could barely grasp a soft block with his whole spread starfish hand.

Now, there he sits firmly in the high chair picking up single peas between thumb and forefinger with a deft action.

He's curious about all the insides of things, the bottom of the cup, the insole of his shoe, the oven of the stove.

He crawls into all the low kitchen cupboards, sits there trying to fit the big pans into the little ones.

You have had to put away everything small enough to swallow—cuff-links, earrings, needles, buttons. Your husband now empties his pockets on the mantel, not a low table.

**The baby finds plenty of other things to taste—lint, crumbs, scraps, stamps.**

You have to stand on tiptoe now to get yourself an aspirin or a paper clip.

He doesn't want you out of his sight. He wants you to work in the room where he's playing, but he forgets and crawls away to see what's in the hall, the closet.

He wants to get out of the stroller to walk on the street, will eat debris from the gutter, and leaves and twigs in the park.

*Continued overleaf*

SUCCESSFUL MOTHER—Page 5



But he's so endlessly earnest and cheerful you've found a new source of patience, a deep endurance.

You're getting an awful lot done, and you feel well and alive.

Now that baby is having a fine time amusing himself, and seems quite sturdy and independent, you spend more attention on his things—clothes and furniture—and realise (not for the last time) that you have too many things that don't fit or work, and not nearly enough of anything for the next stage.

Sort through, find what still fits, retire the sound, outgrown things to an "in-case" carton—and give away the rest.

**Pants that are manageable by babies** hasten toilet training. Securely fastened plastic pants protect the clothes, visitors, the floor, but remove all responsibility from the baby.

On the other hand, any half-bright yearling will pull down and step out of the ones with plain elastic tops—at his whim, of course, too late. At least you can call that progress.

You've liked white shoes for babies? Well, they're pretty. But now try red or brown.

Boots that fasten at the ankle are a better buy for this age than the high ones that just slip on.

Invest in three or four pairs of socks in one color. Red, navy, or dark brown.

### Good-wearing colors

When you shop for clothes remember they will be worn in every possible combination, so mix-match in advance. When you reach size three, color choices widen. Red, navy, and forest green have a way of remaining those colors and looking clean and cheerful to the last shred.

Now's a good time to start making real ceremony of nail-cutting, tooth-brushing, hair-combing.

You can give a one-year-old a soft nailbrush as a bath toy. Soon it will be invaluable for heels, knuckles, and knees.

A cellulose sponge floats nicely, suds-up well, and erases grime from babies as easily as it does from woodwork.

Drop a second washcloth into the bath. The baby will suck it, slap about with it—and soon begin to try to use it.

When you wrap him in a big towel show him how to dry hands and feet.

**Every grooming job is learned as just more activity, aimless and cheerful.** You scarcely notice when more and more of the dressing chores are taken over by your young as habits.

This good training is either appallingly absent in older children or part of the grain.

It's nice, when you have several children and are toiling over a baby's bath, to see three- and four-year-olds empty—and even make a pass at scrubbing—the bathtub, help dry each other, and get into their pyjamas.

### Be patient — they learn!

At a year a baby wades, puddles, and messes. A two-year-old mops with his best shirt or the clean towel.

A year or so later, if you've held patience, they'll still be mopping up spills, but properly.

Good habits will grow if they have a chance. Keep within their reach only the things you want them to use.

You're watching safety, too. You don't leave a baby alone in the tub to climb the rim or turn on the hot water.

You cover electrical outlets with safety plugs or strong tape, watch household poisons, bar babies from the kitchen floor when you're cooking.

When there are accidents with food and water and toilet forgetfulness, train yourself out of using the word "dirty."

A "mess" is something else again. Cleaning up after play is a job you have to "do together," even though you're doing most of the work.

That training must begin early, and remain casually firm if you're not to be swamped later by several larger children's leavings.

**You'll never be able to keep any kind of clutter clean.** Even if you exhaust yourself trying, no one believes it.

## Getting around with children takes

**H**AVING the first child wipes out your old single habits of mobility and freedom, but unless you include children when you go out, you'll find yourself shut in the house most of the time.

Even if you have to use public transport, you can lug a first-born about with you with not much more fuss than carrying a big purse.

The kit I took to care for a one- to six-month-old baby I carried in my coat pocket. If the trip was to be a short one, I'd take one hot bottle wrapped in a nappy. For a long trip I'd take two, one in each pocket, as cold as possible. At a house or most rest-rooms it was simple to warm one in hot tap water. They were slipped in small plastic bags fastened with rubber bands.

When we were ready to leave I wrapped the baby fairly tightly in his blanket.

Just before pinning up the bundle, I laid two more nappies across his middle, then secured all with large safety-pins. Money purse and bottles had gone into my pockets, bus change in one glove.

### You need few favors

We took off, free of the house for eight hours if necessary.

Later, empty bottles went back into the pockets, damp naps likewise in the plastic bags.

No fuss for a hostess. When I unwrapped my bundle, I left the baby on the blanket. If you need few favors in other people's houses the baby continues to be welcome.

As the baby grows heavier, use an over-the-shoulder canvas sling which spares your arms.

At six months the baby is no longer swaddled, but sitting up looking with delight at all the people.

Quite early I stopped dressing my boy in those dear, dim, infant pastels, got him into red, clear yellow, and navy blue.

Even many hours from base, you don't look or feel quite so sordid if your dark skirt isn't covered with pink fuzz and everything you're carrying doesn't have faded bunnies on it.

But suddenly the baby is no longer a small, helpless burden. You go dodging almost effortlessly about town with a good friend who is finding colorful ways to enjoy the time spent on buses and trains.

If baby can walk beside you in the street now, spare time to let him. As much as you can, leave him alone to find his own balance as pedestrian and passenger.



While your first baby was portable without strain, you got used to having it along. As it grew, and you added others, or its own behaviour became more complex, you stayed relaxed because you'd had practice.

When you're not fussed and noisy, neither are they, unless they're frightened,



## practice—and good humor

tired, or hungry. You manage eating with the simplest means.

To a one-year-old, point out the moving cars and trains, and begin to say, "Now the light's green; we go," and, "Now the light's red; we stop." Suit the action to the words, definitely and quickly.

Begin to say, "Now we climb on the bus—fast," when he's in arms. Then say, "Now we get a seat," and take one quickly.

You also teach "Stay close to Mummy" and "Come here," when he begins walking. These are commands, not requests.

You practise at home, where obedience isn't so imperative. You say "come here" when you give sweets as well as when you want to wash hands. You say "go!" when you let him out to play, so orders are not necessarily things to resist.

In shops he sometimes obeys "Stay by me," and "Come here," instead of streaking off and grabbing everything in sight. He helps put cans into the basket. Knowing you always get "something special," he's not always whining and teasing.

### Two free hands

Suppose you're midway along with your second baby. Since you have poor visibility downward, now's a good time to teach your child that he can hold your pocket occasionally, instead of your hand. This, plus the yet-to-come "Hold the edge of the pram," will free two hands for you in tight places later.

It is much more important that you and your children move safely and enjoyably in public, stacking up experience, than that the shopping be done efficiently all the time.

There's a stage coming when you plan sternly to get out alone with the new baby.

You may as well start being bold about asking neighbors, trading half-hours. Value a neighbor who has several children.

When you finally have two walking, one

at each hand, it becomes fun again to take trips.

Certain restaurants already know you and your first reasonable child, so no one looks blank when you say, "One dish of ice-cream, black coffee, a saucer, and three spoons."

For a full meal out, give your own order, plus milk, plus lots of spoons, serving the small ones on your bread plate and probably ordering two desserts. (At this age, buying "child-size" dinners is money down the drain.)

A little casual cleaning-up of the table after the young is a good way to preserve your welcome. Always push salt, pepper, sugar out of reach.

When one of your babies can sit firmly, you will probably get one of those folding strollers light enough to go through doors, into shops, lifts, cabs, and buses.

When you have no car, yet determine not to be cut out of fun that happens miles from home, you have to have the sort of rig that won't be greeted instantly with a cry of, "You can't bring that in here!"

Once you start the day-at-the-zoo bit in numbers of three or more, pack a small, high-calorie lunch. Let the eldest child carry it, administer it practically on arrival—saving you enough in ice-cream and hot dogs to let you take a cab home maybe one trip in three.

I've found you can do almost anything with children in public if you do it swiftly, neatly, with little conversation.

Friends I never saw otherwise (with children themselves) found it not too hard to meet me for lunch at the zoo.

Business girls whose company I still prized were delighted to meet me near the office for coffee at 5.10. They seemed interested in the kids on these terms.

I lost several, however, who didn't care to risk running their restless dates into a thickly domestic evening at my house. I couldn't really blame them.

## Make the best use of your living space

**W**ELL, now there just isn't any room. The house that was palatial for a couple becomes a straitjacket, now you have a baby.

Let's suppose there is no prospect of your moving to bigger quarters for some time.

Think hard about every bit of space you have, how to make it work for you, how to have less frustration, tension, disorder, and drudgery.

Choose arrangements of furniture and patterns of function that make it possible for everyone to have a sense of relaxation and "home."

Start with your own needs as a couple: An orderly room in which to sit and to see your friends. It should have comfortable places to sit, good light, handy tables near seats (these can be small chests of drawers).

A screen can hide a whole storage wall. The curtains at the sides of a window can cover ceiling-high shelves.

A bulky table can be replaced by a slender counter with storage below. Furniture can be smaller in scale, lighter to move.

### Wheel them away

Paint and small-patterned formal fabric can make a small room seem spacious. There should be so little clutter in this room that it can be made presentable in a few minutes.

You need sleeping quarters away from the children. Cots can be wheeled into the kitchen or hall at night—anywhere there's air and quiet.

If your kitchen and serving space are cramped, try to work out assembly-line processes and storage spaces right at the places you work.

When you find a sound routine, practise it until it turns into effortless habit. Simplify and make neat every necessary thing you do.

Have few utensils, but good ones. Have pans that you can bring to the table. Use paperfoil and plastics to save meaningless work.

Get rid of everything you don't use a lot. Replace broken, worn-out things with things that won't break, stain, or otherwise come to grief with casual handling and life with children.

Precious and dangerous things should be locked away. High storage, guarded windows, gated stairs, drawers with guards to prevent them being pulled out too far, a harness for dangerous traffic—these will get you peace, and you can be generous with freedom.

Don't keep any tool, appliance, or furniture that doesn't earn its way or isn't worth the space it takes.

A house you can control easily will serve you and free you to pay attention to and enjoy your people.





**Y**OU could never have imagined how different you would feel to be having your second baby.

Your mind will have leaped ahead, telescoping the coming year, modifying your plans. How many new things will you need to replace baby things you gave away? Where to put the second cot?

The second baby is, if anything, more earth-shaking than the first. You would think, from your feelings, that no one ever had a baby before on earth.

Now do you understand how people go on having more children so cheerfully? *This* pregnancy (the first, second, or fifth) is unique. It comes at its peculiar time in your marriage, intersecting particular circumstances.

What a different person you are from the girl you were when you started that first baby. You're not at all worried by the things that threw you the first time.

And what a distraction your present child is, needing so many things every hour that you can't concentrate or listen to your feelings as you did when you were carrying him.

You look at your big first baby with a new tenderness, seeing him suddenly as one-of-a-kind, knowing that no other child will have the chance to grow with you in the secret ways you shared alone in your first year together.

The next baby is born into a family. You'll have to plan to be alone with this one. The books have all said the first one goes into a spin about "being displaced." Well, poor second baby, what about it, trying to get used to its own first experiences in the presence of the noise and distracting demands and the king-of-the-castle status of the older one?

"We'll have to sneak off together," you say to your secret second child. "Your brother likes to take naps; he can go to Grandma's more."

As soon as you come to terms with the early nausea, try to get away from home for a long weekend with your husband, or send your child to his grandparents at least overnight.

waiting until it is big enough to come out and live in the world.

If you have been able to show him other babies he'll know how unprepossessing a very new baby is.

He may ask, "Then why do we want it?" And can be told that it soon grows up, able to do things like he can. He must know that it's your baby, you want one, that you're not having it for him.

A small child may say, "But you've got me," and can be told, "I had you first, and that was fun, so I decided to get some more."

He's still having plenty of fuss made about him. It's a bit disconcerting how little hurrah is being made about your

There is a blanket or bear he must have when he is going to sleep or he will be desolate. There are lots of things: start writing them down.

For instance:

- Let him take his bear everywhere but the bathtub.
- Always let him have his bottle at night.
- It's his thumb. Let him suck it. No shaming.

With the second baby, everyone wants you to have the other sex, as though that makes a set.

But say you had a boy first, the prospect of a second one will also charm you: "Nothing but shorts and T-shirts. Their daddy will take them fishing."

### The ideal way

On the other hand, a second girl to match the first? "Hmm. Very feminine house, double bedroom with poster beds, dolls' houses."

Well, nice to dream, since you'll be delighted with what you get.

Everyone eventually feels that she did it the ideal way. I had the boy first, then three girls. Not one girl is remotely like either sister. I found it wonderful.

While you're awaiting the advent, can you get a little time alone again with your husband? He's having complicated thoughts and feelings just now. You'd better pay attention and share them.

He may be feeling tender when you assume he's feeling rather trapped. He may feel you never looked handsomer than in that strange old purple muu-muu.

He may feel that you're having such a ball with this baby business that he'd better take a travelling job, where he can at least get a hot meal for dinner.

When you've gone to the hospital, ask him to bring you not just things for the baby, but something special that has nothing to do with babies—maybe something you've shared, and could share at the hospital. Make your preference for his company clear.

Leave his clothes in excellent order. Leave the snacks he likes in the fridge—and whatever he likes to drink.

Pay attention to him now. It's going to be appallingly busy and public in his house the first few weeks you're home.

## You're having a second baby

Give yourself a chance for a few hours of silence alone, for a meal or two with your man, a morning both can sleep late.

Be aware of how much you need this man to make you happy, and of how little it takes to please him.

This may be the first chance you've had in months to talk—or to stay up late, to see friends.

Knowing your neighbors, relatives, and the local situation better now, you know what kind of help you can get, and whether your first baby will be happier if he stays with someone he knows, or if someone comes in to take care of him.

As the weeks pass, you begin to talk over his head about the new baby.

The chances are he's too little to ask any real questions about it. You may be very near term before he notices something has happened to your figure. If he does ask, you tell him the baby is "in there," inside your body, growing and

second baby. It seems important and real only to your husband and to you.

You don't have to do all your shopping and last-minute cleaning yourself. If you have any money at all, hire somebody.

Your baby-sitter may be better at ironing than you are.

Shops deliver. Delegate some of this stuff. You're doing the ruling and the important thing: waiting for the baby.

It doesn't matter who mops the floor. It doesn't matter much whether it's done. It will have to be done again next week, anyway. Let some things slide.

Play with your first child, read, sew a little, and nod asleep over it.

Walk slowly down the sunny street. No one will notice whether you put fresh paper on all the shelves.

Make a list of your child's special ceremonies and forbid (at least in writing) the stranger to violate the ways that mean peace and security.



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**TEST YOUR SKILL**

**PLAY**



**"CROSS-OUT"**

**The family game that swept America**

**SAVE THIS  
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**PRIZES WORTH  
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Page 2

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 21, 1965



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2. The Company reserves the right to correct any typographical or mechanical error or other error or errors which might appear in any published matter in connection with the game, and to reject winning cards not obtained through legitimate channels.
3. In the event of more than one correct entry being received in respect of any major prize, the first correct card which comes to the attention of the judges will be judged the winner and the decision of the judges as to which is such card and as to the correctness of entries will be in their sole discretion and will be final.
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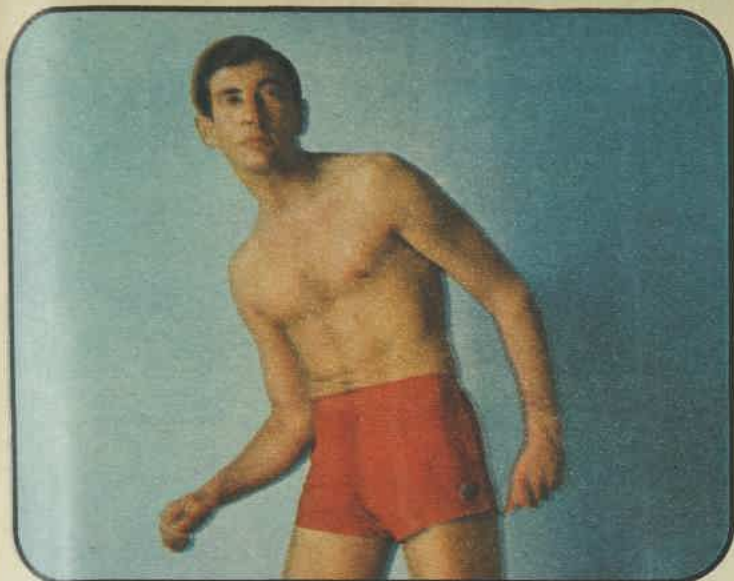


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## AMPOL'S TRAVEL GAME "CROSS OUT" GAME No. 1



Barcelona fishermen point their boats in gay colours, adding to the unusual beauty of the coast.



Queensland's Great Barrier Reef is a wonderland of strange fish and bright coral.



In the Kimberley Mountains of Western Australia, an aboriginal drover surveys his ancient hunting ground.



Seen through a frame of trees, the pure lines of Narrows Bridge, Perth.



The crowded buildings of Hong Kong are a fascinating muddle of colour and movement.



A favourite mascot is the attractive little Koala, a unique Australian marsupial.



Adelaide—by night, a fairytale city, lit by a million lights.



At Charlotte Pass, Kosciusko, thousands of skiers enjoy the snow every winter.



Captain Cook's tiny cottage is a popular tourist attraction in Fitzroy Gardens, Melbourne.



An autumn ride in one of Melbourne's many parks is a ride through a world of red and gold.



An unusual mosaic decorates the library of Ciudad University in Mexico City.



The age-old limestone formations at Jenolan Caves, N.S.W., have a fragile beauty.



Cape Raoul, Tasmania—one of the beauty spots of the Island State.



Australia's scourge, the bushfire, can begin so easily and cause so much damage.



Lifeguards manoeuvre their boat in preparation for a race at a Sydney Surf Carnival.



The quiet grounds of Perth University, the only free university in Australia.



A view down a wide Adelaide street frames twin clocks against the sky.



The gay sails of a catamaran are a familiar sight in islands off the coast of Queensland.

## AMPOL'S TRAVEL GAME "CROSS OUT" GAME No. 2



The long curving span of Sydney Harbour Bridge is a magnificent sight at sunset.



Vineyards in South Australia, the heart of a thriving wine-making industry.



At Gundagai, N.S.W., a drover rounds up his flock—a typical Australian scene.



The grey kangaroo, vital symbol of Australia, but a scourge to the farmer.



The booming notes of Big Ben ring out over Parliament Square, London.



The classically beautiful Temple of Athena, a reminder of a past age.



The unusual copper dome of the Academy of Science is a Canberra landmark.



Against the cosmopolitan skyline of Melbourne, the peaceful Yarra River.



Throw a coin in the Font de Trevi and you'll return to Rome, says the legend.



A scene dear to the hearts of Australians—Flemington Saddling Paddock on Melbourne Cup day.



The brilliantly illuminated buildings of Honolulu airport light the night.



Delicately beautiful, these plants exemplify West Australia's wide variety of wildflowers.



San Francisco's Fishermens Wharf, fronted by world-famous sea-food restaurants.



At Falls Creek, Victoria, as on other snowfields, new lodges tell of the recent skiing boom.



The graceful new bridge across the Derwent in Hobart, seen from the air.



In spring, the Flinders Ranges, South Australia, are carpeted with glowing wildflowers.



Cradle Mountain, Tasmania, rising in the rugged beauty of a glaciated landscape.



Patterns of light make Melbourne's Princes Bridge glow at dusk.

SEE AUSTRALIA WITH AUSTRALIAN-OWNED AMPOL



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## AMPOL'S TRAVEL GAME "CROSS OUT" GAME No. 3



A view down a wide Adelaide street, with twin clocks against the sky.



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Adelaide—by night, a fairy tale city, lit by a million lights.



Australia's scourge, the bushfire, can begin so easily and cause so much damage.



The old stone buildings of Port Arthur in Tasmania are a relic of convict days.



At night, the dazzling lights of Sydney glow across the darkened harbour.



Seen through a frame of trees, the pure lines of Narrows Bridge, Perth.



The quiet grounds of Perth University, the only free university in Australia.



Perhaps the most famous cathedral in the world . . . Notre Dame in Paris.



Brisbane's imposing City Hall is floodlit for festive occasions.



Lifeguards manoeuvre their boat in preparation for a race at a Sydney Surf Carnival.



This view of the Three Sisters in the Blue Mountains is a must for thousands of tourists every year.



Melbourne remembers the war dead with its Shrine of Remembrance and the Centenary Memorial Fountain.



Queensland's Great Barrier Reef is a wonderland of strange fish and bright coral.



The gay sails of a catamaran are a familiar sight in islands off the coast of Queensland.



A favourite mascot is the attractive little Koala, a unique Australian marsupial.



One of the most famous skyline in the world . . . New York at night.



Captain Cook's tiny cottage is a popular tourist attraction in Fitzroy Gardens, Melbourne.

## AMPOL'S TRAVEL GAME "CROSS OUT" GAME No. 4



One of Queensland's miniature trains, used for carrying sugar cane to the mill.



The classically beautiful Temple of Athena, a reminder of a past age.



At Falls Creek, Victoria, or on other snowfields, new lodges tell of the recent skiing boom.



Cradle Mountain, Tasmania, rising in the rugged beauty of a glaciated landscape.



Stanley Chasm in Central Australia—a cleft in the mountain several hundred feet deep.



Beautiful St. Kilda Road is one of the main traffic arteries of Melbourne.



The booming notes of Big Ben ring out over Parliament Square, London.



The long curving span of Sydney Harbour Bridge is a magnificent sight at sunset.



The lovely golden possum, one of Australia's unusual marsupials, seen here in Tasmania.



Attractively planned St. George's Terrace is the heart of Perth's business district.



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Vineyards in South Australia, the heart of a thriving wine-making industry.



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Flowering gums, perhaps Australia's loveliest flowering trees, photographed in Queensland.



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Wide lawns and shady trees add to the charm of Parliament House, Canberra.



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## "Settle for any other brand of petrol but Ampol? Not me. I Buy Australian!"

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**BUILD AUSTRALIA, BUY AUSTRALIAN, BUY AMPOL.**





## Establish your new routines early

**Y**OU'RE back home almost before you've had a chance to feel you've been in the hospital, not half acquainted with the little baby.

You haven't sorted out the astounding difference between this and your first delivery experience.

Yet you haven't come home a moment too soon, obviously. The people you depended upon did their own kind of job, not the one you designed for them.

You glare around you, muttering, itching to set all to rights: *This is your kitchen, your bedroom, your home?*

Your BIG baby! Look how he's grown in a week! You see, you hadn't really noticed his size, his smartness.

(But where in heaven's name did all this dirty laundry come from? What did they eat while you were gone? Here's the whole untouched supply of most things.)

Has it occurred to you that you've just had a baby, you'd better get off your feet?

But your big baby has started yelling, has shut his eyes tight and is trying to turn blue. (Or else he stares, looks away, and pretends he doesn't know you.)

### Anyone fed father?

Your husband is looking pale. You wouldn't blame him if he went out for cigarettes and kept going. Well, has anyone fed him today?

So now you're out in the kitchen scrambling eggs for the whole company with your hat still on (probably also for your in-laws, who are chatting in the living-room) when you suddenly remember the real baby, who has been patiently lying over there like a package ever since you got in the door.

Where are your brains? You pick up your bundle, your person, the only important thing in this whole muddle, and leave the eggs, ashtrays, unmade beds.

Catch your husband's eye, and go off with him. Give him his baby to hold.

Nobody here cares about this baby except you two. The relatives are talking to and about the first one, having glanced at the new one as if it were a nice puppy.

No one belongs to you any more except your man, your child, and this pitiful little leggy pink thing with its ridiculous petal mouth and blind wrinkled fingers.

You go about doing what you must, with your guests, with your helper (so-called), with your big baby's routine.

### Goodnight, mice

You desert the thin wail of the new baby, shut the door against it, leaving it to someone else's mercy while you see that your first child eats and gets ready for bed. You sing the silly song, or say goodnight to the brand-new white mice (these you needed *now?*).

You hold him. You tell him how you've missed him. You say, "No. I won't go away again. Yes, I've got your bear. Of course I won't turn off the light. Never."

The house grows quiet. It never looked worse, but it never looked so good.

You have loved your friends and your parents, but they have nothing to do with this. "This is our place. We don't need anybody but us."

\* \* \*

Now let's take up your day with your two babies. The only strain in it is that there are two.

One is eagle-eyed to see whether the other is too important to you. Whereas you once whispered to yourself, "I'll be able to handle it if they don't start crying at the same time," they often do.

At dawn the baby wakes to be fed. If you're quick, and the other one is asleep at the other end of the house, you may be able to slip back to bed for an hour, as you did with the first one.

But if the two of them sleep in one room, forget about that.

The older one gets up, too, not pleased that you went first to the new one. You rush to feed the baby.

There's little chance to do much about the big one. Get him out of wet pants, and if he's still small enough for a bottle of milk or juice first thing, maybe he'll settle for that until you've fed the baby.

You'll quickly find some way to keep from leaving him wet and hungry.

An older child will get himself some juice, and stand around watching. Try to handle this quietly, even with a smile.

Luckily, people under five tend to be cheerful at this hour. Somehow you get them unwound from their steaming night-clothes, strip the beds, and get dry things under and around both kids.

The small one will now go back to sleep, the big one won't. You might just as well get with it.

Some women are wonderful starters in the morning (I have always felt like death with a skin around it). But, sick or happy, now's the time to put the wet night-clothes and bedding where you want them for later, the baby breakfast dishes under the tap, and make whatever morning food your husband expects.

You've had a piece of toast, I hope.

After husband goes, you have an hour or so before the next feeding, washing to do, formula to make, the bathroom to clean. Water, wet cloth, dishes, debris—every mother's morning.

Have you found out that it's easier to let the big one now have his bath in the morning? If he's happily in the tub while you bathe the baby, you might just as well handle all the water at once and also wipe off the surfaces.

### Get your feet up

The big one may need more than a light sponging at nightfall, but, if not, you've got his bath out of the way.

It helps convince the older one early that the new one gets no special attention if they do similar things at the same time.

Lunch you may have in peace with the big one, perhaps get him down for a nap before the baby wakes. If the double-bath doesn't work for you, you might bathe and handle the baby then instead, out of sight of his senior.



Take all you can snatch of the baby's company alone while the other is not there to react to it.

But if they both sleep well now, get your feet up. Remember the night duty, the strenuous afternoon to come. Don't try to work through naptime now.

It is better to save some intensive housework for the weekend, letting your husband take the older child out, if possible, than to tear up your evenings together.

Give an early-evening impression that children are never seen in your house after sundown. Doing laundry and cooking for them at night keeps them between your husband and you. You need to feel that the evening is your own.

You are speaking to him now in the flat, matter-of-fact voice you used in your childhood home before you married. But if you couldn't be at home with each other now, where would you find a home?





**Y**OUR first child may never have been a feeding problem, but just as you are getting the baby comfortably in hand, your older one may set his jaw and defy you to insert anything you call food.

Nearly every mother has one child who worries her by not wanting to eat.

One nursery school solved eating problems by seating their dainty eaters at little tables with small gluttons. Tiny portions were served.

The gluttons would eat everything given them, and start picking bits off the others' plates, right under their turned-up noses.

After a day or two of this, babies who had never been known to touch carrots or peas were gobbling them down.

Their mothers were advised to prepare just such plates at home, a small dab of this and that.

They were told: "Clean up your own plate, and begin eyeing your child's portion. Then slowly start in on it by, say, eating one pea at a time."

Many hard cases began to eat like field hands at once.

But, of course, children, like all other people, have foods they prefer.

It's amazing how fast small children develop an addiction for things like lean meat and carrots if you don't bring any sweets-shop stuff into the house for a

Page 10 — SUCCESSFUL MOTHER

## Keeping the family clean, fed, occupied

while. I'm not talking about cutting out treats. I don't think you should.

I'm positive that if you buy, prepare, and offer adequate meals and allow a little margin for nibbling and treats, everyone will grow up to be taller than you, no matter how often they seem off their feed.

**I also think that constant supervision—which makes you hover, worry, and nag—cuts down on the volume they put away.**

The physically repellent mess of eating with children is so inevitable during the first years, not to speak of the scenes, that you are justified in setting a later dinner hour for yourself and your husband.

If this seems morally unsound to you, feed them the sloppier and stickier parts of their diet during the day, and give them nice neat finger foods at the family meal.

You can feed a baby neatly if you sit right there spooning it in and wiping it off, but this only puts off his own learning.

When he grabs for the spoon, give it to him. Use a second yourself. Your whole aim with children is to help them toward self-sufficiency.

**NOW** you have a baby who is kept clean (though not as rigidly aseptic as you kept the first one), a toddler who brushes teeth, washes hands, helps bath himself.

Your older child is *not* clean. He's on the run. You're inclined to grab him and dust him as he flies by.

### Food-demanding blur

If he gets ill or hurt, you may find yourself washing him hastily as you wait for the doctor, shocked to see the state his feet and fingernails have got into since yesterday.

Somehow, when you have one or two smaller ones, whoever doesn't need to be unbuttoned for the bathroom and rocked to sleep occasionally dissolves into a kind of benign, noisy, food-demanding blur. They come back into focus sharply when you expect company or they need stitches.

This is called "judicious constructive neglect," not deprivation.

The different ages demand different grooming routines.

You're no more supposed to hover over climbing, digging, yard-children than you are supposed to pull up seedling plants to see if they're becoming carrots.

Playpen and fenced-in children need to be washed and changed as they become really messy and given quick checks to cope with runny noses.

The total sanitation job is up to you. You can only steer them by exploiting the pleasurable side of grooming, the happy water-splashing and wallowing, the good taste of toothpaste, the airiness of clean hair.

**When it comes to taking care of clothes, small people will want to help as soon as they can walk.**

They will throw sweaters in one box, shirts and socks in another. They will dump pillows out of cases, pull sheets off beds, and, yes, jam gossamer party dresses into the same basket with muddy jeans. (Try to show them the difference.)

No one needs to tell you how much

easier laundry is if you can do it without first having to go and find it.

As never before you love (and pay for) fabrics with a good finish, stretch socks that don't get holes, fasteners that don't drop off, colors that don't show soil.

You forget all about wishing for silky, furry clothes for your own ornamentation. You'd rather have a good washing machine, a steam iron, more money for dry cleaning.

You look at the curtains, upholstery, floor coverings and wall colors and resolve that the next ones will be impervious to dirt, and practical.

### It's never ALL done

You long for either a dishwasher or a huge supply of paper plates and cups.

You seem never to arrive at a point where "everything's done." You foresee this going on for years.

So now you try to establish small islands of order—the living-room, a terrace, the entrance hall. You realise that it's legal to have rooms you don't show guests.

You have plenty of white-sepulchre containers—neat hampers, pails full of dirty laundry and debris, drawers you scarcely dare open any more.

Don't panic, but do take courage and begin to throw things away. Little by little get rid of the seven lipsticks you never use, all half-bottles of old medicine, the shoes that hurt your little toe.

Give away clothes, ornaments, toys, furniture that you keep handling but not using in little, short sorting sprees.

**Acquire fewer things, keep them neater, improve your use of storage. A balance will eventually set in.**

But no woman who has several small children can ever stop and look around her, proud and peaceful, feeling completely guiltless about the appearance of her house and offspring.

Your conscience, for example, may tell you that the way to clean a house is to do it from one end to the other.



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My conscience tells me it's all right to do bedrooms this way one day, public rooms next day—or next week.

You work somewhat as a hotel maid does, without ever quite dismantling a room. Assume all the time that you might have to clear away your equipment and not get back till Tuesday.

Tidying the kitchen after breakfast: dishes soaking, you do the kitchen sills and wipe the drip pan under the stove burners. Perched on a sill, you see that the top of the refrigerator is dusty. Throw a cloth up there. As surely as you climb that high, you'll spot a shelf that can use clearing and wiping. Now that's enough. Climb down.

If your water is still not too grimy, you can wipe down the legs of your kitchen furniture or clean under the sink.

Another time you'll notice that a light-bulb is filmy, its fixture not so clean.

That day you may go through the house wiping bulbs, cleaning lamps. Don't try all these things in one day. Do them as you see them. Many days will pass before you see them again.

When you see a toy is broken, put it aside to mend or discard. When you see one soiled drop it in the wash.

In this way visitors never catch you with a completely disorganised house. Since most of your jobs are done as you go along, your daily pick-up can be short and simple, leaving room for variation and emergency.

★ ★ ★

**SOMETIMES** mothers wonder how children can be bored when they have all that time for play (we seem to have so little).

We miss the point: they need work to do—but work that will fascinate them and change their pace.

Other times they may have had too many sensations in a row, but haven't enough experience to decide for themselves that silence, solitude, and some quiet activity would suit them perfectly.

When children at home with their mothers get bored, they whine or yell or throw something.

They don't know what they want. They need you to tell them that. Their usual toys and games are disgusting to them.

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 21, 1965



Everything stops until you take the time to make their life less intolerable.

Every mother works out stand-by tricks and amusements through experience, but she could often use a new approach.

What you hope is growing in these restless, active children is creative resourcefulness, a deepening capacity for finding out what to do for themselves.

And so they might, left alone to whine and kick things and pick on each other, if they could run away from each other and from you, and be surrounded by tools and raw materials which might be complicated and dangerous.

They're not going to grow up in a world where they can freely exploit, consume, or injure everything in sight, so you must plan for their frustration and their boredom, hope that some of their diversions will be useful or instructive.

Obviously, your job as a mother is more important than anything you could do outside it to support your children.

As long as they are so young, your place is here—unless your marriage is shattered by illness, death, or divorce.

It's also where you prefer to be, though it has some dreary hours, and hard work that is bound to be thankless.

There's also a vast and growing inertia. Unless you break into this pattern, you'll feel helpless to change.

If you love your husband, you won't like what's happening to him, either, stuck

in a job that may never be better, beginning to set aside the plans he once had.

The time will come when you should face this together. A man and his wife can give up too much of themselves for a "good life" for their children.

If your staleness comes from the unending round of drudgery, alter the pattern.

Could you shop with open curiosity in a section of the city strange to you?

### Fresh horizons

Do you ever visit a place where the nationalities are not in the same population balance as in your own community?

You don't have to go on a long trip to get a change. But you might go to a lecture or film on a subject strange to you.

You might go to a few exhibitions—anything outside your special knowledge—such as old glass, speedboats, Eskimo art.

If you do several of these things in succession, you'll find you're not quite as bogged-down as you feared between the washer and the playpen.

It is a mistake to confine yourself and your husband to the society of other people just like you. You ought to begin knowing people with other strong interests, who have something to talk about besides babies and mortgages. Otherwise, later, you'll be swallowed up by youth and school organisations.

★ ★ ★

**A BORED** person gets irritated—either because he isn't allowed to go into action or because he is forced to go on doing something after he has lost interest.

Suddenly they ask us, "What can I do?" This can mean, "Give me a job, something to study." But mostly it means, "Help me find a new direction."

If you stand one day with your hands in soapy water or dough while your child wants you to get her bead-stringing set off the top of the cupboard, will you be able to say softly, "In a little while," and think instantly of macaroni in the cupboard she can reach, remember where extra shoestrings are, suggest she string the macaroni for a change?

When your hands are free, reach her the box of food coloring with which she can make paint for her new beads?

If your daughter is two or three rather than four or five, reach for the packet of soup mix—white, yellow, and green peas. Give her a cake tin, and ask her to sort them out for you.

Both these silly-sounding ideas are constructive. They may hold a child a few minutes or all afternoon. Both are to help you.

Do they have to wait, neatly dressed, until a car comes for them? Obviously you can't break out the finger paint, but you can do things like this: Give them a stack of magazines. Tell one child, "Find me a horse and a cake and a baby and a clock."

Tell another, "Find me a car and some fruit and a bird and a house."

Everyone gets one biscuit, and the winner gets two.

You could let them sit on the carpet and rub pennies to a high polish (and keep the ones they shine).

On a wet day, even when he's not feeling very constructive, a small boy will still consent to sort out a box of mixed nails, nuts, and bolts into separate jars.

A girl will sort silverware into compartments or neatens a series of drawers—

Continued overleaf





matching socks, pairing earrings, folding towels. Children will clean a mirror over and over, drawing doodles in white window cleaner.

You can hang an orange on a cord, and let a child stick it full of cloves. Hang it in a closet to smell sweet as it dries. He can see it hanging there.

A pre-school child may not be able to write a letter, but he can draw the pictures that illustrate it. Later, you can put in the words, and address the envelope (which he can stamp and drop in the box on the corner). Grandmothers write enthusiastic answers to these letters, and all children love to get mail.

If she is not too preoccupied, a mother could let one or more actually cook something. Cut biscuit-mix biscuits with a small cutter, bake and eat them. Cut buttered bread in shapes, dip these in colored sugar. Make instant pudding.

Five-year-olds can handle a cake mix for small cakes. If you once take the time to explain things, thereafter they can do everything except the oven part.

A child big enough to walk can help weed, if you confine his weeding to "just grass—nothing with leaves on."

A child can plant a garden, in empty tins or a few feet of soil, label them with bright seed packets, and eat the carrots, radishes, lettuce that result.

### Keep a list handy

Domestic materials are plentiful for impromptu activities. Keep a list of things that really worked, and a quick look in the file will rescue you.

On a file headed "Food Coloring," for instance, add uses as they occur:

Sugar sprinkles  
Paint—for cakes, homemade watercolors  
To color dough or starch-fingerpaint  
For "ink" blots  
To dye macaroni beads  
To paint dough animals  
To dye toothpicks, pipe-cleaners  
Instant colored string  
Colored milk  
Another card might say:  
One day I said, "All right! Let's have



all we want of something we like, and nothing else at that meal."

These worked well:

- Nothing but bacon and finger tomatoes.
- A lot of ice-cream and a whole cake.
- Two enormous pizzas.
- Waffles with syrup, honey, jam.
- Corn on the cob (four or five ears apiece).
- (You can balance the next meal; one great bust never hurt anybody.)
- Another card could say: Sometimes They Just Want to Work.
- Girls shook all small rugs outside.
- Wiped skirting-boards with sponge.
- Boy cheerfully mopped kitchen.
- Baby happily demolished two loaves bread for turkey stuffing. Pounded biscuits for crumbs.
- In desperation told all hands to give dog a bath. Huge success. (Covered whole bathroom floor with old bed-spread.)

One mother I admire gave her busy little son an old coffee grinder and some scraps of plasterboard. He just sat there, happy as a clam, "making dust."

Another day when he had run himself ragged and didn't know how to rest, she suddenly asked him (straight out of A. A. Milne), "Have you hummed today?" He went straight off to his room, lay on his back, and hummed for half an hour.

ALL babies yearn to be neatly acceptable—and will accomplish it. Your older children should let the babies follow them and watch. They will probably begin to help them.

A baby understands the words and gestures of a child only a little bigger. Your own may be so quick, efficient, yet complicated, that he will just relax and let you do it all—which isn't learning.

Before school age, the group between birth and five can have an identical bed-

decision, or even precisely a punishment. It's just another part of learning.

We learn we cannot be allowed to take other people's things, places, dignities from them by force—that there are better ways to satisfy the needs we feel.

The love we need to soften this, so that we understand and help each other, is learned through being made happy by being loved. "No" never means, "Or I won't love you."

No child needs instruction to feed itself. It's up to you to welcome the inten-

## Learning to be a family . . .

time, though you may like to settle the baby first while others are bathing or listening to a story or record.

Later, after the older ones read well, you can send them in last or let them have a book or radio for a half-hour before they sleep, as a mark of maturity.

I believe in all kinds of comforting rituals, night lights—anything that sends the whole tribe off to sleep at a certain time, freeing the adult night.

They must be taught to play in company—with new children, in other homes. This involves "Not mine—his," the ability to stop when told "no," the frustration of leaving before a game is completed.

Children should only be tempted by what they can't quite do. They should be stopped from doing what they must not do. If a goal is truly forbidden, it should be unattainable.

Children must explore, and you mustn't prevent it. Only a series of mild consequences will teach children the "why" of safety without hurting or frightening them.

Disobeying "no" means the loss of fun, liberty, status:

"You can't use the sandbox. You keep grabbing other people's toys."

"If you can't keep the paint on the paper instead of putting it on the wall, we'd better not paint for a while."

It should always be implicit that we'll try again soon—that this isn't a final

tion of the hand which first kneads the breast, then grasps the bottle, then fingers the cereal, then grabs for the spoon.

A baby allowed in good humor to eat with both hands will shortly be scraping up the last crumb with a spoon, then demolishing a four-course dinner in company, even asking permission before he leaves the table.

Children begin to help as soon as you let them. Watch for the readiness and use it. A child learning to eat in company should also be permitted (not commanded) to help set the table, pass foods, feed younger children.

When you begin these privileges, make sure that the readiness is there. Don't expect perfection—and say "thank you."

One child must not be singled out to do one thing always, but now and then, and another as the willingness develops.

Teach the others, as they become ready, to do such rewarding things as making some quick dessert, then a more adult recipe with several steps, and at last something resembling a family meal.

Let all your children "help" at once, though only one may be useful to you. Not long, hard jobs, but too often the same job on the following day.

The older children are inclined to be scornful of the awkwardness and ignorance of the small ones, and have to be steered back toward kindness.



**I**T happens often that a whole family falls ill — not just one easily managed child. Be prepared.

If you live as a crowd in close quarters, you will probably all get measles, mumps, chicken-pox, no matter what attempts you make for isolation.

Three of mine had tonsillectomies at one time. They came home morose and antisocial, lived out their melancholy in separate rooms, listlessly looking at books and doing sad little puzzles.

On the other hand, five cases of chicken-pox moved all their cheerful noise right into the middle of my large kitchen, which luckily adjoined a bath.

The invalids proceeded to splash, daub lotion, scratch, warn each other against scratching, watch TV, cut, paste, paint, and demand to help with cooking—for two solid weeks.

### ... in sickness ...

Did my husband flee this pesthouse, take his meals out, do his careful paper work at the silent end of the house?

Nonsense. He worked at one end of the kitchen table.

Did I manage to get out and do my errands, relieving myself of such an atmosphere now and then?

Are you kidding? I was having chicken-pox, too.

A doctor is what you need first—to give orders, and make sure, if two or more are ill, that they have the same disease.

Some children pass mysteriously through all sorts of exposures, only to crack out with the "missed" diseases at some other very unhandy time.

No matter how much you want to concentrate on the nursing job, you have to keep the rest of the show on the road.

A box of not-too-often-used amusements should be kept aside for patients. Make additions to it from time to time.

Very valuable are TV, a lap-tray with legs, a child's own blanket and beloved toy, his usual night routine of song or



story, special freshening, and being made cosy for the night.

During a long illness, the more casual you can become, the better. Don't let the disability dislocate the whole house.

But when a child is acutely ill, there's no danger of "spoiling" him permanently by giving him plenty of devoted nursing and love.

### ... using clothes

**H**OWEVER you manage it, you'll be buying larger, more expensive clothing for your children from now on.

Friends who have older children will pass good coats down to you with tears in their eyes. See that you do likewise.

With children close together in age it is practical to buy half a dozen pairs of stretch socks of one color, saving much frantic searching and matching.

To get shirts with tuckable tails, I once measured the shoulder widths of sizes two to five at a sale.

The tails were longer in the larger sizes, but the shoulders weren't much wider.

I plunged, bought a dozen each of red

and navy in size five, and for years, while dressing people for the yard, could say with confidence, "Hand me a shirt." Whose shirt no longer mattered.

What a joy it is when your squirming, dangling young finally begin to find their way into their own sleeves, get their shoes on correct feet, and can even button a coat straight (by starting at the bottom).

But any help now in the dressing chores is to be received with joy, not with critical comment. It's worth all the trouble.

It's sheer heaven when discarded clothes sometimes mysteriously begin to find their way on to chairs in the bedroom, instead of lying in a puddle on the bathroom floor.

If you feel annoyed every time you handle the too-many clothes for the family try this: taking one drawer at a time (start with your own), dump it out on the bed with two big paper bags nearby.

Put back into the drawer only the best, brightest things that belong there—and nothing that doesn't.

### You'll never miss them

Throw into one paper bag things that are a problem—a belt you might fix, an unmatched glove, a slip that's a bad fit.

Put in another paper bag good things with just a missing button, things out of season, "spares" too good to discard.

Lay aside such exotic items as evening purses, great crazy earrings, red silk stockings. These would make a truly jazzy contribution to the church bazaar.

Practical, decent Paper Bag No. 2 can be put on a closet shelf and added to in a day or so when you clean the next drawer.

Paper Bag No. 1 close quickly, and burn. You will never be sorry.

Now don't get carried away and do drawer after drawer. If you have a few more minutes, poke the unmatched socks you found in that drawer into another one, and every time you find a sock with no mate, put it in your pocket and drop it there as you pass.

Then, sit down on the floor and possess yourself of 20 or so matched pairs you haven't seen for some time—and throw the remaining odds away!

Believe me, any sock you haven't seen in a month was left in Jimmy's backyard, and it's lost.

I know no mother of several children has clothes of her own she likes. Nothing matches the way it does in magazines.

I once knew six young women who found, after seasonal cleaning, that they possessed collectively 40-odd orphan sweaters and an equal number of not-quite-right blouses.

One day they threw them into a box in the backyard and began to grab—bargain-counter fashion. Each came out with several very usable things, and they cheerfully gave the rest to rummage.

You have probably reduced your own grooming to "the scrubbed look," giving a pioneer-wife aspect as the years pass.

You're now a veteran lightning dresser, can get ready for the street in four minutes flat, lest your dressed children demolish the whole effect while you linger, curling your eyelashes.

Well, your husband would probably like to see a little more eyelash-curling.

Your husband, though, would really like to see a mouth more subtly and sweetly painted, and a lot less grim.

Get a full-length mirror, and install it in a good light where you can't miss it before leaving the house.

You may get quite a jolt the first few times you see that harassed-looking lady stalking toward you in her sensible flat shoes and wrong hairdo, with her skirt the wrong length.

But the basic revision you need is to take that going-to-the-guillotine look off your face. Are you aware that nowadays you almost always greet your husband's arrival home with a glance that says, "Oh, really, is it that late?"





## Jealousy means: "I feel neglected"

**WE** could handle jealousy better if we remembered how it felt to be hurt and slighted as a child. No one who feels betrayed, left out, or discriminated against can be willing to love and share.

You have to know in your own heart what's "fair," and it's your knowing that creates actions they see and understand.

It's fair to give first attention to a child who is sick. A guest child must be served first, a toy given up temporarily to be polite.

Until a child grows old enough to see advantages in borrowing, lending, sharing, giving, partnership, he must lean on the security of possession: "mine."

If he is given enough of what he truly needs under the heading of "ours" — "our house," "our meals," "our furniture" — and has some precious items no one is allowed to use without his permission, then he can afford generosity.

There are two things you must give to every member of your family: time and attention. If the person is small, lean down, kneel, sit on the ground, or sometimes lift him up high.

When necessary, you must stop what you're doing and pay attention.

**You were doing the wash. Peter, incensed because you hadn't been paying attention, covered himself with mud.**

He means: Wash Peter, not the silly clothes. Message received.

Now, while you wash Peter, don't do it with a yank and a mutter.

He's too young to learn from "Why didn't you wait, you little oaf? I was going to take you out in an hour or so." Look at him now, talk to him now.

Or a child may be so "good" she waits in vain, earning your attention, and so never getting it. Take thought for her. Do something you'll both enjoy; she may stop being considerate, and never start again. A jealous person feels neglected.

A husband slams doors, snarls at the

kids, demands exclusive use of the TV to watch the Saturday football game. Why not? He has been gone all week, taking other people's orders. No one has paid him much attention as either a free creature wanting pleasure or an executive providing for and in charge of his house (which is just now being sullenly swabbed out by some funny-looking harpy in one of his old T-shirts and shabby jeans).

I know who that scrubwoman is, and how she resents him. But where is his wife, who might have sat down with him with a fresh face, and a cool drink of something, to watch the game with him? We haven't seen her for some time.

Because, face it, there has been plenty wrong with your own life lately. Watching out for everyone, with no one to see what you need, you can get very old.

**Everyone needs someone looking out for his weariness, his loneliness. We must all watch and care for one another.**

**RELATIVES** have children, bring them to your house, bring them up by different standards—and tell you so, right in your living-room.

Well, you need give no quarter among contemporaries, though sometimes it's possible to remind somebody to get off your back, and not lose your manners.

To your own children, no compromise: "Gwen and John may be allowed to use those words. We aren't."

"I don't care a hoot if they see the Late Show at home. Not in my house."

If you trade baby-sitting with your sister-in-law, don't burden her in her house with your rules. Tell your children, "In their house we do what they do."

If this is too unwholesome, don't go there—not that yours will die of making lunch of sardines out of the can followed by a whole box of peanut brittle!

### DESTRUCTIVENESS

Sometimes children go to terrible lengths to see where you'll stop them. They need to be stopped.



Sometimes, permissiveness or not, they get (like all of us) very frustrated. Everybody has times when it's satisfying to smash something.

It's one thing when a child breaks things in careless headlong activity. It's another if he catches your eye, and then delicately, slowly lets your heirloom teapot fall.

It's still another thing when the natural scars of living—scuffed floors, chewed paint, torn pants—are not really fussed about but nevertheless begin to be reinforced by more disquieting damage: fur trimmed off a Sunday coat with scissors; the wall is painted—with carefully guarded ink or nail-polish.

What the devil has brought on this?

It's nothing minor, and you'd better talk to your child and find out, also when the scuffling and the hair-pulling normal among rivals turns into the deliberate stalking of one child by another.

### RIVALRY

This is natural up to a point, and can be reconciled if you see children get fair shares, equally desirable playthings.

The child left behind while you take another on a trip may avenge himself—unless he knows his turn WILL come.

Combat (short of maiming) might best be let alone. They may be settling an old score. You may have missed all the baiting before the worm turned.

The old rule, "We don't hit with toys or tools, only with the open hand," keeps it down to claw and fang, and establishes the grounds for house arrest or temporary confiscation of toys used as weapons.

### ATTACKS ON PLAYMATES

Small people push each other down. On the grass it doesn't hurt, down steps is different. A child may be ignorant of the pain he inflicts, sometimes he intends it.

Real cruelty and serious destructiveness drag him out of child-depth. Children do mean harm, but not with the consequences and dark echoes adults understand.

Take them out of situations where they can do more harm than they can handle, tell them why, but not with such shock or bitterness they feel the world has ended.

A playmate marched off to his parents and left there in disgrace can, most times, be presumed to be punished.

The simplest direct consequences are probably best, as long as they are understood, brief, not too heavy.

### DEFIANCE OF PARENTS

You are bigger than they are, have law and force on your side, so they dawdle, whine, upset you.

So you can cancel a trip (you didn't care whether you went in that kind of company, anyway), you can leave them behind with a sitter.

You can ignore them, go deaf to threats, breath-holding, tears. It's amazing how fast they see "this is getting me nowhere."

Don't give them what they want if you don't want them to have it. You've made up your mind, stick to it, calmly. It's the calm that takes learning.

If there's no harm in what they want, decide quickly to permit it. Don't hold out until they get their wish at last by the wrong means.

### IMPORTANT TROUBLE

The way you handle little crises prepares your children to roll with big shocks.

Nothing could or should shield them completely. There's no harm in emotion they can understand.

I believe parents can rage, weep, exclaim—show all kinds of moods to children, as long as they explain, as long as it doesn't become too terrifying.

Some children have to adjust to accidents, to divorce, to sudden separation.

Their safety is not so much in being shielded from these things. It's in the calm, loving presence of their grown-ups.



**I**N general, we want our children to be outgoing, but we see them acquiring some of our dissimulations: there are people "we have to be nice to" whether we like them or not.

We try to put off as long as we can the idea of "the stranger to be afraid of"—someone who may hurt us, people we prefer they'd avoid.

Near school age, we make rules and limits: "Come straight home." "Don't talk to grown-ups you don't know." "Never get into anyone's car."

As parents we have to define where we stand about race, religion, and class. We don't need to indoctrinate. We must be examples of the way we think people should behave to one another.

When trouble comes, people must support children. A parent who is lost by death cannot be replaced as a person, but the "place" can be filled by a relative or step-parent, also loving and "permanent."

Children can stand lots of quarrelling between parents, but not hatred growing between them, empty good manners masking estrangement.

If your marriage is not all it should be, you're not going to hide it from them. People who are losing each other need to seek help to find themselves.

Children brought up in a house where they have a strong sense of "our kind" are apt to find lots of others in the world "their kindred." As they hurry toward marriage and parenthood, it is with the feeling within them that they will once more be "at home."

None of this means that home is a "safe shelter." It may be the one place for allowing loud indignation, slammed doors, violent differences of opinion.

It may be the place to test opinion and action and, when limits are passed, a place to suffer humiliation and reprisals.

It may be the only place one may be

just as "different" as one feels oneself to be and still remain beloved.

We need to have the courage to stand our ground for what we believe, even if it makes us unpopular.

No member of a family may be sacrificed for another. We must feel free to change as we grow: a father must like his work or be able to leave it, a mother must be able to enjoy her life.

The last child must be as sure of his value as the first one.

What would happen if all parents sud-

denly disappeared? Not too many children would survive. Those who did would be pretty crude characters; civilisation would go out like a candle. The miracle is how fast children pick up the rules.

Let's say now that you have four children. The first thing anyone would notice is that they were not cut out with the same cutter.

One is volatile, wiry, argumentative, one is placid and serious, one is a fearless, disarming little clown, one a smiling cipher living in a basket.

You're probably not living where you planned. "Later, when we have children . . ." you dreamed long ago. "I want . . ."—here followed a montage of sleek appliances, bathrooms, green lawns, flowering borders, perfect furniture.

You have not got those. You've got the children instead.

**Your rooms are stripped and simple. There are no sacred places where children don't play.**

When the plates are cleared away, the table gets covered immediately with cut paper, paint, or clay, and something is always getting spilled. In the evening there is a small stack of clothes there, needing mending.

But never a flower arrangement, candles. Seldom. Definitely not as you planned.

Try to run your house without counting the will of your children. Go ahead—beg for trouble. Watch the displacement, the foot-dragging. See morale sink, fights snowball, a "rough day" make itself.

A system is not something you're allowed to impose. A house is a system. Discover, make welcome, enhance its special ways.

**A rule is only a force as long as it's what works best. If it makes people feel hostile and put upon, it needs revision. Children are changing all the time. You and the rules have to change with them.**

● Parents should give time and attention rather than "things." Possessions have

thing else. But jobs "out of their line" deserve compensation.

A family is a place where people do things together, not a place where children are served, parents barely obeyed. We do aimless, exploratory, happy things as well as essential constructive things.

● Cut them in on everything. From the start, our children heard everything discussed over their heads: Family news, exciting, pleasing, sad. They watched us count pennies, dividing money in piles to pay bills. (They could see there wasn't much in the ice-cream and circus pile.) They found out that things hurt, people and animals die. We never left them uncomfortable. They caught on early that life was good and bad, but that we were not scared.

Life is demanding, exhausting, never peaceful for long. You have to work among children, not in their absence, keep moving when you are tense and chagrined. You grow up fast when you have children.

● Don't be afraid to rule them. That's one reason you're there. Do a good job, and they'll grow up to have reasonably happy lives within the law.

● Back each other's decisions. They learn quickly that it's useless to expect one of you to reverse the other's decision. When you do so, in private conference, then you say, "We've talked about it and decided you were right."

never overcome the influence of a miserable neighborhood, but parents have.

● Listen to them: Their day, their adventures; what they wish, what they're afraid of, their ideas.

● Don't inflict your wishes (that they be other people, with different talents and ways).

● Don't look to them to fulfil the ambitions you missed.

● A family is a place where we can be helpful to each other. Not too many thanks are necessary. Not too many duties or onerous jobs should be anyone's lot.

● There aren't many don'ts and things we must do are quietly expected of us.

● Seniority is respected. It must be. To serve the family, to grow up and to become senior—these are goals.

● Children can help with real work, not "busywork" alongside it. They must understand that work is effort and pleasure, and ends with a result we all want.

You'll give your children allowances early—not because the neighbors' kids have them but because everyone needs to learn about buying "real" things they need, and gifts for others.

It's good for children to start allowances by "earning" part of them. You won't want them making beds and picking up their toys for cash; that's some-

## Teach your children what life is really like





# Don't feel "trapped" by your family

**T**HE love needed most in the family has practically nothing to do with sentimentality, sexiness, or self-sacrifice. Valuable love helps beloved persons to be free, to be themselves, to live lives full and vigorous.

The "freedom" we try to give our children is the chance to grow at the normal rate. Letting them discover rules and carrying out discipline with tact and patience are our most loving tasks.

But parents also need love. That which we get from our children moves us freshly every day. We try to become the people they believe in, to be compassionate with one another.

Then there's the love that ties a husband and wife together. So often at the beginning of marriage this is not even born. Long after the original "beloved" has disappeared, we may still be addressing him instead of the much more complex older person he actually is.

## Marriage needs time

Some of us lose the chance ever to know and love one another in our maturity because we panic if we suspect we are not "in love" any more, before we have given marriage a chance.

**A mother works hard and needs reward. Children can give her a pretty dreadful day, and she seldom finds much fun or praise waiting at the end of it.**

Loving her family with all her heart, she thinks she should be happy just to serve them. But she feels it's their fault when she's starved for satisfaction she can't even name. She finds herself angry at the man who "trapped" her. But if she is shut in, she built the box.

All right — she has "duties." That many? Who designed her job? What's to stop her from redesigning? Mostly it's easier, less uncertain, to stay in the box.

Since we will never again be able to

## (There's no need)

be complete and contented women *outside* our families, we must look at what we've got to work with, and start naming the things we want and need.

What if the only parts of the job you like are playing with the kids, cooking, and being alone with your husband?

**Let go when you play with the kids. Be boisterous, untidy. By the time you've had a good time, you'll all be hungry.**

Enjoy your food with them, keep the cooking simple. Put them to bed with goodwill, and turn to your husband.

For a few days keep the other parts of your work a little at bay. Wash and clean as little as you dare. Instead, enjoy as much as there is to enjoy. You need never be quite as conscientious again about the part of work that bores you.

Tackling work in this manner will not solve it all at once — but neither did the old way. If you can arrange to have more fun to begin with, you'll feel better able to face the deadly jobs.

If you can combine the clean-up after one activity with the preparation for another, it saves time and boredom.

It also helps if it gives you a "jump" on something: cleaning tonight's vegetables while making lunch, throwing a small load of clothes in the washer while you're actually in the kitchen disposing of the breakfast ruins.

If human parents didn't know that eventually their children would grow up competent, interesting, friendly, loyal to background, and fairly helpful to each other, they could never get through the long haul of bringing them up.

For years, you spend most of your day with people who have some pretty nerve-racking and unlovable ways.

They can't pay attention to anything for long, can't be talked to at any depth. They're greedy, quick-tempered, careless.

A lot of the time they don't seem to love even you, let alone each other. It's a good thing for them that they are so little and good-looking and that they obviously need you so much.

To regain perspective, you must escape from your children now and then, see adults, keep in touch with a world where ideas are important.

You'd be the wrong kind of mother if you weren't waiting for the time when the kids stop blundering around the house, get to school, and start coping.

## Tackle problems

You feel that once you do have a set of unbroken hours in which you can think and work "in your own way," you will be able to make yourself and your house more attractive, furnish your mind with thoughts less wretched and desperate.

**But it doesn't do any good to wait. Be working on those problems. To have time and quiet now, you have to use naptimes, early mornings, evenings.**

Form the habit of getting in touch with your feelings whenever you have even a few minutes alone, and, in one sigh, say to yourself, "It's quiet. Here is the time."

You need a good diet, and to eat at least one meal a day in quiet enjoyment — lunch during naptime, dinner alone with your husband — uninterrupted by children.

You need to read, to get out enough to keep in touch with "what's happening" — no matter how silly that is. You haven't left the world simply because you've gone into a house to be faithfully married and bring up children.

The man you married doesn't gloat over your having a rather limited, inferior kind of life. You didn't set out to frustrate his happiness, either.

A woman may expect her husband to provide a good living for his family, but feel resentful and neglected because he is absorbed by the work that supports them.

A man may give himself the excuse that his family kept him from trying his real talents, when the last thing he actually would want is to have his wife work to free him to venture — and perhaps fail.

We're supposed to remain monogamous, and as a practical project infidelity is usually more expensive, inconvenient, and frustrating than staying home.

Going to bed together at home can also be rather a project fitted among the other house activities. Getting away together alone can also be fairly chilling if the implication is inescapable — "Now's our chance."

What is needed, of course, is a lot more frank friendliness and willingness to learn to please each other without false dignity or pride — also a lot more care to remain attractive *all* the time, with more free, unchaperoned time that provides opportunity without the overt demand.

It is quite ludicrous and tragic how many men, feeling guilty for not spending time at home, make passes at girls they work with (who want to be not mistresses but wives), while, at home, the wives, feeling neglected, nonsensically sneer at and reject their husbands in "revenge."

Women get "sick" (no sick person is seductive), men get "tired," and both, after a few drinks, will confide that their marriage is a sexual desert. What perversity keeps them from giving each other an honest chance? Old grudges, fear, and very empty pride.

## Friends and lovers

A good marriage between interested, friendly people who have learned to respect each other's needs is the "best" one can give children. It includes a discipline that doesn't let them dominate the day.

**You can keep companionship with your husband alive if you manage house and children so he can enjoy them when he comes home; and have a little time to be alone.**

Let it be rewarding, when the children are bedded down, for you to meet and look at each other, and talk quietly.

Once you met for dates. Now you should be sometime-lovers and very good friends. Being either takes quite a lot of trouble, and to both you should bring your relaxed, imperfect, but loving selves.



Referring to our newest township, fifteen miles away, he went on, "I was lunching in Perlooma and I got talking to a man who remarked on my English accent and said that the only other pommie he knew was a stablehand here who was fool enough to want to go back home."

"Yes," I agreed. "Simmons." "Arthur Simmons," he said, nodding. "What sort of man is he?" "Very good with horses," I said. "But he only wants to go back to England when he's drunk. And he only gets drunk in Perlooma. Never here."

"Oh," he said. "Then wouldn't he go if he were given the chance?" "I don't know. It depends what you want him for."

"A year or two ago we had a great deal of trouble with the doping of racehorses," he said abruptly. "There were trials and prison sentences, and stringent all-round tightening of stable security, and a snapping-up of regular saliva and urine tests. We began to test the first four horses in many races to stop doping-to-win, and we tested every suspiciously beaten favorite for doping-to-lose. Nearly all the results since the new regulations came into force have been negative."

"How satisfactory," I said, not desperately interested.

"No. It isn't. Someone has discovered a drug which our analyst cannot identify."

"That doesn't sound possible," I said politely.

HE sensed my lack of enthusiasm. "There have been ten years, all winners. Ten that we are sure of. The horses apparently look conspicuously stimulated—I haven't actually seen one—but nothing shows up in the tests. Doping is nearly always an inside job. That is to say, stable lads are nearly always involved somehow, even if it is only to point out to someone the horse which is in which box." I nodded. Australia had had her troubles, too.

"We, that is to say, the other two members of the National Hunt Committee and myself, have once or twice discussed trying to find out about the doping from the inside, so to speak."

"But frankly we didn't see how we could guarantee that any lad we approached was not already working for the other side."

I grinned. "And Arthur Simmons has that guarantee?"

"Yes. And as he's English, he would fade indistinguishably into the racing scene. It occurred to me as I was paying my bill after lunch. So I asked the way here and drove straight up to see what he was like."

"You can talk to him," I said, standing up. "But I don't think it will be any good."

"He would be paid far in excess of the normal rate," he said, misunderstanding me.

"I didn't mean that he couldn't be tempted to go," I said, "but he just hasn't the brain for anything like that."

He followed me back out into the spring sunshine.

"Well, don't worry about him," he said.

"Isn't it expecting a great deal of any stable lad, however bright, to uncover something which has got men like you up a gum tree?"

"Yes. That is one of the difficulties I mentioned. But any idea is worth trying. You can't realise how serious the situation is."

We walked over to his car, and he opened the door.

"Well, thank you for your patience, Mr. Roke. I hope I haven't wasted too much of your afternoon."

I shook my head and he started the car and drove off down the road. He was out of my thoughts before he was through the gateposts.

But the next day at sundown I found him sitting in the small blue car, having no doubt discovered that there was no one in the house. I walked back toward him from the stable block where I had been doing my share of the evening's chores.

He got out of the car when he saw me coming and stamped on his cigarette. I knew instantly, then, why he had come back. I gestured

Continued from page 27

toward the house, and led him again into the living-room.

"A drink?" I asked. "Whisky?"

"Thank you." He took the glass.

"If you don't mind," I said, "I will go and change." And think, I added privately.

He stood up when I went back and took in my changed appearance with one smooth glance.

"I think," he said, "that you may have guessed why I am here."

"Perhaps."

"To persuade you to take the job I had in mind for Simmons," he said without preamble, and without haste.

"Yes," I said. I sipped my drink. "And I can't do it."

"I've learned a good deal about

## FOR KICKS

you now," he said slowly. "On my way from here yesterday it crossed my mind that it was a pity you were not Arthur Simmons; you would have been perfect. You did, if you will forgive me saying so, look the part." He sounded apologetic.

"But not now?"

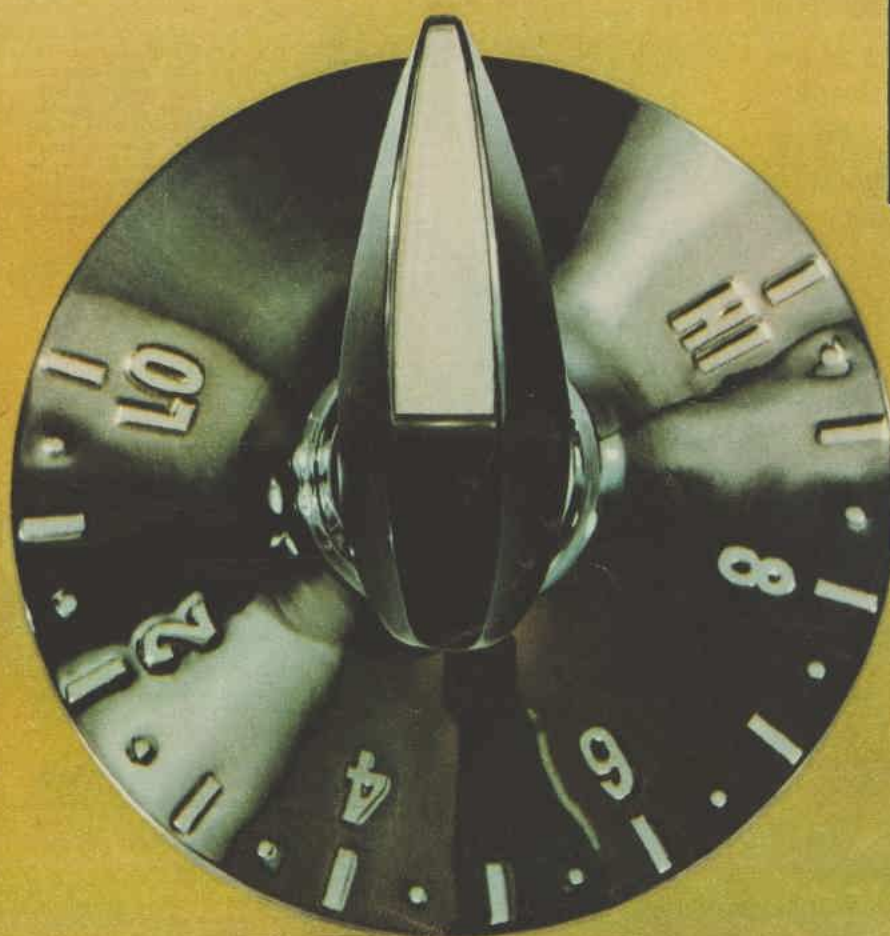
"You know you don't. You changed so that you wouldn't, I imagine. But you could again. And there's your voice," he said. "That Australian accent of yours . . . I know it's not as strong as many I've heard, but it's as near to cockney as dammit, and I expect you could broaden it a bit. You look

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FOR THE CHILDREN

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by TIM



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"What really happened to the journalist?" I asked.

"I don't know. It looked like an accident. It almost certainly was an accident. He went off the road at night on a bend on the Yorkshire moors. The car caught fire as it rolled down into the valley. He hadn't a hope."

"It won't deter me if you have any reason for thinking it was not an accident," I said seriously, "but you must be frank. If it was not an accident he must have made a lot of progress . . . he must have found out something pretty vital . . . it would be important to me to know where he had gone and what he had been doing during the days before he died."

"Did you think about all this before you agreed to accept my proposition?"

"Yes, of course."

HE smiled as if a load had been lifted from him. "Well . . . Tommy Stapleton—the journalist—was a good driver, but I suppose accidents can happen to anyone. It was a Sunday early in June. Monday, really. He died about two o'clock at night. A local man said the road was normal in appearance at one-thirty, and at two-thirty a couple going home from a party saw the broken railings on the bend and stopped to look. The car was still smouldering. They drove on into the nearest town to report it."

"The police think Stapleton went to sleep at the wheel. Easy enough to do. But they couldn't find out where he had been between leaving the house of some friends at five o'clock and arriving on the Yorkshire moors. The journey would have taken him only about an hour, which left nine hours unaccounted for. No one ever came forward to say he'd spent the evening with them, though the story was in most of the papers."

"As to where he had been during the days before . . . we did find out, discreetly. He'd done nothing and been nowhere that he didn't normally do in the course of his job. He'd come up from the London offices of his newspaper on the Thursday, gone to Bogsides races on the Friday and Saturday, stayed with friends near Hexham, Northumberland, over the weekend and as I said, left them at five on Sunday, to drive back to London. They said he had been his normal charming self the whole time."

"We, that is, the other two stewards and I—asked the Yorkshire police to let us see anything they salvaged from the car, but there was nothing of any interest to us. His leather briefcase was found

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face was solemn, almost severe. "Well?" he said.

"I'll think about it. I'll let you know tomorrow."

Commonsense said that the whole idea was crazy, that I hadn't any right to leave my family to fend for themselves while I went gallivanting round the world, and that the only possible course open to me was to stay where I was, and learn to be content.

Commonsense lost, and nine days later I flew to England.

Behind me I left a crowded week into which I had packed months of paper-work and a host of practical arrangements. Part of the difficulty was that I didn't know how long I would be away, but I reckoned that if I hadn't done the job in six months I wouldn't be able to do it at all, and made that the basis for my plans.

The head stud-groom was to have full charge of the training and sale of the horses already on the place, but not to buy or breed any more. A firm of contractors agreed to see to the general maintenance of the land and buildings. The woman currently cooking for the lads who lived in the bunk-house assured me that she would look after the family when they came back for the long Christmas summer holiday from December to February.

I arranged with the bank manager that I should send post-dated cheques for the next term's school fees and for the fodder and tack for the horses, and I wrote a pile for the head groom to cash one at a time for the men's food and wages. October assured me that "my fee" would be transferred to my account without delay.

"If I don't succeed, you shall have your money back, less what it cost me to be away," I told him.

He shook his head, but I insisted; and in the end we compromised. I was to have ten thousand outright, and the other half if my mission were successful.

I took October to my solicitor and had the rather unusual appointment shaped into a dryly worded legal contract, to which, with a wry smile, he put his signature alongside mine.

His amusement, however, disappeared abruptly when, as we left, I asked him to insure my life.

"I don't think I can," he said, frowning.

"Because I would be . . . uninsurable?" I asked.

He didn't answer.

"I have signed a contract," I pointed out. "Do you think I did it with my eyes shut?"

"It was your idea," He looked troubled. "I won't hold you to it."

right, and you sound right. You seem to me the perfect answer to all our problems."

"Physically," I commented, dryly.

"In every way. I know a good deal about you now. By the time I reached Perlooma yesterday afternoon I had decided to investigate you, one might say, to find out what sort of man you really were . . . to see if there were the slightest chance of your being attracted by such a . . . a job."

"I can't take on anything like that," I said. "I have enough to do here." The understatement of the month, I thought.

"Could you take on twenty thousand pounds?" He said it casually, conversationally.

The short answer to that was "Yes," but instead, after a moment's stillness, I said "Australian, or English?"

"English. Of course," he said ironically.

I said nothing. I simply looked at him. As if reading my thoughts he sat down in an armchair, crossed his legs comfortably, and said, "I'll tell you what you would do with it, if you like. You would pay the fees of the medical school your sister Belinda has set her heart on. You would send your younger sister Helen to art school, as she wants. You would put enough aside for your thirteen-year-old brother Philip to become a lawyer, if he is still of the same mind when he grows up. You could employ more labor here, instead of working yourself into an early grave feeding, clothing, and paying school fees for your family."

I SUPPOSE I should have been prepared for him to be thorough, but I felt a surge of anger that he should have pried so very intimately into my affairs.

"I also have had two girls and a boy to educate," he said. "I know what it is costing you. My elder daughter is at university, and the twin boy and girl have recently left school."

When I again said nothing, he continued, "You were born in England, and were brought to Australia when you were a child. Your father, Howard Roke, was a barrister, a good one. He and your mother were drowned together in a sailing accident when you were eighteen. Since then you have supported yourself and your sisters and brother by horse dealing and breeding. I understand that you had intended to follow your father into the law, but instead used the money he left to set up business here, in what had been your holiday house. You have done well at it. The horses you sell have a reputation for being well broken in and beautifully mannered. You are thorough, and you are respected."

He looked up at me. I could see there was still more to come.

He said, "Your headmaster at Geelong says you had a brain and are wasting it. Your bank manager says you spend little on yourself. Your doctor says you haven't had a holiday since you settled here nine years ago, except for a month you spent in hospital once with a broken leg. Your pastor says you never go to church, and he takes a poor view of it." He drank slowly.

Many doors, it seemed, were open to determined ears.

"And, finally," he added, with a lop-sided smile, "the

barkeeper of the Golden Platypus in Perlooma says he'd trust you with his sister, in spite of your good looks."

"And what were your conclusions, after all that?" I asked, my resentment a little better under control.

"That you are a dull, laborious prig," he said pleasantly.

I relaxed at that, and laughed, and sat down.

"Quite right," I agreed.

"On the other hand, everyone says you do keep on with something once you start it, and you are used to hard physical work. You know so much about horses that you could do a stable lad's job with your eyes shut, standing on your head."

"The whole idea is screwy," I said, sighing. "It wouldn't work, not with me, or Arthur Simmons, or anybody. It just isn't feasible. There are hundreds of training stables in Britain, aren't there? You could live in them for months and hear nothing, while the dopers got strenuously to work all around you."

He shook his head. "I don't think so. There are surprisingly few dishonest lads, far fewer than you or most people would imagine. A lad known to be corruptible would attract all sorts of crooks like an unguarded goldmine. All our man would have to do would be to make sure that the word was well spread that he was open to offers. He'd get them, no doubt of it."

"But would he get the ones you want? I very much doubt it."

"To me it seems a good enough chance to be worth taking. Frankly, any chance is worth taking, the way things are. We have tried everything else. And we have failed. We have failed in spite of exhaustive questioning of everyone connected with the affected horses. The police say they cannot help us. As we cannot analyse the drug being used, we can give them nothing to work on. We employed a firm of private investigators. They got nowhere at all."

"Direct action has achieved absolutely nothing. Indirect action cannot achieve less. I am willing to gamble twenty thousand pounds that with you it can achieve more. Will you do it?"

"I don't know," I said, and cursed my weakness.

He pounced on it, leaning forward and talking more rapidly, every word full of passionate conviction. "Racing is an industry employing thousands of people . . . and not the least of them are stud owners like you. You may think that I have offered you an extraordinarily large sum of money to come over and see if you can help us, but I am a rich man, and, believe me, the continuance of racing is worth a great deal more than that to me. My horses won nearly that amount in prizemoney last season, and if it can buy a chance of wiping out this threat I will spend it gladly."

"There must be someone in England who can dig out the information you want," I protested. "People who know the ins and outs of your racing. I left your country when I was nine. I'd be useless."

"Well . . . we did approach someone in England . . . A racing journalist, actually. Very good nose for news; very discreet, too; we thought he was the chap. Unfortunately he dug away without success for some weeks. And then he was killed in a car crash, poor fellow."

There was a pause, and he looked up from his glass. His

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undamaged halfway down the hillside, near one of the rear doors which had been wrenched off during the somersaulting, but there was nothing in it besides the usual form books and racing papers.

"He lived with his mother and sister — he was unmarried — and they let us search their house for anything he might have written down for us. There was nothing. We also contacted the sports editor of his paper and asked to see any possessions he had left in his office. There were only a few personal ornaments and an envelope containing some Press cuttings about dogging. We kept that. You can see them when you get to England. But I'm afraid they will be no use to you. They were very fragmentary."

"I see," I said. "You want to believe it was an accident . . . I think you want to believe it very much."

He nodded soberly. "It is appallingly disturbing to think anything else. If it weren't for those nine missing hours one would have no doubt at all."

He was to drive back to Sydney the following day and fly to England. He shook hands with me in the street and gave me his address in London, where I was to meet him again. With the door open and with one foot in the car he said, "I suppose it would be part of your . . . er . . . procedure . . . to appear as a slightly, shall we say, unreliable type of stable lad, so that the crooked element would take to you?"

"Definitely," I grinned. "Then, if I might suggest it, it would be a good idea for you to grow a couple of sideburns. It's surprising what a lot of distrust can be caused by an inch of extra hair in front of the ears! And don't bring many clothes," he added. "I'll fix you up with British stuff suitable for your new character."

**A**FTER he had gone, and without his persuasive force at my elbow, what I was planning to do seemed less sensible than ever. But then I was tired to death of being sensible.

The taxi from the air terminal brought me through a tree-filled square to the Earl of October's London house in a grey drizzle which in no way matched my spirits. Light-hearted, that was me. Springs in my heels.

In answer to my ring the elegant black door was opened by a friendly faced manservant who took my grip from my hand and said that as his lordship was expecting me he would take me up at once. "Up" turned out to be a crimson-walled drawing-room on the first floor, where, round an electric heater in an Adam fireplace, three men stood with glasses in their hands.

October came across the room to me and shook hands.

"Good trip?"

"Yes, thank you."

He turned toward the other men. "My two co-stewards arranged to be here to welcome you."

"My name is Macclesfield," said the taller of them, an elderly stooping man with riotous white hair. He leaned forward and held out a stony hand.

"And this is Colonel Beckett."

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## FOR KICKS

He gestured to the third man, a slender ill-looking person who shook hands also, but with a weak, limp grasp. All three of them paused and looked at me as if I had come from outer space.

"I am at your disposal," I said politely.

"Yes . . . well, we may as well get straight down to business," said October. "But a drink first?"

"Thank you."

He gave me a glass of the smoothest whisky I'd ever tasted, and we all sat down.

"My horses," October began, speaking easily, conversationally, "are trained in the stable block adjoining my house in Yorkshire. I do not train them myself, because

I am away too often on business. A man named Inskip holds the licence — a public licence — and, apart from my own horses, he trains several for my friends. At present there are about thirty-five horses in the yard, of which eleven are my own. We think it would be best if you started work as a lad in my stable, and then you can move on somewhere else when you think it is necessary. Clear, so far?"

I nodded.

He went on, "Inskip is an honest man, but unfortunately he's a bit of a talker, and we consider it essential for your success that he should not have any reason to chatter about the way you joined the stable. The hiring of lads is

always left to him, so it will have to be he, not I, who hires you.

"In order to make certain that we are short-handed — so that your application for work will be immediately accepted — Colonel Beckett and Sir Stuart Macclesfield are each sending three young horses to the stables two days from now. The horses are no good, I may say, but they're the best we could do in the time.

"In four days, when everyone is beginning to feel overworked, you will arrive in the yard and offer your services. Here is a reference. It is from a woman cousin of mine in Cornwall who keeps a couple of hunters. I have arranged that if Inskip checks with her she will give you a clean bill. You can't appear too doubtful in character to begin with, you see, or Inskip will not employ you.

"Inskip will ask you for your insurance card and an income-tax form which you would normally have brought on from your last job. Here they are." He gave them to me.

"The insurance card is stamped up to date and is no problem as it will not be queried in any way until next May, by which time we hope there will be no more need for it. The income-tax situation is more difficult, but we have constructed the form so that the address on the part which Inskip has to send off to the Inland Revenue people when he engages you is illegible. Any amount of natural-looking confusion should arise from that; and the fact that you were not working in Cornwall should be safely concealed."

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Continued from page 39

"I see. About this dope," I said, "you told me your analysts couldn't identify it, but you didn't give me any details. What is it that makes you positive it is being used?"

October glanced at Macclesfield, who said, "When a horse comes in from a race frothing at the mouth with his eyes popping out and his body drenched in sweat, one naturally suspects that he has been given a stimulant of some kind. Dopers usually run into trouble with stimulants, since it is difficult to judge the dosage needed to get a horse to win without arousing suspicion. If you had seen any of these particular horses we have tested, you would have sworn that they had been given a big overdose. But the test results were always negative."

"What do your pharmacists say?" I asked.

Beckett said, "They simply say there isn't a dope they can't identify."

"How about adrenalin?" I asked.

The stewards exchanged glances and Beckett said, "Most of the horses concerned did have a fairly high adrenalin count, but you can't tell from one analysis whether that is normal for that particular horse or not."

"The lab chaps," said October, "told us to look out for something mechanical. We went into all that sort of thing very thoroughly indeed, and we are firmly of the opinion that none of the jockeys involved carried anything out of the ordinary in any of their equipment."

"We have collected all our notes, all the lab notes, dozens of press cuttings, and anything else we thought could be of the slightest help," said Macclesfield, pointing to three boxes of files which lay in a pile on a table by my elbow.

"And you have four days to read them and think about them," added October, smiling faintly. "There is a room ready for you here, and my man will look after you. I am sorry I cannot be with you, but I have to return to Yorkshire tonight."

**B**ECKETT looked at his watch and rose slowly. "I must be going, Edward." To me, with a glance as alive and shrewd as his physique was failing, he said, "You'll do. And make it fairly snappy, will you? Time's against us."

I thought October looked relieved. I was sure of it when Macclesfield shook my hand again and rasped, "Now that you're actually here the whole scheme suddenly seems more possible."

Mr. Roke, I sincerely wish you every success."

October went down to the street door with them, and came back and looked at me across the crimson room.

"They are sold on you, Mr. Roke. I am glad to say."

Upstairs I found the manservant had unpacked the few clothes I had brought with me and put them tidily away. On the floor beside my own canvas and leather grip stood a cheap fibre suitcase with rust-marked locks. Amused, I explored its contents. On top there was a thick, sealed envelope with my name on it. I slit it open and found it was packed with five-pound notes; forty of them, and an accompanying slip which read: "Bread for

**A**LL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

throwing on waters." I laughed aloud.

Under the envelope October had provided everything from underclothes to washing things, jodhpur boots to rainproof, jeans to pyjamas.

Another note from him was tucked into the neck of a black leather jacket.

"This jacket completes what sideburns begin. Wearing both, you won't have any character to speak of. They are regulation dress for delinquents! Good luck."

I eyed the jodhpur boots. They were second-hand and needed polishing, but to my surprise, when I slid my feet into them, they were a good fit. I took them off and tried on a violently pointed pair of black walking shoes. Horrible, but they fitted comfortably also, and I kept them on to get my feet (and eyes) used to them.

The three box files, which I had carried up with me after October had left for Yorkshire, were stacked on a low table next to a small armchair, and with a feeling that there was no more time to waste, I sat down, opened the first of them and began to read.

Because I went painstakingly slowly through every word, it took me two days to finish all the papers in those boxes. And at the end of it I found myself staring at the carpet without a helpful idea in my head. There were accounts of interviews the stewards had held with the trainers, jockeys, head travelling lads, stable lads, blacksmiths, and veterinary surgeons connected with the eleven horses suspected of being doped. There was a lengthy report from a firm of private investigators who had interviewed dozens of stable lads in "places of refreshment" and got nowhere.

A memo ten pages long from a bookmaker went into copious details of the market which had been made on the horses concerned; but the last sentence summed it up: "We can trace no one person or syndicate which has won consistently on these horses, and therefore conclude that if any one person or syndicate is involved, their betting was done on the tote." Farther down the box I found a letter from Tote Investors Ltd. saying that not one of their credit clients had backed all the horses concerned, but that of course they had no check on cash betting at racecourses.

The second box contained eleven laboratory reports of

analyses made on urine and saliva samples. The first report referred to a horse called Charcoal, and was dated eighteen months earlier. The last gave details of tests made on a horse called Rudyard as recently as September, when October was in Australia.

The word "negative" had been written in a neat hand at the end of each report.

The Press had had a lot of trouble dodging the laws of libel. The clippings from daily papers in the third box contained such sentences as "Charcoal displayed a totally uncharacteristic turn of foot," and "In the unsaddling enclosure Rudyard appeared to be considerably excited by his success."

There were fewer references to Charcoal and the following three horses, but at that point someone had employed a news-gathering agency: the last seven cases were documented by clippings from several daily, evening, local, and sporting papers.

At the bottom of the clippings I came across a medium sized manilla envelope. On it was written "Received from Sports Editor, Daily Scope, June 10." This, I realised, was the packet of cuttings collected by Stapleton, the unfortunate journalist, and I opened the envelope with much curiosity. But to my great disappointment, because I badly needed some help, all the clippings except three were duplicates of those I had already read.

Of these three, one was a personality piece on the woman owner of Charcoal, one was an account of a horse (not one of the eleven) going berserk and killing a woman on June 3 in the paddock at Cartmel, Lancashire, and the third was a long article from a racing weekly discussing famous cases of doping, how they had been discovered and how dealt with. I read this attentively, with minimum results.

After all this unfruitful concentration I spent the whole of the next day wandering round in London.

I made one purchase, a zip-pocketed money belt made of strong canvas webbing. It buckled flat round my waist under my shirt, and into it I packed the two hundred pounds: wherever I was going I thought I might be glad to have that money readily available.

In the evening, refreshed, I tried to approach the doping problem from another angle, by seeing if the horses had had anything in common.

Apparently they hadn't. All were trained by different trainers. All were owned by different owners; and all had been ridden by different jockeys. The only thing they all had in common was that they had nothing in common.

Two days later I caught the noon train to Harrogate and intercepted several disapproving glances from a prim middle-aged man with frayed cuffs sitting opposite me. This was all satisfactory, I thought, looking out at the damp autumn countryside flying past; this assures me that I do immediately make a dubious impression. It was rather a lop-sided thing to be pleased about.

From Harrogate I caught a country bus to the small village of Slaw, and having asked the way walked the last two miles to October's place, arriving just before six o'clock, the best time of day for seeking work in a stable.

Sure enough they were rushed off their feet: I asked for the head lad, and he took me with him to Inskip, who was doing his evening round of inspection.

**I**NSKIP looked me over and pursed his lips. He was a stringy, youngish man with spectacles, sparse sandy hair, and a sloppy-looking mouth.

"References?" In contrast, his voice was sharp and authoritative.

I took the letter from October's Cornish cousin out of my pocket and gave it to him. He opened the letter, read it, and put it away in his own pocket.

"As it happens, we are short-handed. We'll give you a try. Wally, arrange a bed for him with Mrs. Allnut, and he can start in the morning. Usual wages," he added to me, "eleven pounds a week, and three pounds of that goes to Mrs. Allnut for your keep. You can give me your cards tomorrow."

"Yes," I said; and I was in.

Wally, the head lad, said I was to sleep in the cottage where about a dozen unmarried lads lived. I was shown into a small crowded upstairs room containing six beds, a wardrobe, two chests of drawers, and four bedside chairs; which left roughly two square yards of clear space in the centre.

Once or twice during the first few days I stopped myself just in time from absent-mindedly telling another lad what to do; nine years' habit died hard.

Inskip allotted me to three newly arrived horses, which was not good from my point of view as it meant that I

could not expect to be sent to a race meeting with them. They were neither fit nor entered for races, and it would be weeks before they were ready to run, even if they proved to be good enough. I pondered the problem while I carried their hay and water and cleaned their boxes and rode them out at morning exercise with the string.

A few nights after, I had eaten the evening meal with the other lads, I walked down to the Slaw pub with two of them. Half way through the first drinks I left them and went and telephoned to October.

"Who is speaking?" a man's voice inquired.

I was stumped for a second; then I said "Perlooma," knowing that that would fetch him.

He came on the line. "Anything wrong?"

"No," I said. "Does anyone at the local exchange listen to your calls?"

"I wouldn't bet on it," he hesitated. "Where are you?"

"Slaw, in the phone box at your end of the village."

"I have guests for dinner; will tomorrow do?"

"Yes."

He paused for thought. "Can you tell me what you want?"

"Yes," I said. "The form books for the last seven or eight seasons, and every scrap of information you can possibly dig up about the eleven subjects."

"Do you want anything else?"

"Yes, but it needs discussion."

He thought. "Behind the stable yard there is a stream which comes down from the moors. Walk up beside it tomorrow, after lunch."

"Right."

I hung up, and went back to my interrupted drink in the pub.

"You've been a long time," said Paddy, one of the lads I had come with.

"We're one ahead of you," said the other lad, a gawky boy of eighteen.

They slept one each side of me, Paddy and Grits, in the little dormitory. Paddy, as sharp as Grits was slow, was a tough little Irishman with eyes that never missed a trick.

"Nothing much doing tonight," observed Grits gloomily. He brightened. "Pay day tomorrow."

"It'll be full here tomorrow, and that's a fact," agreed Paddy. "With Soupy and that lot from Granger's stable, over t'other side of the hill."

We walked back to the stables, talking as always about horses.

The following afternoon I wandered casually out of the stables and started up the stream, picking up stones as I went and throwing them in, as if to enjoy the splash. Some of the lads were punting a football about in the paddock behind the yard, but none of them paid any attention to me. A good long way up the hill, where the stream ran through a steep, grass-sided gully, I came across October sitting on a boulder smoking a cigarette. He was accompanied by a black retriever, and a gun and a full game bag lay on the ground beside him.

"Doctor Livingstone, I presume," he said, smiling.

"Quite right, Mr. Stanley. How did you guess?" I perched on a boulder near to him.

He kicked the game bag. "The form books are in here, and a note book with all that Beckett and I could rake up at such short notice about those eleven horses. But surely the reports in the files you read would be of more use than

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## FOR KICKS



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## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 288—TWO-PIECE TENNIS FROCK

Smart tennis outfit is available cut out to make in white terylene viscose, with skirt already permanently pleated. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/12/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/14/6. Postage and dispatch 3/6 extra.

### No. 289—SET OF TEATOWELS

Set of seven teatowels is available cut out to embroider on multi-stripe pure Irish linen teatowel, each featuring a different motif. Set of seven, 49/- plus 3/- postage; OR available at 7/3 ea. plus 8d postage.

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Chic hostess skirt is available cut out to make in brown, turquoise, red, black, and midnight-blue silicone velveteen. Sizes 22 and 26in. waist, £2/15/-; 28 and 30in. waist, £2/17/6. Postage and dispatch 3/- extra.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 244/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4880, G.P.O., Sydney, N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington, N.Z. C.O.D. orders accepted.



"I'll find out."

"I will sell one," he said, "but if it goes for auction it will take time. The application forms have to go to the auctioneer nearly a month before the sale date."

"Lads don't change their horses in midstream," he said, rubbing his chin.

W

We shook hands and October said, smiling, "You may like to know that Inskip thinks you ride extraordinarily well for a stable lad. His exact words were that he didn't really trust men with your sort of looks, but that you'd the hands of an angel. You'd better watch that."

He grinned and went off up the hill, and I turned downwards along the stream, gradually becoming ruefully aware that however much of a lark I might find it to put on wolf's clothing, it was going to hurt my pride if I had to hash up my riding as well.

"Mine will beat yours with his eyes shut on Wednesday."

"... The jockey made a right muck of the start and never got in touch ..."

The easy chat ebbed and flowed. I lolled on a hard chair with my arm hooked over the back and watched Paddy and one of Granger's lads engage in a game of dominoes. Horses, cars, football, boxing, films, the last local dance and back to horses, always back to horses. I listened to it all and learned nothing except that these lads were mostly content with their lives, mostly good-natured, mostly observant, and mostly harmless.

I turned my head and looked up at him. "Yeah," I said languidly.

"Dan," I said, "and yours?"

## FOR KICKS

"TNT," said Paddy obligingly, looking up from his dominoes. "Soupy."

Soupy Tarleton smiled a small, carefully dangerous smile: To impress me, I gathered. He was about my own age and build, but much fairer, with the reddish skin which I had noticed so many Englishmen had. His light hazel eyes protruded slightly in their sockets, and he had a narrow moustache.

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He showed no signs of wanting to be friendly. He merely nodded, said, "See you," and detached himself to go over and watch the bar billiards.

Colonel Beckett's staff work continued to be of the highest possible kind. As soon as he had heard from October that I was immobilised in the stable with three useless horses he set about liberating me.

"Tell me, Doctor . . . Can plastic surgery do ANYTHING for a nose like mine?"



Shining hair, so beautifully held  
...it's the loveliness of Gossamer

the natural beauty of your hair with lustrous highlights. Gossamer brushes right out leaving your hair with a just washed feeling. Everything you want a hair spray to do, Gossamer does best.





# COOKING FOR FETES

## Confectionery



## Pickles and Chutneys

### RED CABBAGE PICKLE

One red cabbage, salt, pepper, ground ginger, spiced vinegar.

Choose a good firm cabbage. Soak in salted water to cleanse thoroughly. Remove discolored leaves, cut out centre stalk. Cut cabbage into thin shreds across the leaf. Place in large earthenware bowl in layers, sprinkle salt between each layer. Stand 24 hours, then drain thoroughly. Pack into jars in layers, sprinkling each layer with pepper and very little amount of ginger. Cover with cold spiced vinegar. Cover jars, making perfectly airtight.

**Spiced Vinegar:** Put 1 quart of vinegar into enamel saucepan, add 1oz. black peppercorns, 1 tablespoon bruised grated ginger, 1 tablespoon allspice, 3 blades mace. Boil 10 minutes, cover tightly; stand until cold. Strain.

### GREEN TOMATO PICKLES

Five pounds green tomatoes, 3lb. onions, 4 cucumbers, 1½ cups plain flour, 1½ pints white vinegar, 1½ pints brown vinegar, 3lb. sugar, 3 tablespoons mustard, 1 tablespoon turmeric, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon cayenne pepper, ½ cup salt, 6 pints cold water.

Cut up onions, tomatoes, and cucumbers. Make brine from salt and water, pour over vegetables, let stand overnight. Next day place mixture into large saucepan, boil slowly until tender. In separate saucepan boil together the vinegar and sugar. Mix dry ingredients to smooth paste with a little extra vinegar. Remove vinegar from heat, add paste gradually, stirring continuously to prevent lumps. Return to heat, stirring well until thick. Strain vegetables, add to thickened vinegar. Simmer slowly about 20 minutes. Pour into warm sterilised jars. Seal when cool.

### CORN RELISH

Two 12oz. cans whole kernel corn, 1 cup white wine vinegar, ½ cup olive oil or salad oil, 1 tablespoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 teaspoons dry mustard, ½ teaspoon dried tarragon, 1 medium green pepper, 5 stalks celery, 1 medium onion, 4oz. can or jar pimentos.

Drain corn thoroughly. Heat vinegar, olive or salad oil, salt, pepper, mustard, and tarragon in saucepan to boiling point. Add corn, cook 5 to 8 minutes. Meanwhile, finely chop the green pepper, celery, onion, and pimentos. Add these chopped vegetables to hot corn mixture (don't cook), spoon into 3 sterilised pint jars. Seal when cooled.

### CHOKO PICKLES

One dozen chokos, 3lb. onions, 1 cauliflower, 2 pints malt vinegar, 1 tablespoon each turmeric, curry powder, and mustard, ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper, 2lb. brown sugar, 1 cup plain flour, 4oz. salt, water.

Chop chokos, onions, and cauliflower into small pieces, cover with water, add the salt; stand overnight. Next day bring to boil, cook until tender, drain off liquid, and add half the vinegar. Return to heat. Mix dry ingredients with other half of vinegar, add to mixture. Boil steadily 25 minutes, bottle while hot, seal when cold.

### BEETROOT AND CABBAGE RELISH

Two cups cooked beetroot, 1 cup chopped celery, 2½lb. cabbage, 8 cups vinegar, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon cayenne, 2 tablespoons mustard seeds, 1 tablespoon celery seeds.

Shred cabbage finely, place in large saucepan with chopped

celery and cooked beetroot. Add vinegar and remainder of ingredients. Mix well, bring to boil. Cook further 3 minutes, cool 10 minutes. Pour into sterilised jars, seal when cold.

### BENGAL CHUTNEY

One pound sultanas, 1lb. dates, ½lb. dried apricots, ½lb. dried peaches, 1lb. green tomatoes, 3 large green apples, 2 large red chillies (or red peppers), 4oz. green ginger, 1lb. brown sugar, 2oz. salt, 1 quart vinegar, 1 dessertspoon allspice, 1 dessertspoon cloves.

Put sultanas, dates, apricots, and peaches through mincer or chop finely. Place in pan with peeled chopped tomatoes, chopped apples (peeled and cored), chopped seeded chillies or peppers, chopped ginger, salt, brown sugar, vinegar, allspice, and cloves. Cook steadily until it reaches thick chutney consistency. Bottle while hot, seal when cold.

### TOMATO SAUCE

Four pounds tomatoes, 2 tablespoons salt, 1lb. sugar, 1 pint vinegar, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon spice, 3 onions, 3 green apples, ½ clove garlic.

Peel and core apples, chop them roughly. Peel and chop onions. Chop unpeeled tomatoes. Place in large saucepan with vinegar and very finely minced garlic. Simmer gently 1 hour. Rub through sieve, return to pan with salt, sugar, pepper, spice, and cloves (the cloves should be tied in piece of clean muslin). Cook gently ½ hour longer; remove cloves. Bottle, warm, in sterilised jars. Seal when cold.

### CSALMADE

Two cups white vinegar, 1 cup malt vinegar, 1 cup water, ½ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons salt, 2 bayleaves, 12 peppercorns, 1 teaspoon horseradish, 1 red and 1 green pepper, 2 dill pickles, 2 large onions, ½ cabbage.

Combine in large saucepan the vinegars, water, sugar, salt, bayleaves, peppercorns, and horseradish. Bring mixture to boil. Meanwhile, prepare vegetables. Slice peppers into long shreds, cut dill pickles into rings, peel onions and cut into small wedges, shred cabbage. Place into boiling vinegar mixture the peppers, dill pickles, and onions, simmer 8 minutes. Add cabbage, continue simmering further 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Fill into hot sterilised jars, making sure vinegar covers vegetables; seal at once.

### MINT JELLY

One tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 1 cup hot water, ½ pint vinegar, 1 cup finely chopped mint, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons sugar, few drops green food coloring.

Soften gelatine in cold water, add hot water, stir until dissolved. Add sugar, salt, mint, and vinegar. Add few drops of food coloring. Allow to cool, bottle in small jars.

### APRICOT CHUTNEY

Three pounds apricots (or 1lb. dried apricots, soaked overnight), 1½ pints vinegar, 1lb. sugar, 1lb. onions, 1lb. sultanas, 1 dessertspoon salt, 4 teaspoons allspice, pinch cayenne.

Stone and cut up apricots; chop onions and sultanas. Place all ingredients in large saucepan. Tie allspice in piece of muslin cloth. Bring to boil, then simmer until good color and consistency (about 1½ hours). Pour into clean jars, seal when cool.

### HONEY TOFFEE

Two cups sugar, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon butter, hundreds-and-thousands.

Grease saucepan with butter. Place all ingredients except hundreds-and-thousands in saucepan, bring to boil. Boil steadily until a little dropped in cold water becomes hard. Do not stir at all. Pour into paper patty cases, sprinkle with hundreds-and-thousands.

### BUTTERSCOTCH

Three ounces brown sugar, 1lb. white sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ pint water, 3oz. liquid glucose, pinch cream of tartar, 4oz. butter, vanilla.

Place in saucepan the sugars, salt, water, glucose, and cream of tartar. Bring slowly to the boil with lid on. Bring to 312deg. F., or "crack" stage; add melted butter gradually. Flavor with vanilla. Pour into greased shallow cake tin. Mark in squares, break when cold.

### BARLEY SUGAR

One pound sugar, 3 tablespoons water, 1 dessertspoon liquid glucose, pinch cream of tartar.

Place all ingredients in saucepan, cook over low heat with lid on until sugar dissolves; boil without lid until deep honey color. Cool a little. Pour on to marble slab; when pliable roll and twist into lengths.

### CREAMY FUDGE

Two ounces butter, 4 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1lb. sugar, ½ can sweetened condensed milk.

Grease inside of large saucepan. Add butter, water, golden syrup, sugar, and condensed milk; stir over gentle heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to boil, and boil exactly 10 minutes. Pour into lightly greased 7in. square tin. Cool, cut into squares.

### RAINBOW JELLIES

One ounce gelatine, 1 orange, 1 lemon, 1lb. sugar, 5oz. cold water, 2 tablespoons sherry, red and green coloring.

Soften gelatine in little of the cold water. Thinly peel half rind from orange

and lemon, cut into small pieces; squeeze juice from fruit. Place rind, juice, sugar, and water into saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar has dissolved. Bring to boil. Add softened gelatine and sherry; simmer until gelatine is dissolved. Strain, then divide into 3 basins. Color one portion green, another red, leave the third plain. Pour red jelly into wetted bar tin. Place in freezer to set quickly. Whip third portion until white and commencing to set. Pour over red jelly then finally cover with green jelly. When set cut into squares, roll in castor sugar.

### CHOCOLATE COCONUT ICE

Four ounces white vegetable shortening, 1lb. icing sugar, ½lb. desiccated coconut, 2 egg-whites, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon drinking chocolate, 1 dessertspoon malted milk powder.

Place in heatproof basin the coconut, vanilla, slightly beaten egg-whites, and sifted icing sugar. Melt the shortening over gentle heat (it should be warm, not hot). Pour shortening on to ingredients in basin, mix to combine thoroughly. Press half mixture into 7in. tin lined with greaseproof paper and oiled. Add drinking chocolate and malted milk powder to remaining mixture, work in evenly. Press firmly over white mixture. Set in cool place; cut into blocks.

### ORANGE

#### MARSHMALLOWS

One cup sugar, 1 cup boiling water, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 dessertspoon orange cordial, 1 teaspoon lemon cordial, 1 egg-white.

Place all ingredients except egg-white in saucepan, bring to the boil. Boil a few minutes over low heat; cool. Beat egg-white in basin until stiff, gradually add gelatine mixture, continue beating until mixture is thick enough to hold a figure 8. Set in wetted tins in refrigerator. Cut in squares.

Toss in toasted coconut or cut into squares, dip tops in melted chocolate.

### RAINBOW JUBES and marshmallows.





# Biscuits and cakes



CEREAL CRISPS and Chocolate Coconut Wafers at rear; Peanut Meringues and Oat-Nut Biscuits in front.

## BISCUITS . . .

### MARSHMALLOW BISCUIT SLICE

Three crushed breakfast cereal biscuits,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup self-raising flour, 1 cup coconut,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. white vegetable shortening.

Topping: One cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, coconut.

Mix dry ingredients in basin. Add melted white shortening. Press into greased lamington tin. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Allow to cool, top with marshmallow topping, sprinkle with coconut. Refrigerate until set. Cut into squares.

Topping: Place sugar, water, and gelatine in saucepan. Boil together 3 minutes over medium heat. Allow to cool, heat until thick and fluffy. Pour over biscuit base.

### CHOCOLATE COCONUT WAFERS

Four ounces butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup corn breakfast cereal,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup coconut.

Icing: Eight ounces icing sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, milk.

Cream butter and sugar, add sifted flour, fold in cereal and coconut. Press into greased lamington tin. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes, or until firm. Spread with icing, cut into bars while still warm.

Icing: Sift together icing sugar and cocoa; add butter and just sufficient warm milk to make thick spreading consistency; beat well.

### OAT-NUT BISCUITS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup plain flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon bicarbonate soda,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup rolled oats,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup salted peanuts, 1 cup corn breakfast cereal.

Cream butter and sugar, beat in egg; fold in sifted flour, soda, and baking powder, then remaining ingredients. Place in teaspoonfuls on to greased baking trays (space well apart because they spread a little). Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes.

### SULTANA CRISPS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup plain flour, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon bicarbonate of soda,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup rolled oats,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sultanas, 1 cup corn breakfast cereal.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, and mix well. Fold in the sifted flour, salt, bicarbonate of soda, and baking powder. Work in the rolled oats, sultanas, and corn cereal; mix well. Place teaspoonful at a time on greased oven slides. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Cool on trays.

### RAISIN SPICE BARS

Half cup melted butter, 1-3rd cup golden syrup, 2 eggs, 1 cup plain flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon bicarbonate of soda,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon nutmeg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ground cloves, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup raisins.

Combine butter, golden syrup, and beaten eggs; mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, nuts, and raisins. Fill into greased lamington tin, bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. Cool, cut into bars.

### CEREAL CRISPS

Two egg-whites,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 4 cups corn breakfast cereal,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped nuts,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup coconut, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, glace cherries.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, beat in sugar gradually; fold in dry ingredients, then butter and vanilla; mix well. Place, by dessertspoonfuls on to greased slide, top each with small piece of cherry. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes.

### PEANUT MERINGUES

One cup shelled peanuts (or blanched almonds), pinch salt, 1 egg-white, 1 cup brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla.

Toast nuts in oven a few minutes, then chop coarsely; sprinkle with salt. Beat egg-white until stiff but not dry, gradually add the sugar; continue beating until stiff, then add vanilla. Fold in chopped nuts. Drop by teaspoonfuls on to greased oven slides. Bake in slow oven  $\frac{1}{2}$  hours or until very lightly browned and firm to touch. Lower heat to very slow for last 15 minutes.

## CAKES . . .

### LAMINGTONS

Cake: Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup castor sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup milk.

Icing: One and a half cups icing sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 or 2 tablespoons hot water, coconut.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy, add vanilla and unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with the milk, then pour into greased lamington tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Allow to stand in tin a few minutes before turning on to cake cooler. When quite cold, cut into small blocks, cover with chocolate icing, and toss in coconut.

Icing: Sift the icing sugar and cocoa well together. Melt butter in hot water, add a little at a time to icing sugar until mixture is a good consistency to pour easily over cakes.

### BANANA CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla, pinch grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, 3 medium-sized bananas,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons milk.

Cream butter with the sugar, vanilla, and lemon rind. Add eggs one at a time, mix well. Beat in the thoroughly mashed bananas. Fold in first the sifted flour and salt, then add milk and soda. Turn into greased 8in. cake tin. Bake in a moderate oven 50 to 55 minutes.

### CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2oz. cooking chocolate, 3 tablespoons boiling water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups plain flour,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt.

Cream butter or substitute, gradually add sugar, continue beating until light and fluffy. Add chocolate which has been melted in the boiling water and cooled; add vanilla. Stir in egg-yolks one at a time, then add milk alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites; fill into 2 greased 8in. sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Cool on cake cooler. Join and top with frosting.

Frosting: Place  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream or evaporated milk in saucepan with 2oz. butter. Bring just to boil, remove from heat. Gradually add 3 cups sifted icing sugar, beating well until mixture is smooth. Lastly add pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla and 3oz. cooking chocolate (melted and cooled). Beat until thickened to spreading consistency.

### SUN-KISSED ORANGE CAKE

One and a half cups self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 2oz. melted butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, pinch salt.

Sift the flour 3 times, add sugar. Mix milk with melted butter, add orange rind and egg, well beaten, with salt. Fold into dry ingredients. Turn into greased 8in. ring tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Ice with orange-flavored icing when cold.

### CITRUS DATE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped dates, 2 dessertspoons marmalade jam, 2 medium-sized bananas, 2 cups self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons milk, lemon-flavored icing, citrus peel and cherries to decorate.

Cream butter and sugar together, add beaten eggs, beat well. Mix in chopped dates, marmalade, and mashed bananas. Fold in sifted flour alternately with milk. Fill into greased 8in. ring tin, bake in moderately hot oven about 40 minutes or until cooked through. Let stand 10 minutes before removing from tin on to cake cooler. Frost with lemon-flavored icing, decorate with cherries and sprinkling of finely sliced citrus peel.

### EGGLESS LUNCHEON LOAF

Two tablespoons butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 teaspoon spice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped nuts,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sultanas, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup boiling water,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sifted plain flour.

Combine in basin the spice, sugar, nuts, and sultanas. Add boiling water in which butter and soda have been dissolved. Add sifted flour, mix in thoroughly. Fill into greased loaf tin, bake 1 hour in moderate oven.

● Crunchy little biscuits, home-made jams rich with color, simple cakes, an assortment of colorful confectionery, and good tasting chutneys are all best-sellers.



## Home-made jam

### THREE-FRUIT MARMALADE

Two oranges, 2 lemons, 2 grapefruit, sugar, water.

Peel grapefruit, remove seeds and rinds, cut up all pulp, cut half the rind into very thin strips. Finely slice the unpeeled oranges and lemons. To each cup of pulp add 3 cups of water; allow to stand overnight. Boil 10 minutes, cool, let stand overnight again. Measure out 1 cup of sugar to each cup of pulp, combine and boil gently 2 hours or until jam jells when tested.

### RED RASPBERRY JAM

Eight pounds jam melon, 2lb. sugar, extra 4lb. sugar (warmed), 1 bottle raspberry cordial base, 1 can raspberry jam.

Mince peeled jam melon, add 2lb. sugar, stand overnight. Next morning, simmer until tender, then add extra warmed sugar. When dissolved, add bottle of cordial base and contents of can of raspberry jam. Boil fast until of right consistency when tested on cold saucer. Fill into clean, warm jars. Seal and label when cold.

### GOLDEN APRICOT JAM

Half pound dried apricots, water,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, 3 tablespoons finely grated carrot, juice of 2 lemons, grated rind of 1 lemon.

Cover apricots with cold water, soak overnight. Change water once during soaking time. Place apricots and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of the water in saucepan. Add grated carrot and lemon rind. Cook gently until apricots are soft and easily broken; add sugar and lemon juice. Stir until boiling. Cook rapidly until mixture jells when tested on cold saucer (30 to 40 minutes). Bottle while hot, seal when cold.

### DRIED APRICOT AND PUMPKIN JAM

Half pound dried apricots,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pts. water, 8 tablespoons lemon juice (lemon must not be too ripe), 1lb. good colored pumpkin.

Soak apricots overnight in 1 pint of water. Next day peel pumpkin, cut up roughly. Cook gently in remainder of water and lemon juice until quite soft. Add apricots and water, cook 10 to 15 minutes

longer. Add sugar, cook until jam thickens and jells when tested. (This should not take long.)

### TROPICAL FRUIT JAM

Four pounds jam melon, 1 cup water, 1 pineapple (shredded),  $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, pulp 4 passionfruit, juice 3 lemons.

Peel and dice melon, place in saucepan with water, cover and boil gently until tender (about 20 minutes). Add shredded pineapple, cook further 5 minutes. Add sugar, stir until dissolved. Boil steadily about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour without lid. Fifteen minutes before end of cooking time remove saucepan from heat, add passionfruit pulp and lemon juice. Return to heat, continue cooking until jam jells when tested on cold saucer. Cool slightly, then bottle.

### PEAR AND PASSION-FRUIT JAM

One pound firm pears, 12 passionfruit, 1lb. sugar, juice 2 lemons.

Peel and chop pears roughly. Scoop pulp from passionfruit over pears. Boil passionfruit skins in enough water to cover about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour or until inside skins are soft. Strain off liquid, reserve. Scoop out pulp from skins, add to pears, discard skins. Add to pears the reserved liquid, sugar, and strained lemon juice. Boil all together until a good consistency. Test after 20 minutes cooking. Bottle while hot.

### TOMATO MARMALADE

Fifteen medium-sized tomatoes, 2 small oranges, 2 small lemons,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 small sticks cinnamon.

Scald tomatoes, remove skins. Mash tomatoes, retaining all juice and discarding hard cores. Measure pulp and juice (there should be 10 cups). Thinly slice oranges and lemons including rinds; leave slices whole. In large saucepan combine tomato, orange, and lemon slices, sugar, salt, and cinnamon sticks. Bring to boil and boil gently, stirring frequently until thickened (about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours). Remove from heat, discard cinnamon sticks. Pour into hot sterilised jars. Seal immediately.

Recipes from Our Leila Howard Test Kitchen





## Plump, luscious prunes give that sun-rich taste to breakfast cereals

Prunes with cornflakes (or any other cereal) give breakfast a grand new "wake up" flavour. The tireddest appetites rouse up to their luscious sun-rich goodness. □ Other fruits come and go but tasty, tender prunes are always in season and ready to eat, straight from the 'polycel' pack your grocer is selling now. □ P.S. Go easy on the sugar—just a sprinkle on the cereal is enough—because prunes are packed with *natural* sugars, the best kind for everyone's health!



"Australian Sun Fruits make the dish!" says Sue Murray, Home Economist of Australian Dried Fruits Association



# AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● I do hope the fashions will change before Mike gets much older. So many of my friends lie awake at night dreaming up new arguments to talk their sons into having haircuts, and have to put up with the shame of being seen in public with them looking like dish-mops or bedraggled chrysanthemums.

NOT that it's particularly easy to get Mike to visit a barber, but that's due to small-boy reluctance to waste valuable time on anything so uninteresting as his personal appearance rather than to any conviction that the with-it thing is to have long hair.

I just keep my fingers crossed and pray that by the time Mike feels the inclination to be with-it (or whatever the fashionable phrase will be by that time) something else will have caught the teenage male fancy.

This wish stems from cowardice on my part — and from indecision. I just don't know what attitude I'd take.

I've seen some of my friends ranting and raving about their sons' hair, some resorting to heavy bribery and some just giving in and suffering it in silence—or near silence, since I've never met any suffering parent yet who can quite leave the subject alone.

The truth of the matter is that oldies (both male and female) are immutably set in their ways and really believe that the only respectable male hair style is the good old short back and sides.

Remember the crew-cut days, when people complained that their sons looked as though they'd come out of jail too recently for their hair to have had time to grow? Yet most fathers who can't get near the bathroom mirror because their son is combing his flowing locks would gladly settle now for a crew-cut. In fact, they'd probably settle for the Yul Brynner look as preferable.

Much as I hate the look of these long-haired lads (and hate even more the inevitable comb poking out of a hip pocket) I have a feeling that parents would be wise to fuss neither more nor less than they fuss over some (to them) utterly unbecoming fashion adopted by teenage daughters.

We've all been through the black-stocking look, the pre-just-got-up-out-of-a-ditch look, the pale lipstick look, the corpse-like make-up look, the elaborate bee-hive look for hair, and the greasy and lanky look. Depending on

our temperaments, we suffered more or less at the time — and we nagged or laughed, or forbade, or bribed.

None of it lasted long, remember? The average person has a fairly strong urge to look like an average person, with short excursions into far-fetched fashions occasionally, just for kicks.

## And who'd want to look like a balding Beatle?

LONG hair for teenage youths may last for years, but I doubt whether it will last for more than a year or two on any one single teenage head.

Already I've known half a dozen or more who've given the game away and been lovingly received back into the barber's chair.

After all, neither youth nor hair lasts for ever, and long silken locks do nothing above a man's collar and tie to set off a face that's beginning to show interesting signs of character and maturity.

They only draw attention to a retreating hairline; they would have to be treated with dye to hide that tell-tale grey that often turns up in the thirties; and nobody, surely, would wear them as a fringe surrounding a centre bald spot!

An English poet once said, "Before I got married I had six theories about bringing up children. Now I have six children and no theories." He was the Earl of Rochester. He lived in the seventeenth century, and he knew a thing or two.

As I say, I have theories now, but I don't know quite how I'll react in the future if Mike turns up to a meal with six or eight inches of wavy yellow hair falling across his face. All the same, I think I'd try to go easy, remembering the unshakable obstinacy with which, in my teens, I withstood six months of criticism and excessively rude remarks from my family over a hair

style that I favored and that they — with one voice — declared made me look like a cross between Guy Fawkes and a prim old governess.

I gave it up only when I wanted to give it up, and I regarded their arguments as ill-mannered, uninformed, and a dastardly effort at interference with the freedom of the individual.

Unless he or she is to be forever tied to the parental apron-strings, any young thing has to make its own mistakes in matters of taste and fashion.

And (though I confess I'm reluctant to admit it in the middle of an argument with my daughters) the mere fact that one is no longer a young thing doesn't necessarily mean one's taste and fashion sense are faultless!

By the same token, I'm inclined to think that a magistrate who insists on a teenager having his hair cut before his case is heard (as happened recently in an Australian court) is exceeding his authority. The function of the courts, surely, is to decide law not fashion.

It would make about as much sense for the magistrate to refuse to hear evidence from any male witness who wore a bow tie or any female witness who used mascara.

## It's a sharp success in any kitchen . . .

SOME time ago I wrote a paean of praise for the good old-fashioned steel knives which once graced dining tables.

These days, such knives (if you can get your hands on one) are wonderful for kitchen jobs.

Readers have written to me from every State and from New Zealand to point out that there is a substitute, available for only a shilling or two.

You want to know what? Buy yourself a boot knife — the type bootmakers use to cut the leather even with the sole of the shoe they are repairing.

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**rheumatism?**

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MASSAGER



On Tuesday afternoon, when I had been with the stable for a week, Wally, the head lad, stopped me as I carried two buckets full of water across the yard.

"That horse of yours in number seventeen is going tomorrow," he said. "You'll have to look sharp in the morning with your work because you are to be ready to go with it at twelve-thirty. The horse box will take you to another racing stable, down near Nottingham. You are to leave this horse there and bring a new one back."

Most of Sunday I had spent reading the form books, which the others in the cottage regarded as natural; and in the evening, when they all went down to the pub, I did some concentrated work with a pencil, making analyses of the eleven horses and their assisted wins. It was true, as I had discovered from the newspaper cuttings in London, that they all had different owners, trainers, and jockeys; but it was not true that they had absolutely nothing in common. By the time I had sealed my notes into an envelope and put it with October's notebook into the game bag under some form books, away from the inquiring gaze of the beer-happy returning lads, I was in possession of four unhelpful points of similarity.

First, the horses had all won selling 'chases' — races where the winner was subsequently put up for auction. In the auctions three horses had been bought back by their owners, and the rest had been sold for modest sums.

Second, in all their racing lives all the horses had proved themselves to be capable of making a show in a race, but had no strength when it came to a finish.

Third, none of them had won any races except the ones for which they were doped, though they had occasionally been placed on other occasions.

Fourth, none of them had won at odds of less than ten to one.

I LEARNED both from October's notes and from the form books that several of the horses had changed trainers more than once, but they were such moderate, unrewarding animals that this was only to be expected. Neither had they all won on the same course, though in this case they had not all won on different courses, either; and geographically I had a vague idea that the courses concerned were all in the northern half of the country — Kelso, Haydock, Sedgefield, Stafford, and Ludlow. I decided to check them on a map, to see if this was right, but there wasn't one to be found at Mrs. Allnut's.

Wednesday morning gave me my first taste of the biting Yorkshire wind, and one of the lads, as we scurried round the yard, cheerfully assured me that it could blow for six months solid if it tried. I did my three horses at the double, but by the time the horse box took me and one of them out of the yard at twelve-thirty I had decided that if the gaps in my wardrobe were anything to go by, October's big square house up the drive must have very efficient central heating.

About four miles up the road I pressed the bell which in most horse boxes connects the back compartment to the cab. The driver stopped obediently, and looked inquiringly at me when I walked along and climbed up into the cab beside him.

"The horse is quiet," I said, "and it's warmer here."

We stopped once on the way to eat in a transport cafe, and again a little farther on for me to buy myself a couple of woollen shirts, a black sweater, some thick socks, woollen gloves, and a knitted cap like those the other lads had worn that bitter morning. The box driver eyed my purchases and remarked that I seemed to have plenty of money. I grinned knowingly, and said it was easy to come by if you knew how; and I could see his doubts of me growing.

In mid-afternoon we rolled in to a racing stable in Leicestershire, and it was here that the scope of Beckett's staff work became apparent. The horse I was to take back and subsequently care for was a useful hurdler just about to start his

Continued from page 41

career as a novice 'chaser, and he had been sold to Colonel Beckett complete with all engagements. This meant, I learned from his former lad, who handed him over to me, that he could run in all the races for which his ex-owner had already entered him.

"Where is he entered?" I asked. "Oh, dozens of places, I think — Newbury, Cheltenham, Sandown, and so on, and he was going to start next week at Bristol."

"What's his name?" I asked. "Sparkling Plug." He fondled the horse's muzzle affectionately.

We loaded him into the horse box and this time I did stay where I ought to be, in the back, looking after him. If Beckett were prepared

## FOR KICKS

to give a fortune for the cause, as I guessed he must have done to get hold of such an ideal horse. I was going to take good care of it.

Before we started back I took a look at the road map in the cab, and found, to my satisfaction, that all the race courses in the country had been marked on it. I borrowed it, and spent the journey studying it. The courses where Sparking Plug's lad had said he was entered were nearly all in the south. Overnight stops, as requested. I grinned.

The five racecourses where the 11 horses had won were not, I found, all as far north as I had imagined. Ludlow and Stafford, in fact, could almost be considered

southern, especially as I found I instinctively based my view of the whole country from Harrogate. The five courses seemed to bear no relation to each other on the map: far from presenting a tidy circle from which a centre might be deduced, they were all more or less in a curve from north-east to south-west, and I could find no significance in their location.

On Friday night I went down to the pub in Slaw and beat Soupy at darts. He grunted, gestured to the bar billiards, and took an easy revenge. We then drank a half pint together, eyeing each other. Conversation between us was almost non-existent, nor was it necessary; and shortly I wandered back to watch the dart players.

"You beat Soupy, didn't you, Dan?" one of them said.

I nodded, and immediately found a bunch of darts thrust into my hand.

"If you can beat Soupy you must be in the team."

"What team?" I asked.

"The stable darts team. We play other stables, and have a sort of Yorkshire League. Sometimes we go to Middleham or Wetherby or Richmond or sometimes they come here. Soupy's the best player in Granger's team."

"When's the next match?" I asked.

"We had one here a fortnight ago. Next one's next Sunday at Burndale, after the football. You can't play football as well as darts, I suppose?"

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# New dessert cake wins prize

● Spice-flavored apple combines with a light cake mixture to make a new and delicious type of dessert cake. This recipe wins the £5 prize this week.

**CONSOLATION** prizes of £1 each are awarded for crisp fish puffs; and for crumble-topped biscuits.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

## APPLE DESSERT CAKE

Pastry: Six ounces plain flour, pinch salt, 3oz. butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water.  
Filling: Two cups stewed apples (or 1 large can apple pulp), pinch ground cloves.

Topping: Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour, little milk to mix.

Sift flour with salt, rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine bread-crumbs. Mix to firm dough with water; knead slightly. Roll out thinly on floured board. Line 9in. pie dish. Mix apple and cloves together, spoon into pastry shell.

Prepare topping: Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add egg, beat well. Fold

in sifted flour, then add enough milk to make soft consistency. Spoon mixture on top of apples, spread all over. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or until golden brown. Serve hot with cream or ice-cream.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. R. Wedd, 37 Gilbert Rd., Somerton Park, S.A.

## FISH PUFFS

One cup cooked flaked fish, 1 tomato,  $\frac{1}{2}$  clove garlic, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, salt, pepper, 2 cups cooked mashed potato, 4oz. plain flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, little milk, fat or oil for frying.

Melt butter or substitute, add peeled chopped onion. Cook gently until tender, add skinned chopped tomato and finely chopped garlic. Cook until tomato is tender. Add fish, season with salt and pepper; allow to cool. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt into basin, add potato. Mix to firm dough with little milk, knead lightly on floured board. Roll to  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness, cut into 3in. squares. Place little cold fish mixture in centre of each, moisten edges, fold over, press together. Deep-fry in hot fat until golden brown. Drain, serve hot with lemon and parsley.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. O. Moore, 2 Bernard Street, Newtown, Toowoomba, Qld.

## APRICOT OAT FINGERS

One and a half cups self-raising flour, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup desiccated coconut, 5oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup rolled oats, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, apricot jam,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup finely chopped almonds, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Sift flour and salt, add brown sugar, mix well. Add coconut, butter or substitute, and golden syrup. Work in well until mixture is crumbly. Add rolled oats, mix thoroughly. Line lamington tin with greased paper. Press half the mixture into tin, spread with apricot jam. Add almonds to remaining crumble mixture. Sprinkle over top of jam, press down slightly. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or until cooked. Cool, cut into fingers to serve.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Wellington, 68 View St., Gympie, N.S.W.

APPLE DESSERT CAKE, served with cream.

Playing! But it's only ten past six. I don't know how he keeps going. Well he's healthy. That's the most important thing.

Thank goodness he comes in to a good breakfast. Thank goodness for Weet-Bix.

Now that I think of it that's what gives him all that energy. It's a good one that Weet-Bix.

In fact it's Australia's national family breakfast. Preferred all year round. With cold milk in summer, hot milk in winter.

## Men of tomorrow need Weet-Bix today

(and that goes for all the family too)



## HOME HINTS

● Each of these useful hints, sent in by readers, wins £1/1/- prize.

**WHEN** knitting long-sleeved sweaters for children or men, knit crochet cotton the same shade as the wool into the elbows for six or seven inches. With this reinforcement, you will find the elbows will wear twice as long. — Mrs. P. Taylor, 5 Albert Rd., Drouin, Vic.

★ Peel two or three cucumbers and then grate them into a bowl. Sprinkle with a little salt and allow to stand ten minutes. Drain off liquid, add one tablespoon vinegar and three tablespoons cream, according to taste. Serve on hot mashed potatoes—it's delicious. — Mrs. E. J. Voss, "Pleasant Valley," Walbundrie, W.A.

★ Clean old cotton singlets cut into strips make excellent bandages because they will stretch. Keep strips handy in your medicine cabinet. — Mrs. M. E. Weaver, 303/79 Mitchell Rd., Cronulla, N.S.W.

★ To make baked apples with a delicious difference, fill them with chopped preserved ginger and brown sugar. Top with custard flavored with lemon essence. Baked apples can be used also as a savory when filled with minced steak and chopped onion. — Mrs. M. O'Malley, 162 Danks St., Albert Park, Vic.



I shook my head. "Only darts."

I looked at the one dart still left in my hand. I could hit a scuttling rat with a stone; I had done it often when the men had found one round the corn bins and chased it out. I saw no reason why I couldn't hit a galloping horse with a dart: it was a much bigger target.

"Put that one in the bull," urged the lad beside me.

I put it in the bull. The lads yelled with glee.

"We'll win the league this season," they grinned. Grits grinned, too. But Paddy didn't.

October's son and daughters came home for the weekend, the elder girl in a scarlet sports car and the twins more sedately, with their father. As all three were in the habit of riding out when they were at home Wally told me to saddle up two of my horses to go out with the first string on Saturday. Sparking

Continued from page 46

Plug for me and the other for Lady Patricia Tarren.

Lady Patricia Tarren, as I discovered when I led out the horse in the half light of early dawn and held it for her to mount, was a raving beauty with a pale pink mouth and thick curly eyelashes which she knew very well how to use.

"You're new," she observed, looking up at me through the eyelashes. "What's your name?"

"Dan . . . Miss," I said. I realised I hadn't the faintest idea what form of address an earl's daughter was accustomed to. Wally's instructions hadn't stretched that far.

"You're quite a dish, aren't you, Danny boy," she said, "with those googoo dark eyes."

I couldn't think of any answer to her which was at all consistent with my position. She laughed, nudged the

horse's flanks, and walked off down the yard. Her sister, mounting a horse held by Grits, looked from twenty yards away in the dim light to be much fairer in coloring and very nearly as beautiful. Heaven help October, I thought, with two like that to keep an eye on.

I fetched Sparking Plug, mounted, and followed all the other horses out of the yard, up the lane, and on to the edge of the moor.

October himself, accompanied by his retriever, came up on the moor in a Land-Rover to see the horses work. Saturday morning, I had found, was the busiest training day of the week as far as gallops were concerned, and as he was usually in Yorkshire at the weekend he made a point of coming out to watch.

Inskip had us circling round at the top of the hill while

he paired off the horses and told their riders what to do.

To me he said, "Dan: three-quarter speed gallop. Your horse is running on Wednesday. Don't overdo him, but we want to see how he goes." He directed one of the stable's most distinguished animals to accompany me.

We were ready, and set off without more ado. I had bred, broken, and rebroken uncountable racehorses in Australia, but Sparking Plug was the only good one I had so far ridden in England, and I was interested to see how she compared. Balanced and collected, he sped smoothly up the gallop, keeping pace effortlessly with the star performer beside him, and it was quite clear that Sparking Plug was fit and ready for his approaching race.

When everyone had worked, most of the lads remounted and we all began to

walk back down the gallop toward the track to the stable. Leading my horse on foot I set off last in the string, with October's eldest daughter riding immediately in front of me and effectively cutting me off from the chat of the lads ahead.

As she passed a gorse bush a bird flew out of it with a squawk, and the girl's horse whipped round in alarm. She stayed on with a remarkable effort of balance, pulling herself back up into the saddle from somewhere below the horse's right ear, but under her thrust the stirrup leather broke apart at the bottom, and the stirrup iron clanged to the ground.

I stopped and picked up the iron, but it was impossible to put it back on the broken leather.

"Thank you," she said. "What a nuisance."

She slid off her horse. "I might as well walk the rest of the way."

I took her rein and began to lead both of the horses, but she stopped me, and took her own back again.

"It's very kind of you," she said, "but I can quite well lead him myself." The track was wide at that point, and she began to walk down the hill beside me.

On closer inspection she was not a bit like her sister Patricia. She had smooth silver-blond hair, direct grey eyes, and a composure which gave her an air of graceful reserve.

"Have you been with the stable long?" she asked.

"Only about ten days."

After another hundred yards she said, "What horse is that that you were riding? I don't think that I have seen him before, either."

"He only came on Wednesday . . ." I told her the

little I knew about Sparking Plug.

She nodded. "It will be nice for you if he can win some races. Rewarding, after your work for him here."

"Yes," I agreed, surprised that she should think like that.

"I am so sorry," she said pleasantly, "but I don't know your name."

"Daniel Roke," I said, and I wondered why to her alone of all people who had asked me that question in the past ten days it had seemed proper to give a whole answer.

"Thank you," she paused, then, having thought, continued in a calm voice which I realised with wry pleasure was designed to put me at my ease. "Lord October is my father. I'm Elinor Tarren."

WE had reached the stable gate. I stood back to let her go first, which she acknowledged with a friendly but impersonal smile, and she led her horse away across the yard toward its own box. A thoroughly nice girl, I thought. Patricia, I thought, grinning, was not a nice girl at all.

When I went in to breakfast Mrs. Allnut gave me a letter. The envelope, postmarked in London the day before, contained a sheet of plain paper with a single sentence typed on it.

"Mr. Stanley will be at Victoria Falls three p.m. Sunday."

I reached the gully before October. He came down the hill with his dog as before, telling me that his car was parked above us on the little-used road.

"But we'd better talk here,

To page 50

## Mothers! Save on school stockings!

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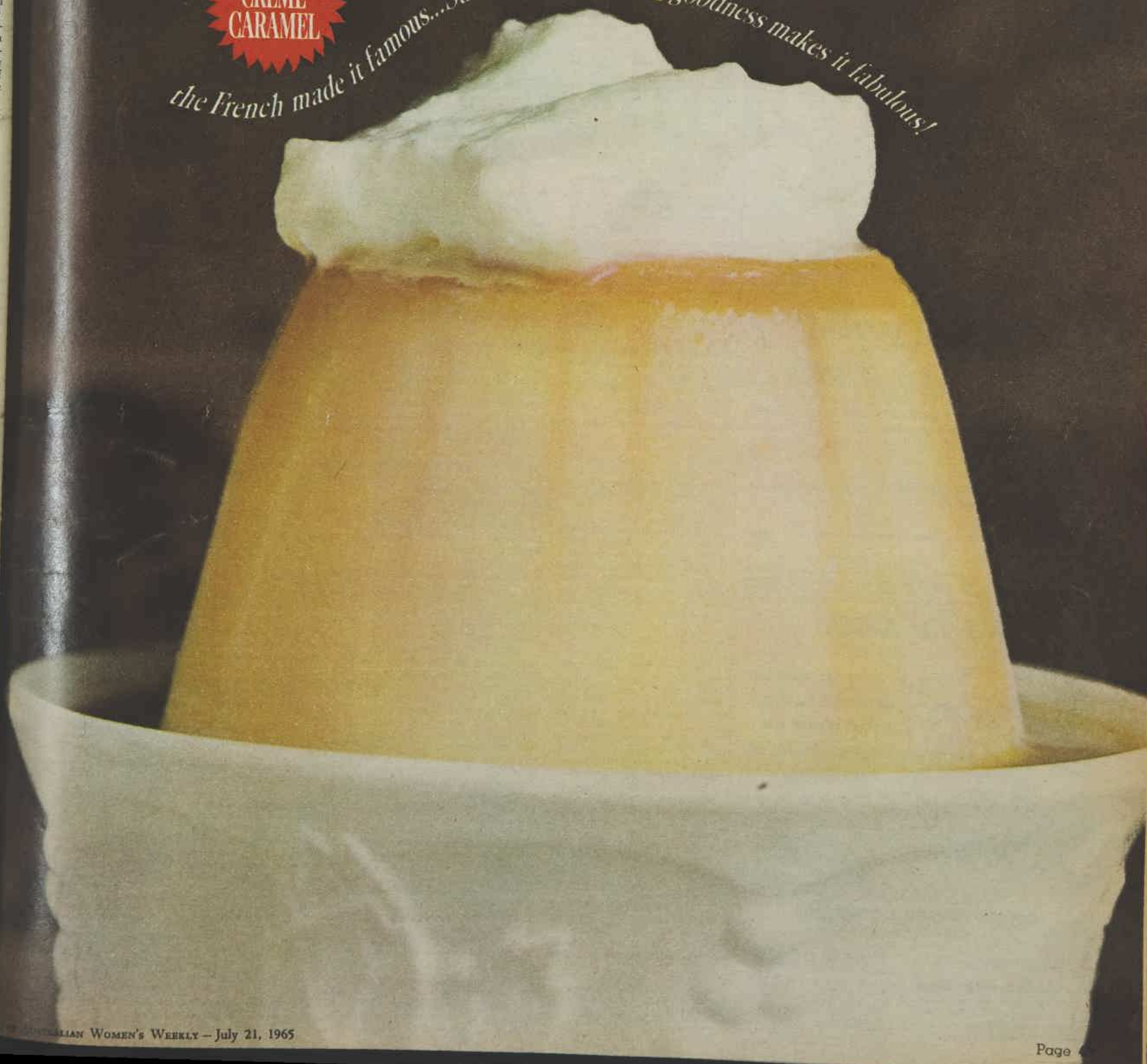
#### HOW TO MAKE SUNSHINE CREME CARAMEL

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup \* granulated white sugar, water, 1 cup SUNSHINE Full Cream Powdered Milk,  $1\frac{1}{3}$  pints hot water, 4 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 tsp. vanilla essence, 3 tbsp. rum (optional). \* Use 8 oz. measuring cup. METHOD: Place sugar in saucepan and add sufficient water to moisten. Brown over low heat, stir occasionally. When golden pour into 8" sandwich tin and cover base and sides. Allow to stand until caramel hardens. Whisk Sunshine into hot water. Beat together eggs, sugar and vanilla. Pour hot milk slowly into egg mixture whisking between each addition, add rum (optional). Strain. Pour into tin. Place into baking dish containing hot water and bake in moderate oven for approx. 1 hour (or until firm). Allow to stand until cold, carefully loosen custard from side of dish with knife, invert and turn out onto platter. Serves 6-8, as above, or in individual moulds.

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## THE TV STAR



THE TV STAR CROAKED LOUD  
AND LONG, "IT'S JUST NO GOOD,  
= I CAN'T GO ON! MY VOICE IS  
GONE, MY FEATURES PALE, AND  
WHEN I SING, I ONLY WAIL!"  
"O CHEER UP, DO" CRIED  
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YOU IN HALF-A-MO!"

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Continued from page 48

if you can stand the wet," he finished, "in case anyone saw us together in the car, and wondered . . . well, how have you been getting on?"

I told him how well I thought of Beckett's new horse and the opportunities it would give me.

He nodded. "Roddy Beckett was famous in the war for the speed and accuracy with which he got supplies moved about. No one ever got the wrong ammunition or all left boots when he was in charge."

I said, "I've sown a few seeds of doubts about my honesty, here and there, but I'll be able to do more of that this week at Bristol and also next weekend at Burndale. I'm going there on Sunday to play in a darts match."

"They've had several cases of doping in that village in the past," he said. "You might get a nibble."

"It would be useful . . . " "Have you found the form books helpful?" he asked, "have you given those eleven horses any more thought?"

"I've thought of little else," I said, "and it seems just possible, perhaps it's only a slight chance, but it does just seem possible that you might be able to make a dope test on the next horse in the sequence before he runs in a race."

HE looked at me with some excitement. "You've found something?" "No, not really. It's only a statistical indication. But the analysts might find something in the results."

"Yes. And I suppose even if they didn't, it would be a great step forward for us to be able to be on the lookout for a joker, instead of just being mystified when one appeared."

"There's one other thing," I said. "The lab chaps told you that as they couldn't find a dope you should look for something mechanical . . . do you know whether the horses' skins were investigated as closely as the jockeys and their kit? It occurred to me the other evening that I could throw a dart with an absolute certainty of hitting a horse's flank, and any good shot could plant a pellet in the same place. Things like that would sting like a hornet . . . enough to make any horse shift along faster."

"As far as I know, none of the horses showed any signs of that sort of thing, but I'll make sure. And, by the way, I asked the analysts whether horses' bodies could break drugs down into harmless substances, and they said it was impossible."

"Well, that clears the decks a bit, if nothing else."

Sparkling Plug duly made the 250-mile journey south to Bristol and I went with him. The racecourse was some way out of the city and the horse-box driver told me when we stopped for a meal on the way that the whole of the stable block had been newly rebuilt there after fire had gutted it.

Certainly, the loose boxes were clean and snug, but it was the new sleeping quarters that the lads were in ecstasies about.

"Ye gods, we're in the ritzy class," said one cheerful boy, coming to a halt beside me just through the dormitory door.

"You haven't seen half of it," said another boy, "up that end of the passage there's a canteen with decent chairs, a telly, and a ping-pong table and all."

"Where do you come

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## FOR KICKS

from?" asked the cheerful boy.

"Lord October's," I said. "Oh, yes, Inskip's, you mean? You're a long way from home . . ."

"Inskip's may be all right," said a rabble-raiser. "But there are some places where they still treat us like mats to wipe their feet on."

"Yeah," said the raw-boned boy seriously. "I heard that at one place they practically starve the lads and knock them about if they don't work hard enough, and they all have to do about four or five horses each because they can't keep anyone in the yard for more than five minutes!"

I said idly, "Where's that, just so I know where to avoid, if I ever move on from Inskip's?"

"In Durham . . ." another boy said.

"You know about it, too, then?" "Not that it matters, only a raving nit would take a job there. It's a blooming sweat shop, a hundred years out of date. All they get are riff-raff that no one else will have."

"It wants exposing," said the rabble-raiser belligerently. "Who runs this place?"

"Bloke called Humber," said the pretty boy, "he

## FROM THE BIBLE

● Thy hands have made me and fashioned me: give me understanding, that I may learn thy commandments.

— Psalm 119:73.

couldn't train ivy up a wall. You see his head travelling lad at the meetings sometimes, trying to pressgang people to work there, and getting the brush-off right and proper."

Next day I took Sparking Plug from the stables into the paddock, walked him round the parade ring, stood holding his head while he was saddled, led him round the parade ring again, held him while the jockey mounted, led him out on to the course, and went up into the little stand by the gate with the other lads to watch the race.

Sparking Plug won. I met him again at the gate and led him into the winner's unsaddling enclosure. Colonel Beckett was there. "That's a fraction of his purchase price back, anyway," he said to me.

"He's a good horse and perfect for his purpose."

"Good. Do you need anything else?" "Yes. A lot more details about those eleven horses . . . where they were bred, what they ate, whether they had had any illnesses, what cafes their box drivers used, who made their bridles, whether they had racing plates fitted at the meetings, and by which blacksmiths . . . anything and everything."

"As I see it, the question really is what was it that they had in common that made it possible for them to be doped?"

"Mr. Roke, you shall have your information."

There were more lads in the hostel that evening as it was the middle night of the two-day meeting, and this time, besides getting the talk round again to doping, I also tried to give the impression that I didn't think taking fifty quid to point out a certain horse's box in his home stable to any-

one prepared to pay that much for the information was a proposition I could be relied on to turn down. I earned a good few disapproving looks for this, and also one sharply interested glance from a very short lad whose outsize nose sniffed monotonously.

In the washroom in the morning he used the basin next to me and said out of the side of his mouth, "I might be able to put you in touch with someone who'd be interested to hear that — for fifty percent cut."

"Fifty percent . . . what the hell do you think I am?"

"Well . . . a fiver then," he sniffed, climbing down.

"It's a wicked thing to point out a box," I said virtuously, drying my face on a towel.

He stared at me in astonishment.

"And I couldn't do it for less than sixty, if you are taking a fiver out of it."

He didn't know whether to

laugh or spit. I left him to his indecision and went off grinning to escort Sparking Plug back to Yorkshire.

During the next week I did my three horses and read the form books and thought: and got nowhere. Paddy remained cool and so did Wally, to whom Paddy had obviously reported my affinity with Soupy. Wally showed his disapproval by giving me more than my share of the afternoon jobs. I did it all without comment, reflecting that if I needed an excuse for a quick row and walked out later on I could reasonably, at eleven hours a day, complain of overwork.

However, at Friday midday I set off again with Sparking Plug, this time to Cheltenham, and this time accompanied not only by the box driver but by Grits and his horse, and the head travelling lad as well.

Once in the racecourse stables I learned that this was the night of the dinner given to the previous season's champion jockey, and all the lads who were staying there overnight proposed to celebrate by attending a dance in the town. Grits and I, therefore, having bedded down our horses, eaten our meal, and smartened ourselves up, caught a bus down the hill, and paid our entrance money to the hop.

AFTER a while I turned round to the bar, which we had been leaning against, and banged my barely touched half pint down on the counter. "I'm fed up with this pap," I said violently. "Hey, you, barman, give me a double whisky."

I felt rather than saw the group of lads farther up the bar turn round and take a look, so I picked up the glass and swallowed all the whisky in two gulps and pushed the empty glass across to the barman.

"Dan," Grits tugged my sleeve, "do you think you should?"

"Yes," I said, scowling. "Go and find a girl to dance with."

But he didn't go. The bunch of lads edged toward us along the bar.

"Hey, fella, you're knocking it back a bit," observed one, a tallish man of my own age in a flashy bright blue suit.

"Mind your own damn business," I said rudely.

"Aren't you from Inskip's?" he asked.

"Yea . . . Inskip's." I picked up the third glass. I had a hard head for whisky, which was going down on top of a deliberately heavy meal. I reckoned I could stay sober a long time after I

would be expected to be drunk; but the act had to be put on early, while the audience were still sober enough themselves to remember it afterwards.

"Eleven lousy quid," I told them savagely, "that's all you get for sweating your guts out seven days a week looking after horses they pay thousands for, and you know damn well that the way you ride and groom them and look after them makes a hell of a lot of difference to whether they win or not, and they grudge you a decent wage . . ." I finished the third whisky, hiccupped.

I stood facing a widening circle with my glass in my hand, and rocked slightly on my feet.

I went on and on grumbling and complaining until I was fairly sure all the racing people there knew there was a lad of Inskip's who yearned for more money, preferably in large amounts.

Eventually Grits said, "Dan, I'm going now and you'd better go, too, or you'll miss the last bus, and I shouldn't think you could walk back, like you are."

"Huh?" I squinted at him. Blue-suit had come back and was standing just behind him.

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"Want any help getting him out?" he asked Grits. Grits looked at me disgustedly, and I fell against him, putting my arm round his shoulders; I definitely did not want the sort of help Blue-suit looked as though he might give.

"Grits, me old pal, if you say so, we go."

I thought that if the seeds I had sown in all directions bore no fruit there was little dopping going on in British racing.

Sparkling Plug ran in his race and lost by half a length. I took the opportunity of saying aloud that there was the rest of my week's pay gone down the drain.

Colonel Beckett patted his horse in the cramped unsaddling enclosure and said casually to me, "Better luck next time, eh? I've sent you what you wanted." He turned and resumed talking to Inskip and his jockey about the race.

We all went back to Yorkshire that night. Grits said reproachfully as he lay down, "I didn't know you hated it at Inskip's . . . and I haven't seen you drunk before, either." He sounded disapproving, and he seldom spoke to me after that night.

There was nothing of interest to report to October the following afternoon, and our meeting in the gully was brief. He told me, however, that the information then in the post from Beckett had been collected by eleven keen young officer cadets from Aldershot who had been given the task as an initiative exercise, and told they were in competition with each other to see which of them could produce the most comprehensive report of the life of his allotted horse.

I RETURNED down the hill more impressed than ever with the Colonel's staff work, but not as staggered as when the parcel arrived the following day. It contained 237 numbered typewritten pages, and its production in the space of one week must have meant a prodigious effort not only from the young men themselves but from the typists as well.

That night I waited until all the lads were asleep, and then went along to the bathroom and locked myself in.

It was slow going: after four hours I had read only half. I got up stiffly, yawned, and went back to bed. Nobody stirred. The following night, as I lay waiting for the others to go to sleep so that I could get back to my task, I listened to them discussing the evening that four of them had spent in Slaw.

"Who's that fellow who was with Soupy?" asked Grits. "I haven't seen him around before."

Paddy said firmly, "You just all keep clear of that chap, and Soupy, too."

"Oh, well," yawned Grits. "I don't suppose he'll be there tomorrow. I heard him say something to Soupy about time getting short."

They went to sleep, and I lay awake in the dark thinking a trip down to the pub was indicated for the following evening.

With a wrench I stopped my eyes from shutting, got out of my warm bed, repaired again to the bathroom, and read for another four hours until I had finished the typescript. There was nothing, not one single factor, that occurred in the life histories of all of the eleven microscopically investigated horses. No common denominator at all. The hopes I had had of finding a sizeable clue in those packages had altogether evaporated. Cold, stiff, and depressed, I crept back to bed.

The next evening at eight I walked alone down to Slaw, all the other lads saying they were broke until pay day.

The pub, as often on Wednesdays, was empty. I amused myself at the dart board. Eventually I pulled the darts out of the board, looked at my watch, and decided I had wasted the walk; and it was at that moment that a man appeared in the doorway. He held a glass and a slim cigar in his left hand and pushed open the door with his right. Looking me up and down, he said, "Are you a stable lad?"

"Yes."

"Granger's or Inskip's?"

"Inskip's."

"Hmm. Is your name Dan?"

Continued from page 50

## FOR KICKS

"Yes," I said. "What do you want?"

"I believe there is a horse in your stable called Sparking Plug? Yes. And he runs at Leicester on Monday?"

"As far as I know."

"What do you think his chances are?" he asked.

"There isn't an animal in next Monday's race to touch him."

"So you expect him to win?"

"Yes, I told you."

"And you'll bet on him, I suppose, with half your pay? Four pounds, perhaps?"

"Maybe."

"But he'll be favorite. Sure to be. And at best you'll probably only get even money. Another four quid."

That doesn't sound much, does it, when I could perhaps put you in the way of winning . . . a hundred?"

"You're barmy," I said.

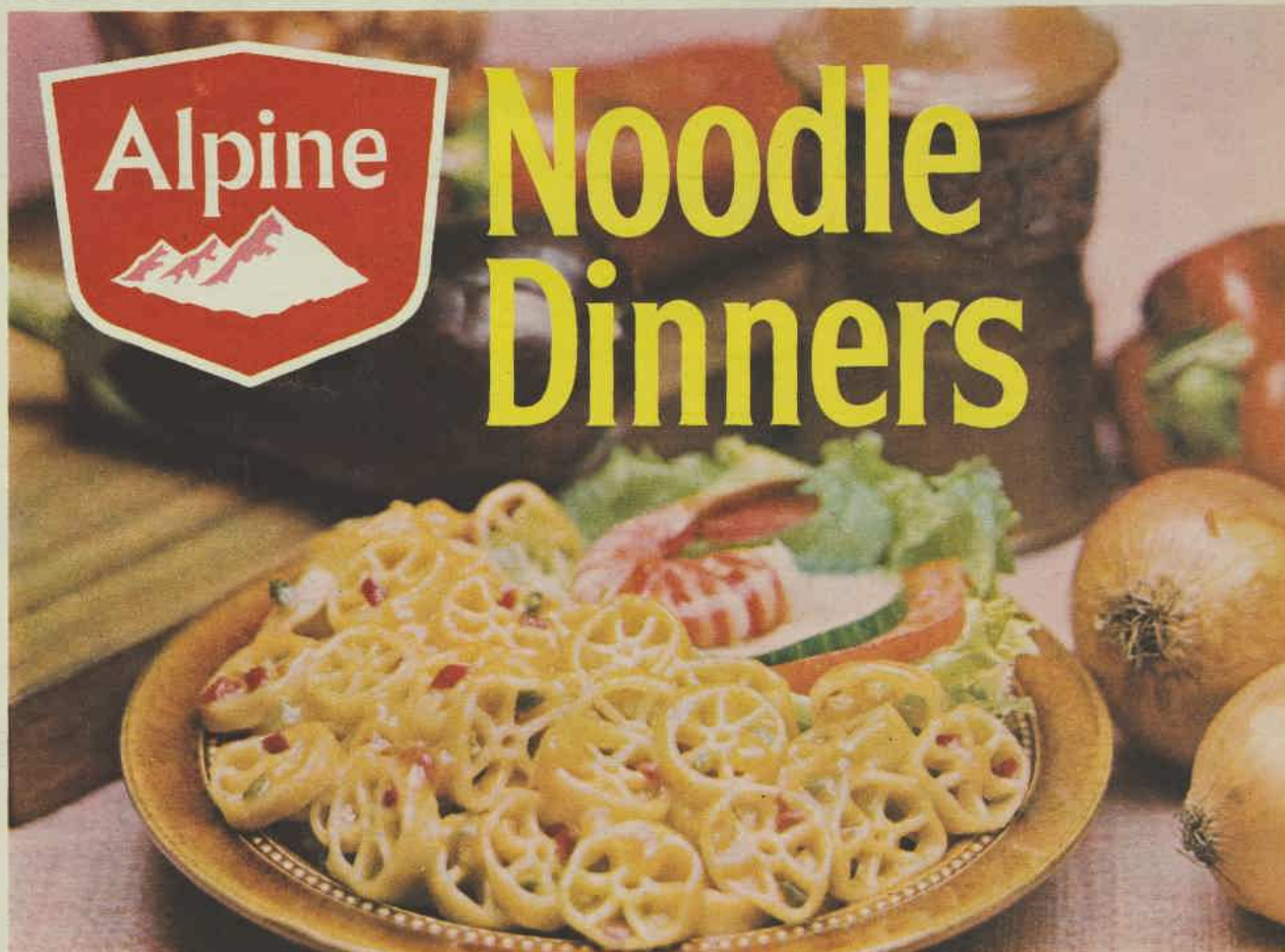
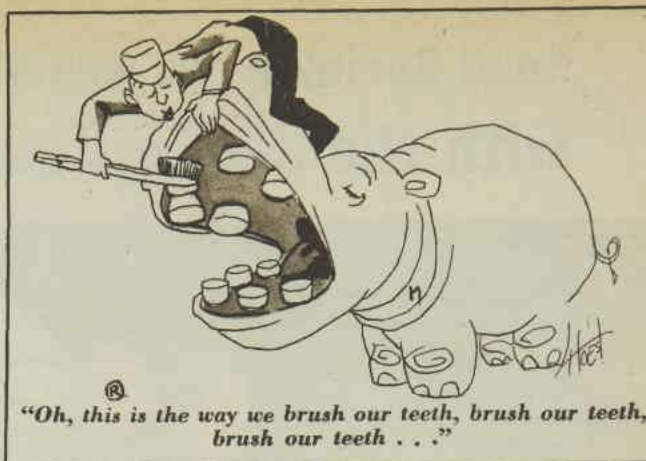
He leaned forward with confidence. "Now you can say no if you want. You can say no, and I'll go away, and no one will be any the wiser, but if you play your cards right I could do you a good turn."

"What would I have to do for a hundred quid?" I asked.

"Just add a little something to Sparking Plug's feed on Sunday night. Nothing to it, you see? Dead easy."

"Dead easy," I repeated. "Are you a bookmaker?"

To page 54



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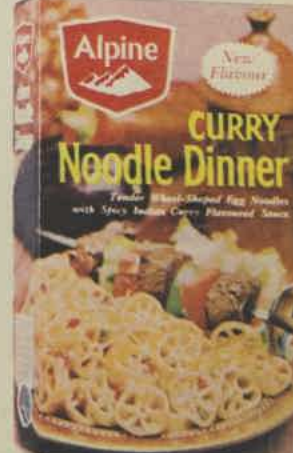
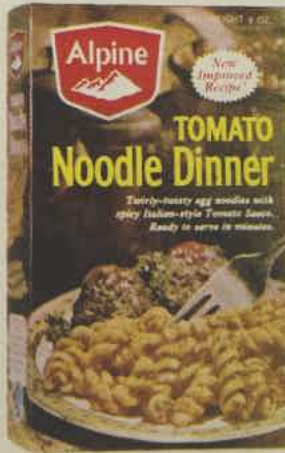
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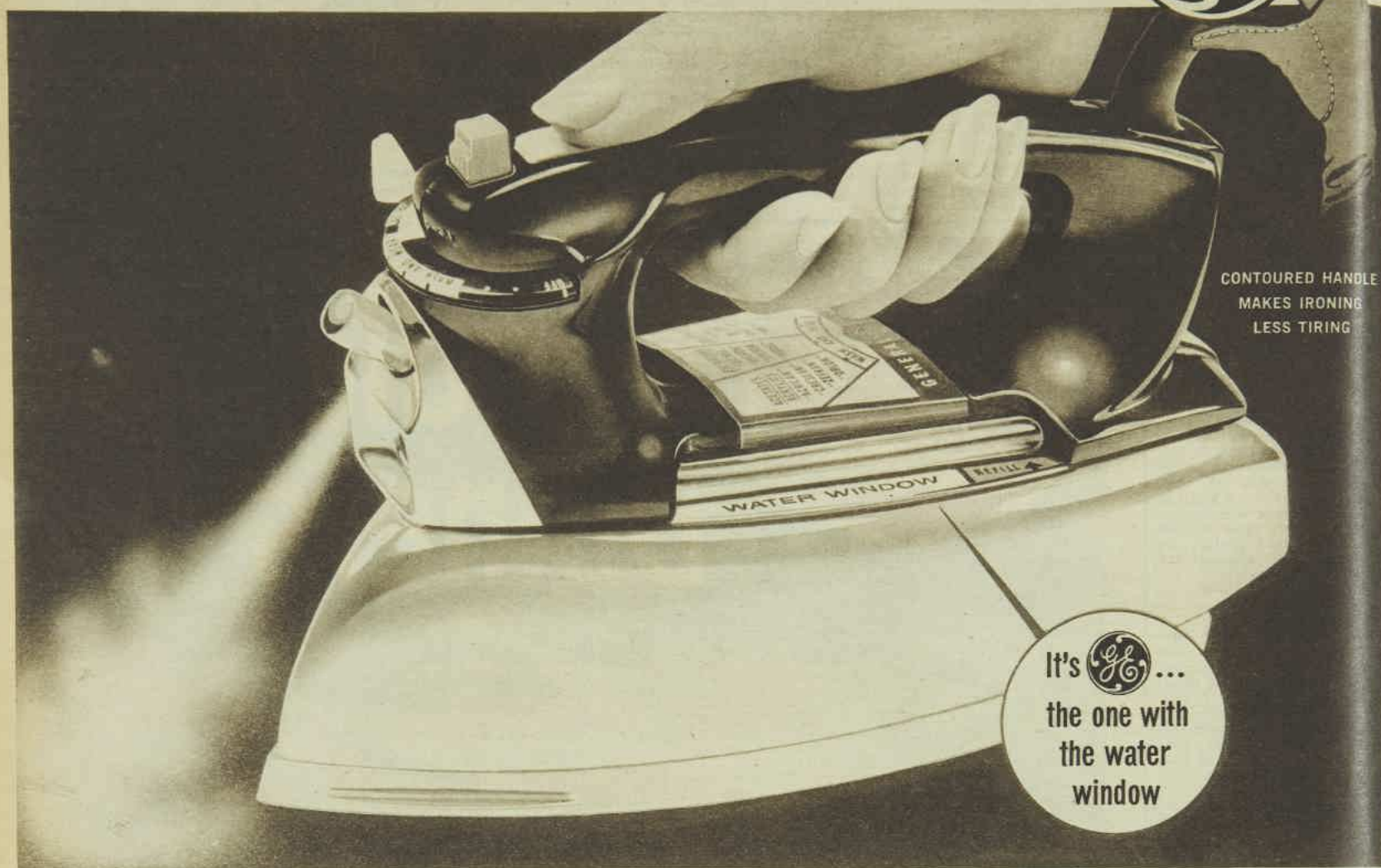
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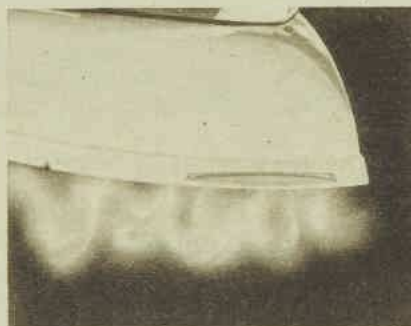
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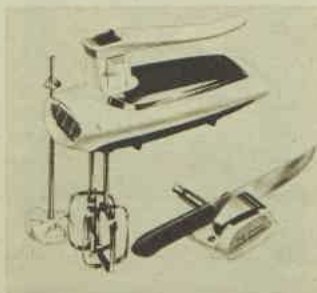
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# A working wife returns to the home paddock...

AND FINDS  
(to her  
delight):

- *Finances don't suffer too much, after all;*
- *There's time to be friends with the family;*
- *AND it's fun to call your house your own.*

● Giving up a well-paid job is not exactly like going out to grass. In some ways it is more like the proverbial brick-carrying, but at least it is all in the home paddock, and there are far more pros than cons.

By MARJORIE STAPLETON

THE wife who takes the plunge and decides to retire should spend some of her savings immediately on a good lasting toy, like a super washing-machine, a new vacuum-cleaner, a fancy stove, or a new car.

One, or preferably two, of these toys will keep her engrossed during the first few weeks, which are the hardest. (I chose the washing-machine and vac.)

Let's take the few serious cons. First there is the loss of the workmates, people being more important than things to most women.

A sitting-room full of flowers softens the loss for the first few days, then the petals die like balloons at a party, and there is a sense of loneliness.

After having time for only the briefest of chats with the neighbors for years and years, it is unlikely that they are suddenly going to rush you and welcome you home to the street. This takes time.

The best thing is to immerse yourself in the joys of the new toy, then wash every curtain, clean every window and every BLIND, and reline every cupboard.

Only the bravest heart can feel sentimental while performing these dulllest of housekeeping tasks!

Next blow is that no matter how popular you have been in the job you find you're easily replaced.

## The sad truth!

You wouldn't really for a moment wish it to be otherwise, but just the same it is a sad little thought. But it is a good little thought to dwell on, for after it comes the moment of truth.

You suddenly know that you would not be so easily replaced at home. There could be turmoil and chaos into the third generation if you defected. The people who matter most are right here in your home.

Then have a good look at your husband and family. It will be like seeing them for the first time in years. How they have grown!

Inches on the children and a few more grey hairs on Dad since you last had time for a piercing look at them.

But don't get all panic-stricken and kill them with kindness, or they will think you are a nut.

It will be sufficient for them just to have you home, free from business worries, unable now to cap their every problem with a bigger and better one of your own.

I try to imagine how my daughter felt all those years when she said such things as: "I've left my darn books in the bus," and I replied: "And I've missed the plane with £150 worth of color slides."

When my son said: "I have a slow puncture in the front left," and I said: "That reminds me, I must order a taxi for six o'clock in the morning."

"It's good to have you back," said my husband, coming home the first evening.

"Have I been away?" I asked.

"For years and years," he said, feelingly. "Didn't you know?"

Finances are drastically cut, on first glance, but it is not nearly as bleak as you thought, when you work it out.

There are many ways of wasting money, and the working wife learns them all...

She becomes accustomed to desperately pulling the car out of the garage instead of taking the bus—to save time. Parking at the closest and most expensive park—to save time. Shopping blindly and desperately and quickly and expensively—to save time. Inviting her women friends to come into town for lunch, because she will lose them if she never sees them.

Housekeepers, stocking manufacturers, dry-cleaners, and the telephone exchange eat up the rest of the profit.

Telegrams take the place of letters, hastily wired flowers take the place of carefully thought out little birthday gifts.

A guilty conscience is a constant companion.

It's no good telling yourself that you're a good, kind, hard-working woman, because you don't really believe it. Something tells you that you're working mainly because you like it.

The guilt never quite leaves you.

Charity collectors cop you in the office and again at home on Saturday when you're lady of the manor.

Your conscience makes you give double, because you have no time to work for charity.

## Dual loyalties

One day you work like steam at the office and feel guilty about your family.

Next day you exhaust your thoughts on home and feel guilty about your office.

In truth you are a Pygmalion marvel, but it's no use telling yourself so.

You know the working wife because of the way she hurries. Her feet move twice as fast; so does her head.

But her money moves fastest of all. She never looks for the dates on pennies. They don't stay long enough.

She is efficient, her children are well behaved. If it

with the smoothing iron," pegging out and folding, and putting away neatly.

A few stitches bring long-forgotten clothes back into circulation. A bunch of flowers and gum tips look prettier than the expensive sheaves you tugged home on a Friday night in a desperate effort to create a home for the weekend.

Most of all, it is a great treat to get out of the goldfish bowl of group living and spend some time on reflection.

Your hobbies have gone by the board long ago, and it is fun to recapture them.

My advice is to take up a real study as well as a hobby—something heavy like Ancient Egypt.

It is more than interesting to discover that while you have learned so much about so many things there is an aching void of ignorance on others.

Perhaps the best part of all about retirement is that your house is now your own.

## Family Affairs

were not for sprinklers, you would not know her garden from anyone else's.

There are many different ways of arranging family finances, and any woman will tell you that none of them works. There is never quite enough money, even if you have ten salaries in the house.

Take heart. The working wife who suddenly goes into retirement finds that she CAN manage. The immediate "cuts" add up to at least half her previous salary!

When I deducted these "cuts" from a wonderful salary, I found that I had actually been working for the same sum as a junior girl.

Don't forget that your husband gets you back as a dependant on his tax sheet, and as for your own tax sheet, it's gone with the wind.

You soon find it is possible to home-clean or hand-laundry almost anything—if you have the time.

It is possible to find real pleasure in "dashing away

You are at last Queen of the House. Sink or swim, you're on your own.

I used to pray for loneliness, and I had exactly a quarter of an hour of it, three days a week.

When the youngest child ran for the bus, I would run from room to room looking at everything, saying "My home, my home!" Then it was time for me to run.

The youngest and I would go home together.

Mondays and Fridays my housekeeper would arrive on the same bus the youngest caught, and I would have no time alone all day. None at all.

It used to fret me terribly.

I knew I could not do without my housekeeper, but to be constantly surrounded made me feel I was under arrest.

Let this feeling go on too long and you head for trouble—real trouble. I didn't need any doctor to tell me that.

Nice people were turning into monsters because they were always with me. My family seemed to have me handcuffed. The world seemed to be saying: "See that she is never alone."

Now my heart sings at the sound of feet. Someone to talk to at last. Company! Wonderful! My lovely family!

The saddest moment was to see my housekeeper walk away for the last time, a week after I had retired.

Even office friends would not be missed so much as the good woman who had looked after my home.

It was no good reminding myself that I always had to leave the house open for her, that she always beat me to the water and wouldn't give it up until I yelled (we do have more than one tap, but we live on a high hill and whoever gets the water first can keep it if they want to) or that we frightened each other constantly almost into heart failure...

I knew I would miss her for ages, because she had kept my house a home.

Even though she arrived so regularly, she trod so quietly that I jumped. Then I would forget something and dash back to the house and she would jump.

"Only me, Mrs. K," I would call out. "Oh, you did give me a fright, Mrs. S." Friends of mine have exactly the same experience.

## Sharing a home

Both women have complete responsibility, the employer and the housekeeper. Both are to blame if anything goes wrong, and neither can get used to the other being able to come and go freely. After all, it could be someone else walking in.

It was not until I met her in the street and she said, "I decided that I'd retire, too. I wouldn't look for another job," that I felt pleased I had freed us both.

"My husband didn't really like me to go out to work," she said.

"Neither did mine," I confessed. "Aren't they odd?"

"It just means going without a few little things," she summed up for both of us.

You give up a few things and you gain others. You gain the thing your money could never buy—TIME.

When I worked I was always in such a rush that I couldn't even open a tin properly. The tin always opened me.

I had evolved the fastest, easiest, and most nourishing "special" dishes a hostess could wish, but I never ate them myself, except at weekends.

"I was forced to eat a huge lunch (or a late afternoon tea)," I would explain while waiting on them. The family would sadly sit down, no one believing me.

Actually, it was a psychological feeling that I had been sitting with people all day and could not sit with anyone any longer. I would nibble all day.

Now I dine with the family—and lose unwanted weight on the new routine.

The children are cheeky to me again, because I am no longer a frowning executive suffering from eyestrain, and this I love most of all.

One pretentious word from me and it starts (now I am a mum and nothing more): "Mum rode to school when she was four."

"Mum cooked for shearers when she was twelve."

"Mum had to cook the breakfast and THEN catch and saddle her horse."

"She's a little wonder, our mum. We must take after Dad's side."

Then the skeletons are pulled from Dad's cupboard. But dads get more sympathy than mums, probably because they don't tint their hair.

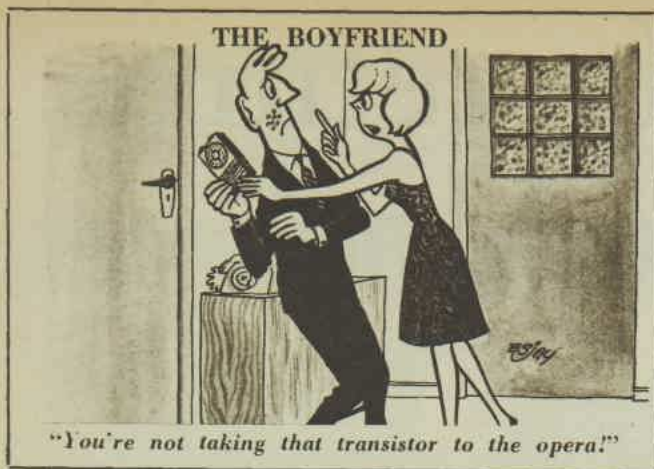
There was no time for tomfoolery like this when I worked. Weekends now, the kids stick around, probably because the food is better.

There are a thousand reasons why a wife works—why she gives up Gracious Living for the merry-go-round of Goodness Gracious Living.

I have tried to give some of the reasons why it pays to give it up. IF you feel the time has arrived.

But it's like selling the farm or moving to a home-unit—you have to be ready for it!





Continued from page 51

"No," he said. "I'm not. And that's enough with the questions. Are you on?"

"If you're not a bookmaker," I said slowly, thinking my way, "and you are willing to pay a hundred pounds to make sure a certain favorite doesn't win, I'd guess that you didn't want to make money backing all the other runners, but that you intend to tip off a few bookmakers that the race is fixed, and they'll be so grateful they'll pay you, say, fifty quid each at the very least. There are about eleven thousand bookmakers in Britain. A nice big market. But I expect you go to the same ones over and over again. Sure of your welcome, I should think."

His face was a study of conster-

## FOR KICKS

nation and disbelief, and I realised I had hit the target bang on.

"Who told you . . ." he began weakly.

"Relax. No one told me." I paused. "I'll give Sparking Plug his extra nosh, but I want more for it. Two hundred."

"A hundred and fifty," he said grudgingly.

"A hundred and fifty," I agreed. "Before I do it."

"Half before, half after," he said automatically. It was by no means the first time he had done this sort of deal.

I agreed to that. He said if I came down to the pub on Saturday evening I would be given a packet for Sparking Plug and seventy-five pounds for myself, and I nodded and

went away, leaving him staring moodily into his glass.

On my way back up the hill I crossed Soupy off my list of potentially useful contacts. Certainly he had procured me for a doping job, but I had been asked to stop. My favorite in a novice "chase, not to accelerate a dim, long-priced selling plater. It was extremely unlikely that both types of fraud were the work of one set of people.

On Saturday morning, though, it was bleak, bitter, and windy. October's daughters rode out with the first string. Elinor only came near enough to exchange polite good mornings, but Patty who was again riding one of my horses, made me giving her a leg-up a moment of eyelash-fluttering intimacy.

"You weren't here last week, Danny Boy," she said, putting her feet in the irons. "Where were you?"

"At Cheltenham . . . miss."

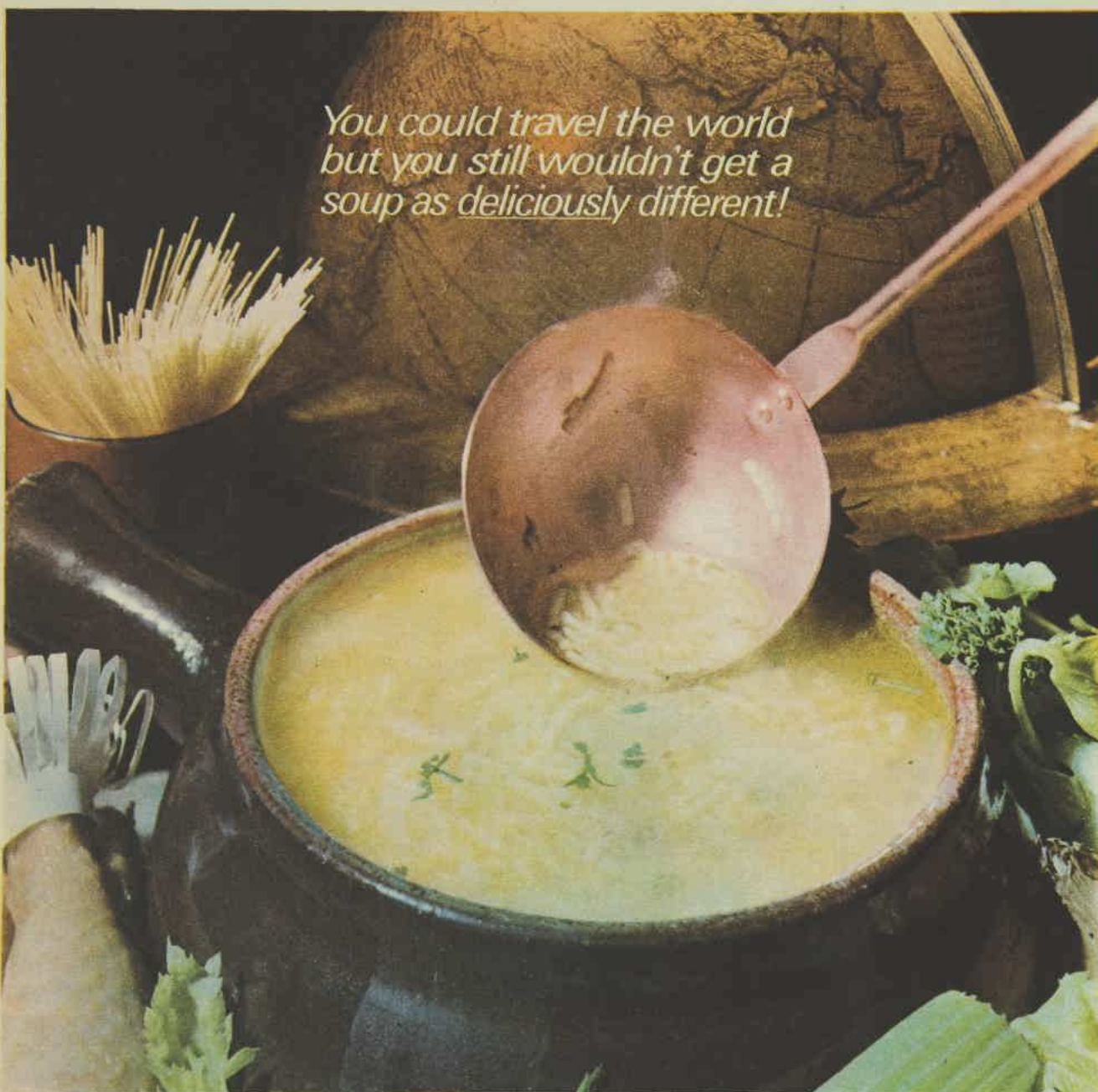
"Oh. And next Saturday?"

"I'll be here."

She said, with intentional lenience. "Then kindly remember next Saturday to shorten the leathers on the saddle before I mount. They are far too long."

She made no move to shorten them herself, but gestured for me to do it for her. She watched me steadily, enjoying herself. While I was fastening the second buckle, she rubbed her knee forwards over my hands and kicked me none too gently in the ribs.

I shrugged her out of my mind, fetched Sparking Plug, sprang up on to his back, and moved out of the yard and up to the moor for the routine working gallops.



## Continental Chicken Noodle soup

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**T**HE weather that day got steadily worse until, while we were out with the second string, it began to rain heavily in fierce slashing gusts, and we struggled miserably back against it with stinging faces and sodden clothes. Waiting for once refrained from making me work all afternoon, and I spent the three hours sitting in the kitchen of the cottage watching Chepstow races on television while our dammy jerseys, breeches, and socks steamed round the fire.

I put the previous season's form book on the kitchen table and sat over it with my head propped on the knuckles of my left hand, idly turning the pages with my right. Depressed by my utter lack of success with the eleven horses' dominion by the antipathy I had to arouse in the lads, and also, I think, by the absence of the hot sunshine I usually lived in at that time of the year, I began to feel that the whole masquerade had been from the start a ghastly mistake. And the trouble was that having taken October's money I couldn't back out; not for months.

Morose I rifled the pages of the form book, aimlessly looking through them for the hundredth time, and came by chance on the map of Chepstow racecourse in the general information section at the beginning of the book. There were diagrammatic maps of all the main courses, showing the shape of the tracks and the positioning of fences, stands, starting gates, and winning posts, and I had looked before at those for Ludlow, Stafford, and Haydock without results. There was no map of Kelso or Sedgefield. Next to the map section were a few pages of information about the courses, the lengths of the circuits, the names and addresses of the officials, the record times for the races, and so on.

For something to do I turned to Chepstow's paragraph. The run-in after the last steeple was detailed there: two hundred and fifty yards. I looked up Kelso, Sedgefield, Ludlow, Stafford, and Haydock. They had much longer run-ins than Chepstow. I looked up the run-in of all the courses in the book. The Aintree Grand National run-in was the second longest. The longest of all was Sedgefield, and in third, fourth, fifth, and sixth position came Ludlow, Haydock, Kelso, and Stafford. All had run-ins of over four hundred yards.

Geography had nothing to do with it: those five courses had almost certainly been chosen by the dopers because in each case it was about a quarter of a mile from the last fence to the winning post.



# NAG NAG NAG NAG NAG NAG NAG NAGGING

## — DOES IT EVER REALLY WORK?

● Nagging, a device by which every grown woman occasionally obtains a swept driveway from a teenager, a tidied toy box from a four-year-old, a leaky tap repair from a husband, and the delivery of six dinner plates from a department store, now has drawn the attention of behaviour scientists who see persistent nagging as a major threat to human happiness.

THEY claim that nagging is almost always wrong, almost never works, and in extreme cases indicates such a serious emotional or physical problem that the nagger should hasten to a doctor.

Some years ago America's Stanford University tested some 2500 subjects to discover which psychological factors are present in happy marriages and which in unhappy ones. Leading the list of male grievances, the element judged to cause the most misery was nagging.

(Curiously, nagging is so firmly identified as a feminine trait that men who nag are described as "old women.") The nagging which causes concern to the experts is not the infrequent type, to which almost everyone is prone when feeling out-of-sorts or besieged by persistent balkiness in a matter that seems important.

Some women regularly have a dip in emotional tone at the time of their menstrual periods and tend to be snappish. The seizures pass, after apologies or pouting all around, and are forgotten.

Nagging becomes a matter in need of prompt and expert assistance when it becomes a relentless all-day, everyday occurrence, with a constant stream of complaint, criticism, and review of past failures. This type of nagging is close to its suspected root, "gnawing"; it is a method of devouring the personality of another being.

### "As bad as an alcoholic"

A prominent psychiatrist said with a shudder, "If my son wanted to marry a chronic nagger, I would feel as badly as if he was marrying an alcoholic. Nagging goes very deep in such dispositions and is exceedingly difficult to change."

What makes a nagger?

Dr. Heinz Lehmann, clinical director of a Canadian mental hospital, believes such naggers are often the result of indifferent, cool parents who gave the child little spontaneous affection. "Nagging becomes the only way that the child can get attention from the parents. After a while, constant nagging solidifies in the personality."

Chronic nagging can also result from the contagion of being raised by a nagging mother.

"Children don't learn by understanding but by observation and imitation," Dr. Lehmann notes. In the case of sons, the boy may become so sensitive to nagging that he cannot bear even mild criticism in his adult life; or else he may become so adjusted to it that he takes its absence in the woman he marries for a lack of interest.

Not all chronic naggers are the product of childhood conditioning; some are the victims of warped situations they could neither change nor abandon—though inability to find a healthier solution than nagging is suspected to be the hallmark of a basically neurotic personality.

● Everyone nags at some time or other, because in some situations even an angel would be driven to nag. But constant nagging is a threat to human happiness and achieves nothing but misery, says writer June Callwood in this survey of "The Whining Disease."

For example, a tidy woman with orderly habits may turn herself into a shrew trying to cope with a slovenly unreliable mate. A man whose mother was a drunk may squabble uncontrollably with a wife who loves parties.

People who remain in such partnerships are a drain on their friends and a worry to themselves, but there is much evidence to show that hate and mutual-mutilation can be as effective a marriage bond as love and respect. Some marriages thrive on fighting.

A sudden onset of heavy nagging, in persons whose normal behaviour is tolerant, is regarded as a highly dangerous symptom by behaviour scientists.

Often something in the relationship is at fault: some mothers begin to nag when their children are close to the age of leaving home, a reflection of basic distress at the impending sense of uselessness; some women nag husbands because of frustration, spiritual, sexual, social, or all three; some husbands nag wives because they feel inadequate, and peevishness is a method of keeping the upper hand.

"Nagging," one authority declared, "is unresolved anger." It is also pain, loneliness, worry, and inability to express oneself.

It may also indicate a health disorder. Irritability is associated with disturbances in the brain and digestive system and with heart disease.

Nagging can also be the only outward sign of a state of fearfulness, as when a person suspects a cancer is developing. People in hazardous professions tend to nag and so do those concerned over debts and drinking.

Last summer a kindly intentioned man noted how harried his golf partner seemed and drew from him a tale of marital woe. The man's wife was nagging him unceasingly about noise, claiming that she was suffering from excruciating headaches. He was forbidden to wear shoes in the house, rattle his newspaper, clear his throat.

"That's absurd," exclaimed the friend. "Stand up for your rights. She's turning you into a mouse." The man returned home, slammed the door, opened the newspaper with gusto, and roared that he was hungry.

The wife screamed and fled upstairs. Two days later she was crippled with rheumatoid arthritis. Her doctor deduced that her physical and emotional health had been so precariously balanced, nagging was an essential outlet.

Interestingly, naggers are most irritated by faults in others that they have in themselves; the analysts call it projection—it is so much easier on the ego to detest imperfection in others rather than disliking oneself.

Most naggers don't see themselves that way at all. They think of themselves as victims of outrageous behaviour in others, and are astonished to be accused of nagging.

The most dramatic experiment involving nagging is still Stanford University's investigation, headed by Dr. Lewis M. Terman.

## FAMILY AFFAIRS

The Stanford psychologists rated the couples they examined as happily or unhappily married and then isolated the factors most prominent in each category.

Forty-four percent of the unhappily married men said they were nagged, 36 percent of these men not only mentioned being nagged but complained about it bitterly.

There was no category for nagging in the questions supplied the wives. A corresponding item in their list of grievances against husbands could be "argumentativeness" or "he does not show affection for me."

The psychologists then calibrated their findings by means of a complicated mathematical system and arrived at the factors they believe cause most misery in marriage.

For men, the list was headed by a wife's nagging, followed by her lack of affection, selfishness or inconsiderateness, complaining, interfering with hobbies, slovenliness of appearance, quick temper, interfering with his discipline of the children, conceit, insincerity, too easily hurt feelings, criticising, narrowmindedness.

Dr. Terman commented, "A majority of the faults are of the kind commonly thought to be indicative of emotional instability, neurotic tendency, or marked introversion . . . Their position here lends support to the theory that one of the great dangers to marriage is the all-round unhappy temperament of one or both spouses."

A list of the factors found to have little influence on the happiness of husbands makes astounding reading.

Unimportant factors were found to be: The wife is younger, drinks, smokes; is older, differs from him in tastes for food, is a social climber, works outside the home, swears, differs from him in education, is a poor cook, differs from him in religious beliefs, is unfaithful. In short, things long regarded as among the most essential conditions of a happy and successful marriage.

Despite the serious implications of nagging, everyone nags at some time. "In some situations," observes psychiatrist Dr. Lehmann, "an angel would be driven to nag."

### Just asking for trouble

Wives who loiter over their make-up while husbands fume in the waiting car are asking for it; so are teenagers who tie up the telephone and husbands who come consistently late for dinner. There are also times when nagging offers a blessed relief for overwrought feelings.

There are two considerations to bear in mind when nagging, Dr. Lehmann contends.

The first one is that since nagging isn't very effective it should never be used when something important is involved. Second, the vulnerable should never be nagged, because they can be damaged by it.

"By this," explains Dr. Lehmann, "I mean people in a learning situation, such as children, students, new employees, or people who are feeling low for some reason."

"Most particularly, I mean adolescents. Adolescents are pretty exasperating. But if you nag them you will only reinforce the unwanted behaviour, actually compel them to challenge you."

Dr. Lehmann believes the harm done by nagging stems from the tone of censure and outrage that usually accompanies it. He, therefore, has evolved harmless nagging.

For example, he pleasantly asks his teenage son to sweep the leaves off the front steps. The boy nods and goes on reading. After an hour or two, the father asks him again to sweep the leaves, in exactly the same tone as if he was asking for the first time. He will repeat his courteous request without trace of sarcasm until the job is done.

"You see," Dr. Lehmann explains, "if I was angry with him, then he would get angry with me. But I am so nice about it he can only be angry with himself."

Old people are especially prone to nag others, since they are so frequently frustrated in today's society, lacking importance, authority, security, companionship.

They become distorted personalities, so that men and women who were self-reliant and agreeable most of their lives can turn into graceless scolds.

The antidote, a display of kindness and affection, is not always available; it may not even be effective.

The defence recommended against such senseless nagging is confrontation. The nagging person whines, "Why haven't you picked up my laundry? I've told you three times about it and you don't seem to realise . . ."

The nagged person then says candidly, "Actually I have no intention of picking up your laundry. If you want it, you'd better get it yourself."

Face naggers plainly, say the experts, and end it. Evasions and explanations only prolong matters.

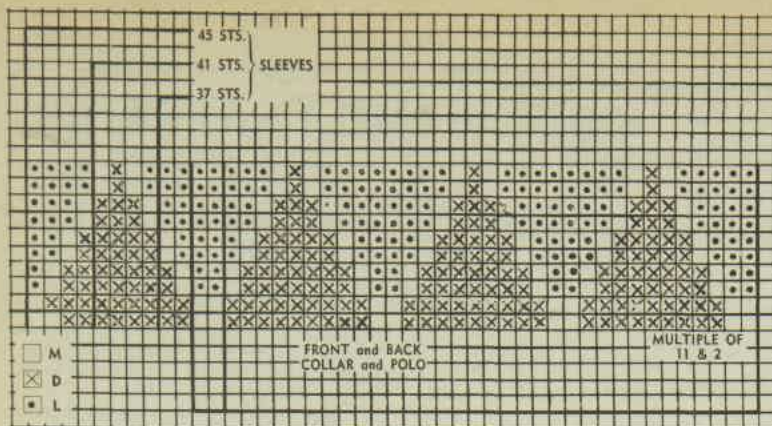
Prevention of nagging in an adult begins in the cradle. A crying baby may be learning to nag. His obvious needs for food and warm dry clothing are readily satisfied, but his inner needs for comforting may be starving. As he grows older, the uncuddled baby can become a whining child.

"Whining is the worst kind of nagging," Dr. Lehmann observes. "It's healthier really if the child throws a temper tantrum when he wants attention."

Whining becomes ingrained swiftly; if a child is beginning to use whining as a technique, an emergency has developed that should be treated as such.

"The test for nagging," declares the experts, "is this: Does it get results? If it does, go ahead. In my experience, though, it's a very ineffective method. Ineffective and usually disastrous."





# BROTHER AND

● Matching sweaters for brother and sister, shown on the opposite page, have different collars. Both sweaters are trimmed on collars, cuffs, and lower edges with a tricolored Fair-Isle edging, a graph of which is shown at left. Easy-to-follow knitting directions begin below.



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**Materials:** 12 (13, 14) balls medium color (m.c.); 2 (2, 2) balls dark color (d.c.) (2 more balls if knitting Polo Collar); 1 ball light color (l.c.); Patons Toteo knitting yarn; small quantity white yarn for embroidery; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 10 knitting needles; 1 pair each of 4 each Nos. 8 and 10 knitting needles; No. 10 Milwards Phantom crochet hook; 4in. zip-fastener.

**Measurements:** To fit 26 (28, 30) in. underarm. Actual measurements: 29 (31, 33) in.; length, 16 (17, 19) in.; sleeve, 10 (11, 12) in.

**Tension:** 11½ sts. to 2in.

### Girl's sweater

#### BACK

Using No. 10 needles and d.c. cast on 89 (101, 111) sts.

**1st Row:** K 2, \* p 1, k 1, m from \* to last st., k 1.

**2nd Row:** \* K 1, p 1, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 6 times inc. once in last row for smallest and largest sizes only, 90 (101, 112) sts.

Using No. 8 needles, work 4 rows in st-st. \*\* Join l.c. and m.c.

Work 10 rows in Fair-Isle pattern as shown on graph for front and back. Break off l.c. and d.c. Continue in st-st. until work measures (11, 12) in. from beg., ending on purl row.

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off (10, 12) sts. at beg. of next rows. \*\*\* Work 40 (44, 48) rows straight.

**To Shape Shoulders:** Cast off (9, 10) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows then 9 (10, 11) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

#### FRONT

Work as back to \*\*\*.

Work 22 (26, 28) rows straight. \*\*\*\* **To Shape Neck:** K 31 (37) sts., cast off 12 (13, 14) sts. 31 (34, 37) sts. Cont. on last row of sts., dec. once at neck edge every alt. row until 25 (28, 31) remain. \*\*\*\*\*

Work 6 (6, 8) rows straight. \*\*\*\*\* **To Shape Shoulder:** Cast off 8 (9, 10) sts. at beg. of next alt. rows once, then 9 (10, 11) sts. at next alt. row. Join in yarn at neck edge and work other side correspond, working shapings at opposite ends of needle.

#### SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and d.c. cast on 37 (41, 45) sts. and work as back to \*\*, omitting inc. in last row of ribbing in smallest and largest size. Join in l.c. and m.c. Work 10 rows in Fair-Isle pattern as shown on chart for sleeves. Break off l.c. and d.c. Cont. in st-st. inc. once at each end of needle in next 3rd row and every foll. 6th (6th, 8th) row until there are 51 (47, 67) sts. in needle, then (1st and 2nd sizes only) in every following 8th row until there are 59 (63) sts. in needle.

Cont. straight until side edge measures 10½ (11½, 12½) in. from beg., ending on purl row. Attach colored thread at each end of last row to mark end of sleeve. Work (12, 14) rows straight.

**To Shape Top:** Cast off 6 sts. beg. of next 8 (6, 4) rows, then (2nd and 3rd sizes only) 7 sts. next 2 (4) rows, 11 (13, 15) sts. Cast off.

#### COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles and d.c. cast on 111 (123, 133) sts.



# SISTER KNITS

Girl's sweater has a peaked collar and a pompon tie; boy's sweater has a polo neck. Directions are given for 26, 28, and 30in. underarm measurements.

The color scheme could be varied.

**SWEATERS** (right) are knitted in same pattern, have different collars — girl's sweater has peaked collar, boy's has a polo neck. Fair-Isle trim on collars, cuffs, and lower edge is in three colors. Knitting-stitch embroidery outlines the simple Fair-Isle pattern.



1st Row: K 2, \* p 1, k 1, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: \* K 1, p 1, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 3 times, inc. once in last row for smallest and largest sizes only. 112 (123, 134) sts.

Using No. 8 needles, work 4 rows in st-st. Join in l.c. and m.c.

Work 10 rows in Fair-Isle patt. as shown in chart for back. Break off l.c. and d.c.

Work 8 (10, 12) rows straight.

Next Row: Cast off 5 sts., dec. 10 (12, 13) sts. along row.

Next Row: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 7 rows. 62 (71, 81) sts.

Cast off rem. sts.

## TO MAKE UP

With slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using flat seam for ribbing and fine back-stitch seam for other seams, sew up side, shoulder, and sleeve seams to colored threads. Sew in sleeves. Turn under front sides of collar lin. for seam. Flat seam collar to neckline (as illustrated). Using white yarn, embroider with knitting stitch as shown in picture above. Make chain and pompons. Sew on to garment. Finally, press all seams.

To Make Pompon: Cut 2 circles of cardboard approximately 2in. wide, and cut lin. circle out of centre of each. With cardboard pieces together and beginning at centre, wind strand of each color together round rings until thick enough. Cut loops at circle edge, pull two pieces of cardboard slightly apart, and tie round centre. Pull cardboard out and fluff pompon. Trim pompon.

## Boy's sweater

### BACK

Work as girl's sweater.

### FRONT

Work as girl's sweater to \*\*\*.

Work 26 (30, 32) rows straight.

To Shape Neck: Work as from \*\*\* to \*\*\* for front of girl's sweater. Work 2 (2, 4) rows straight.

To Shape Shoulder: Work as front of girl's sweater from \*\*\*\* to end.

### SLEEVES

Work as girl's sweater.

### POLO COLLAR

Backstitch shoulder seams. With right side of work facing, using set of 4 No. 10 needles and d.c., knit up 98 (110, 120 sts.) evenly round neck.

1st Round: \* K 1, p 1, rep. from \* to end of round.

Cont. in rib until collar measures 6in., inc. once in last round in smallest and largest size only, 99 (110, 121) sts.

Using set of 4 No. 8 needles, work 4 rounds in st-st.

Join in l.c. and m.c. Work Fair-Isle patt. from chart as back. Using set of 4 No. 10 needles and m.c., work 4 rounds in st-st. Cast off loosely.

## TO MAKE UP

As girl's sweater. Fold last 4 rounds of polo collar on to wrong side of collar and slip-stitch lightly. Finally, press all seams.



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It was an advance, even if a small one, to have made at least some pattern out of the chaos. In a slightly less abysmal frame of mind I shut the form book and at four o'clock followed the other lads out into the unwelcome rain-swept yard. As usual it was seven before we had all finished, and eight before we had eaten and changed and were bumping down the hill to Slaw, seven of us sardined into a rickety old car.

It was nearly ten, the hour when the lads began to empty their glasses and think about having to get up the next morning, when Soupy strolled across the room toward the door and, seeing my eyes on him, jerked his head for me to follow him. I got up and went out after him and found him in the lavatories.

"This is for you. The rest on Tuesday," he said and handed me a thick brown envelope. I put it in the inside pocket of my black leather jacket and turned on my heel and went back into the bar; and after awhile, casually, he followed.

So I crammed into the car and was driven up the hill, back to bed in the little dormitory, with seventy-five pounds and a packet of white powder sitting snugly over my heart.

October dipped his finger in the powder and tasted it.

"I don't know what it is," he said. "I'll get it analysed. You do realise what a risk you'll be running if you take his money and don't give the dope to the horse? They can

Continued from page 54

be pretty free with their boots, these people."

"Actually," I said, straightening up, "I do think it might be best if Sparking Plug didn't win ... I could hardly hope to attract custom from the dopes we are really after if they heard I had double-crossed anyone before."

"You're quite right," He sounded relieved. "Sparkling Plug must lose; but Inskip ... how on earth can I tell him that the jockey must pull back?"

"You can't," I said. "You don't want them getting into trouble. But it won't matter much if I do. The horse won't win if I keep him thirsty tomorrow morning and give him a bucketful of water just before the race."

He looked at me with amusement. "I see you've learned a thing or two."

He folded the packet of white powder and tucked it back into the envelope with the money. The seventy-five pounds had foolishly been paid in a bundle of new fivers with consecutive numbers; and we had agreed that October would take them and try to discover to whom they had been issued.

I told him about the long run-ins on all of the courses where the eleven horses had won.

"It almost sounds as if they might have been using vitamins after all," he said thoughtfully. "You can't detect them in dope tests because technically they are not dope

at all, but food. The whole question of vitamins is very difficult."

With regret I made my confession that I had learned nothing from Beckett's type-script.

"Neither Beckett nor I expected as much from it as you did," he said. "I've been talking to him a lot this week and we think that although all those extensive inquiries were made at the time, you might find something that was overlooked if you moved to one of the stables where those eleven horses were trained when they were doped. Of course, eight of the horses were sold and have changed stables, which is a pity, but three are still with their original trainers, and it might be best if you could get a job with one of those."

"Yes," I said. "All right. I'll try all three trainers and see if one of them will take me on. But the trail is very cold by now ... and jockey number twelve will turn up in a different stable altogether. There was nothing, I suppose, at Haydock this week?"

"No. Saliva samples were taken from all the runners before the selling chase, but the favorite won, quite normally, and we didn't have the samples analysed. But now that you've spotted that those five courses must have been chosen deliberately for their long finishing straights we will keep stricter watches there than ever."

A gust of bitter wind blew down the gully, and he shivered. The little stream, swollen with yesterday's rains, tumbled busily over its rocky bed. October whistled to his dog and turned away.

## SPARKING PLUG

had to do without his bucket of water that night and again the following morning. The box driver set off to Leicester with a pocketful of hard-earned money from the lads and their instructions to back the horse to win; I felt a traitor.

Inskip's other horse, which had come in the box, too, was engaged in the third race, but the novice chase was not until the fifth race on the card, which left me free to watch the first two races as well as Sparks' own. I bought a race card and found a space on the parade-ring rails, and watched the horses for the first race being led round. Although from the form books I knew the names of a great many trainers they were still unknown to me by sight; and accordingly, when they stood chatting with their jockeys in the ring, I tried, for interest, to identify some of them. There were only seven of them engaged in the first race, Owen, Cundell, Beeby, Cazalet, Humber ... Humber? What was it that I had heard about Humber? I couldn't remember. Nothing very important, I thought.

Humber's horse looked the least well of the lot, and the lad leading him round wore unpolished shoes, a dirty raincoat, and an air of not caring to improve matters. The jockey's jersey, when he took his coat off, could be seen to be still grubby with mud from a former outing, and the trainer who had failed to provide clean colors or to care about stable smartness was a large, bad-tempered-looking man leaning on a thick, knobbed walkingstick.

As it happened, Humber's lad stood beside me on the stand to watch the race.

"Got any chance?" I asked idly.

"Waste of time running him," he said.

## FOR KICKS

"Oh. Perhaps your other horse is better, though?"

"My other horse?" He laughed without mirth. "Three others, would you believe it? I'm fed up. I'm packing it in at the end of the week, pay or no pay."

I suddenly remembered what I had heard about Humber. The worst stable in the country to work for, the boy in the Bristol hotel had said: they starved the lads and knocked them about and could only get riff-raff to work there.

"How do you mean, pay or no pay?" I asked.

"Humber pays sixteen quid a week, instead of eleven," he said, "but it's not worth it."

The race started, and we watched Humber's horse finish last. The lad disappeared, muttering, to lead it away.

I smiled, followed him down the stairs, and forgot him, because waiting near the bottom step was a seedy, black-moustached man whom I instantly recognised as having been in the bar at the Cheltenham dance.

I walked slowly away to lean over the parade ring rail, and he inconspicuously followed. He stopped beside me, and with his eyes on the one horse already in the ring, he said, "I hear that you are hard up."

"Not after today. I'm not," I said, looking him up and down.

"Oh. Are you so sure of Sparking Plug?"

"Certain." Someone, I reflected, had been kind enough to tell him which horse I looked after.

"Have you ever thought of changing your job ... going to another stable?"

"I've thought of it," I admitted, shrugging. "Who hasn't?"

"There's always a market for good lads," he pointed out, "and I've heard you're a dab hand at the mucking out. With a reference from Inskip you could get in anywhere, if you told them you

were prepared to wait for a vacancy. It can be very lucrative working for some stable if you are ready to do a more than the stable tells you to."

"Such as?"

"Oh ... general duties," he said vaguely. "It varies. Anything helpful to, or, person who is prepared to supplement your income."

"And who's that?"

He smiled thinly. "I'll be upon me as his agent. He'll be about it? His terms are regular fiver a week for information about the results of training gallops and things like that, and a good bonus for occasional special jobs, a more, or, risky nature."

"It doesn't sound bad," said slowly, sucking in his lower lip. "Can't I do at Inskip's?"

"Inskip's is not a betting stable," he said. "The horse always runs to win. We don't need a permanent employee in that sort of place. There are, however, at present two betting stables with out a man of ours in them, and you would be useful either."

He named two leading trainers, neither of whom was one of the three people I had already planned to apply to. I would have to decide whether it would not be more useful to join what was clearly a well-organised system, than to work with a once-doped horse who would almost certainly not be doped again.

"I'll think it over," I said. "Where can I get in touch with you?"

"Until you're on the parade roll, you can't," he said simply. "Sparkling Plug's in the fifth. I see. Well, you can give me your answer about that race. I'll be somewhere on your way back to the stables. Just nod if you agree, and shake your head if you don't. But I can't see you passing up a chance like that not one of your sort."

He turned away, then came back.

"Should I have a big bet on Sparking Plug, then?" he asked.

To page 59



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"Oh . . . er, if I were you I'd save your money."

He looked surprised, and then suspicious, and then knowing. "So that's how the land lies," he said. "Well, I can see you're going to be very useful to us."

I watched him go. It wasn't from kind-heartedness that I had stopped him backing Sparking Plug, but because it was the only way to retain and strengthen his confidence. When he was fifty yards away, I followed him. He made straight for the bookmakers in Tattersalls' and strolled along the rows, looking at the odds displayed by each firm; but as far as I could see he was, in fact, innocently planning to bet on the next race, and not reporting to anyone the outcome of his talk with me. Sighing, I put ten shillings on an outsider and went back to watch the horses go out for the race.

Sparkling Plug thirstily drank two full buckets of water, stumbled over the second-last fence, and cantered tiredly in behind the other seven runners to the accompaniment of boos from the cheaper enclosures. I watched him with regret. It was a thankless way to treat a great-hearted horse.

The seedy, black-moustached man was waiting when I led the horse away to the stables. I nodded to him, and he sneered knowingly back.

"You'll hear from us," he said. There was gloom in the box going home and in the yard the next day over Sparking Plug's inexplicable defeat, and I went alone to Slaw on Tuesday evening, when Soupy duly handed over another seventy-five pounds. I checked it. Another fifteen new fivers, consecutive to the first fifteen.

**I**N view of the black-moustached man's offer I decided to read through Beckett's typescript yet again, to see if the eleven dopings could have been the result of systematic spying. Looking at things from a fresh angle might produce results, I thought, and also might help me make up my mind whether or not to back out of the spying job and go to one of the doped horse's yards as arranged.

Locked in the bathroom, I began again with page one. On page sixty-seven, fairly early in the life history of the fifth of the horses, I read: "Bought at Ascot Sales, by D. L. Mentiff, Esq., of York, for four hundred and twenty guineas, passed on for five hundred pounds to H. Humber, of Possett, County Durham, remained three months, ran twice unplaced in maiden hurdles, subsequently sold again at Doncaster, being bought for six hundred guineas, by N. W. Davies, Esq., of Leeds. Sent by him to L. Peterson's training stables, at Mars Edge, Staffs., remained eighteen months, ran in four maiden hurdles, five novice 'chases, all without being placed. Races listed below." Three months at Humber's. I smiled. It appeared that horses didn't stay with him any longer than lads. I

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Continued from page 58

## FOR KICKS

ploughed on through the details, page after solid page.

On page ninety-four I came across the following: "Alamo was then offered for public auction at Kelso, and a Mr. John Arbuthnot, living in Berwickshire, paid three hundred guineas for him. He sent him to be trained by H. Humber at Possett, County Durham, but he was not entered for any races, and Mr. Arbuthnot sold him to Humber for the same sum. A few weeks later he was sent for resale at Kelso. This time Alamo was bought for three hundred and seventy-five guineas by a Mr. Clement Smithson, living at Nantwich, Cheshire, who kept him at home for the summer and then

sent him to a trainer called Samuel Martin at Malton, Yorkshire, where he ran unplaced in four maiden hurdles before Christmas (see list attached)."

I massaged my stiff neck. Humber again.

I read on.

On page one hundred and eighty, I read, "Ridgeway was then acquired as a yearling by a farmer, James Green, of Home Farm, Crayford, Surrey, in settlement of a bad debt. Mr. Green put him out to grass for two years and had him broken in, hoping he would be a good hunter. However, a Mr. Taplow, of Pusey, Wilts., said he would like to buy him and put him in training for racing. Ridgeway was

trained for flat races by Donald Streat, of Pusey, but was unplaced in all his four races that summer. Mr. Taplow then sold Ridgeway privately to Albert George, farmer, of Bridge Lewes, Shropshire, who tried to train him himself, but said he found he didn't have time to do it properly, so he sold him to a man a cousin of his knew near Durham, a trainer called Hedley Humber. Humber apparently thought the horse was no good, and Ridgeway went up for auction at Newmarket in November, fetching two hundred and ninety guineas and being bought by Mr. P. J. Brewer, of the Manor, Witherby, Lancs. . . ."

I ploughed right on to the end of the typescript, threading my way through the welter of names, but Humber was not mentioned anywhere again.

Three of the eleven horses had

been in Humber's yard for a brief spell at some distant time in their careers. That was all it amounted to.

I realised that I had had no reason to notice the name Humber before seeing him and his horse and talking to his lad at Leicester, but if I had missed one name occurring three times, I could have missed others as well. The thing to do would be to make lists of every single name mentioned in the typescript, and see if any other turned up in association with several of the horses.

There were more than a thousand names in the typescript. I listed half of them on the Wednesday night, and slept a bit, and finished them on Thursday night, and slept some more.

To page 62



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More for the gardening glossary

# HORTICULTURAL TERMS

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Last week a list was given of botanical terms often used in reference works on gardening. Here now are some horticultural terms.

**Bonding:** Term usually applied to laying of lawn turfs tightly together.

**Chelates:** Chemical substances containing iron or other metals in a form which can be utilised by plants for long periods.

**Chlorosis:** Yellowing or mottling of the leaves, usually caused by disease or soil deficiencies, chiefly of iron or magnesium.

**Complete Fertilisers:** Combinations of fertilisers assisting plant growth, usually containing sulphate of ammonia, superphosphate, and sulphate of potash, often with trace elements added.

**Compost:** A fertilising mixture composed of animal manures and plant remains allowed to decompose.

**Crocks:** Pieces of broken pots, gravel, or similar material in the bottom of containers to ensure drainage.

**Cuttings:** There are several types, as follows: *Softwood cuttings*, taken from young wood of plants in active growth, e.g., Fuchsia, Coleus, Hydrangea. *Hardwood cuttings*, taken

from fully mature wood, usually from deciduous plants after the leaves have fallen, e.g., Poplars, Deutzia. *Semi-hardwood or half-ripened cuttings*, taken from firm wood when the growth has recently ceased; e.g., Hibiscus, Gardenia. *Root cuttings*, taken from pieces of root 2 in. to 3 in. long; e.g., Perennial Phlox. *Leaf cuttings*, from the leaves only or with a short stalk; e.g., Rex Begonias, Saintpaulias.

**Damping Off:** A fungus disease affecting seedlings or very young plants at or near ground level, causing them to fall over and die.

**Division:** A simple form of propagation in which established plants are lifted and parts with roots attached replanted, usually the strongest growth on the outside of the clumps. Used mainly with herbaceous perennials, bulbs, and a few shrubs.

**Dolomite:** Limestone containing magnesium. As many soils are deficient in both lime and magnesium, dolomite has the advantage of meeting both requirements.

Gardening Book, vol. 2 — page 201

**Espalier:** Training shrubs or fruit trees on walls, fences, trellises, or frames.

**Fasciation:** Type of plant abnormality, usually characterised by a flattening of the stem. Often seen in Daphne.

**Grafting:** Transferring part of one plant (scion) to another (stock) so that union takes place. The scion is the upper part of a grafted or budded plant, the stock is the root-bearing portion.

**Heeling In:** Method of preserving plants, usually open-rooted ones, until ready for planting in permanent positions, usually in a trench or hole with the roots well covered with soil and watered.

**Humus:** Decomposing organic matter in the soil, such as plant and animal remains and manures; it improves the soil both physically and chemically, mainly the former.

**Layering:** Method of propagation by which branches produce roots while still attached to the parent plant. Stems are selected near the ground, making a slanting cut on the underside and pegging down to the soil until they develop roots; e.g., Azaleas and Carnations.

**Mulching:** Covering the soil with layers of materials, such as compost, manures, lawn clippings, straw, spent hops, and gravel to conserve moisture, cool the soil and keep down weed growth.

**pH:** Term used as a measure of soil acidity. The scale goes from 1 (very acid) to 14 (very alkaline), with 7 indicating a neutral soil.

For most plants the range is between 5 and 7, those preferring acid soils being between 5 and 6.5, and others requiring a more alkaline soil between 6 and 7.5.

Gardening Book, vol. 2 — page 202

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

**Peat Moss:** Material taken from peat soils, usually from the top, which is rich in organic matter, improving mainly the physical condition of the soil, especially in absorbing and retaining water.

**Puddling:** Dipping the roots of plants, mostly deciduous ones, in a mixture of clay and water, which coats them and prevents drying out.

**Soils:** Principal types are: *Clays*, consisting of minute particles which adhere together to form a stiff putty-like mass; *loams*, soils of good texture containing humus (if containing less than 10 percent these are called sandy loams; if clay predominates, then clay loams). *Calcareous soils* are those containing appreciable amounts of limestone; *peaty soils*, those very rich in organic matter.

**Spit:** A spade's depth of soil.

**Stratify:** To bury seeds, usually hard-shelled ones, in soil that is moist or sometimes subjected to frost, to assist germination when subsequently sown.

**Subsoil:** Soil immediately below the topsoil, usually paler in color. Subsoiling involves breaking up this layer either by double digging or by machinery.

**Trace Elements:** Minor elements required for plant growth. Major elements are nitrogen, phosphorus, potash, iron, sulphur, calcium, and magnesium. Trace elements include cobalt, copper, molybdenum, manganese, zinc, sodium, chlorine, and boron.

**Wrenching:** Severing the roots of plants at a short distance from the base with a spade some time before transplanting, to develop new compact roots to make moving more easy.



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## Mrs. H. WIFE



"What if we tear something?"

Continued from page 59

On Friday the sun shone for a change, and the morning was beautiful on the moor. I trotted Sparking Plug along the track somewhere in the middle of the string and thought about the lists. No names except Humber's and one other occurred in connection with more than two of the horses. But the one other was a certain Paul J. Adams, and he had at one time or another owned six of them. Six out of eleven. It couldn't be a coincidence. The odds against it were phenomenal. It was certain I had made my first really useful discovery, yet I couldn't see why the fact that P. J. Adams, Esq., had owned a horse for a few months, once, should enable it to be doped

a year or two later. I puzzled over it all morning without a vestige of understanding.

As it was a fine day, Wally said it was a good time for me to scrub some rugs. It was an unpopular job, and Wally, who had treated me even more coldly since Sparking Plug's disgrace (though he had not gone so far as to accuse me of engineering it), could hardly conceal his dislike when he told me that it was my turn to do it.

However, I reflected, as I laid out five rugs after lunch and thoroughly soaked them with water, I had two hours to be alone and think. And, as so often happens, I was wrong.

At three o'clock, when the horses

## FOR KICKS

were dozing and the lads were either copying them or had made quick trips to Harrogate with the new pay packets; when stable boy was at its siesta and only I with my broom showed signs of reluctant activity, Patty Tarren walked through the gate and slowed to a halt a few feet away.

She was wearing a straight dress of soft-looking knobby tweed with a row of silver buttons from throat to hem. Her chestnut hair hung in a clean shining braid on her shoulders and was held back from her forehead by a wide, green band, and with her fluffy eyelashes and pale pink mouth she looked about as enticing an interruption to a hard-worked stable hand could ask for.

"Hullo, Danny Boy," she said. "Good afternoon, miss."

"I saw you from my window," she said. "I turned in surprise, because I had thought October's house was hidden by trees, but not enough, up the slope, one strong corner and a window could be seen through a gap in the leafy boughs. It was, however, a long way off. If Patty had recognised me from that distance she had been using binoculars."

"You looked lonely, so I came down to talk to you."

"Thank you, miss."

"As a matter of fact," she said, lowering the eyelashes, "the rest of the family don't get here until the evening, and I had nothing to do in that barn of a place all by myself and I was bored."

"I see." I leant on the broom, looking at her lovely face and thinking that there was an expression in her eyes too old for her years. "It's rather cold out here, don't you think? I want to talk to you about something . . . don't you think we could stand in the shelter of that doorway?" Without waiting for an answer she walked toward the doorway in question, which was that of the hay barn, and went inside. I followed her, resting the broom against the door post.

It appeared that talking was not her main object, after all. She put her hands round the back of my neck and offered her mouth for a kiss. I bent my head and kissed her. She smelled sweetly of fresh soap, more innocent than her behaviour.

"Well . . . that's all right, then," she said with a giggle, disengaging herself and climbed up the hay to the flat level at the top. I followed her slowly. When I got to the top I sat looking down at the hay barn floor with the broom, the bucket, and the rug touched with sunlight through the doorway.

Then I looked back at her face. Her eyes were big and dark, and the odd way in which she was smiling suddenly struck me as being half furtive, half greedy; and wholly sinful. I had an abrupt vision of myself as she must see me, as I had seen myself in the long mirror in October's London house, a dark, flashy-looking stable boy with an air of deceitfulness and an acquaintance with dirt.

I felt a flush of anger, and shame spread over me.

I slid down the hay, walked across the floor and out of the doorway without looking back. Twisting up the broom and cursing under my breath, I let out my fury against myself by scrubbing the rug until my arms ached.

After a while I saw her come slowly out of the hay barn, look around her and go across to a muddy puddle on the edge of the tarmac. She dirtied her shoes thoroughly in it, then childishly walked on to the rug I had just cleaned, and wiped all the mud off carefully in the centre.

Her eyes were wide and her face expressionless as she looked at me. "You'll be sorry, Danny Boy," she said simply and without haste, strolled away down the yard; the chestnut hair swinging gently on the green tweed dress.

I scrubbed the rug again. Why had I kissed her? Why, after knowing about her from that kiss, had I followed her up into the hay? I was filled with useless dismay and felt an atrocious sense of guilt toward October, for I had had the intention, and there was no denying it, of doing what Patty wanted.

To be continued

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Continued from page 33

## THE HAPPY GARDENER

During the first week of May, Millie and I got a great kick out of frequenting the various bookshops, watching the salesgirls gift-wrap the book in exchange for the sum of two guineas that was handed to them by teenagers and harassed businessmen alike. The royalties came rolling in, and Millie and I were on clover.

The second edition came out before Christmas, and sales got a further boost when one of the department stores suggested to Millie that she autograph each copy as it was sold. All one week she sat in the book section during the lunch hour while I handed her the copies to sign.

We had both made a tidy sum by this time. My profits went into a bank account, for I couldn't think of a thing to do with the money apart from making a few improvements to the house. And Millie, of course, had fared even better. It came as a bombshell when she told me she intended to travel. I just couldn't imagine that little homebody trotting round the world, but once the idea had occurred to her she would not be dissuaded.

"You'll come up against all sorts of difficulties alone, you know," I warned her. "And what about your garden?"

"That will be someone else's worry," she said airily. And then she added as an afterthought, "But I'll leave my Bonsai with you, Jud, to look after."

The audacity of the woman, I thought, expecting me to care for them after the trouble they'd caused. "Well, I don't know about that, Millie," I answered slowly. "I don't mind watering them occasionally, but don't hold me responsible if anything happens to them."

She put her hand on mine. "I'm giving them to you, Jud," she said gently.

I had the grace to feel ashamed. The little trees were very precious to her, I knew, and it would have been a simple matter to leave them

at a nursery while she was away.

"Thank you, Millie," I answered gruffly. "You'll have to tell me how to care for them before you go." I knew there was a lot more to it than just watering them. Many a time I had watched Millie at work over the bench. She would wire the branches to shape them, and sometimes re-pot the small trees after pruning the roots, and I had marvelled at her patience.

"I'll give you a book of instructions before I go," she told me. "I've already given notice to the agent, and I'm leaving next week."

And leave she did, not in a ship, like any sensible traveller, but by air. I saw her off, with mutual promises to write.

At first the postcards came at regular intervals. There were colored ones from England and after that from Italy and the south of France. Without exception they were scenes of flowers and gardens, and in the limited space on the back she would enthuse about them.

**G**RADUALLY, though, there were fewer references to the scenic beauty. Instead I read of the Casinos at Monte Carlo, the famous film stars she had seen, and the luxury of the hotels at which she stayed. After a while the cards became fewer and finally stopped altogether.

If it had not been for the regular cheques which were paid into my account from the sales of the book I might have forgotten all about Millie. Her cottage had had several tenants since she left. Not even she had known that I was her landlord. I had no wish to be bothered with the collecting of rent and complaints from tenants and had put it in the hands of an agent.

After Millie left, an elderly couple moved in who spent their days and half their nights bickering. I could hear them when I was out in my garden, and it was a relief

when they got behind with the rent and finally left.

Then came a young couple with a baby. They spent a lot of time gardening, and would have been the perfect tenants had not the baby cried incessantly, particularly at night. The young mother was a firm believer in discipline, and in theory I agreed with her. But I was sorely tried when that baby's lusty yells began in the early hours of the morning.

When the father was moved to another branch of his firm I watched their departure with no regrets. Babies are fine little things when they are lying docilely in their prams, but I can do without them when they rob me of my sleep.

After that I told the agent to wait till he found the perfect tenants. In my new affluence I could afford a temporary loss.

It was only by chance that I learned of Millie's return. I was in the city, which I avoided like the plague if I could, but I needed a new part for my lawnmower. She was standing in a queue outside a picture theatre and when she spoke to me I had to look twice before I recognised her. Her sturdy little feet were encased in ridiculously high-heeled pumps, and her hair was the color of the brass knocker on her door, which she used to polish so assiduously.

"Why Millie," I greeted her in a burst of genuine pleasure. "When did you get back?"

"Only a couple of days ago, Jud. I was going to ring you just as soon as I'd got unpacked. I'm staying in a friend's flat until I can find something for myself."

We talked for a few minutes while she waited her turn in the queue, and she asked me to call on her the following afternoon. The flat was a few blocks from my place.

It was hard to imagine Millie in a flat, and when I went to see her I picked a posy of primroses from my garden.

When she opened the door to me she was dressed in black pants with a tight-fitting top of scarlet jersey. Her face was heavily made up, and two large stones gleamed redly from her ear lobes, like the twin tail-lights of a car.

I gave her the nosegay, which she placed in a vase, and it looked as incongruous in that gaudy room as a demure girl in a baccarat school. There were no flowers to be seen, and through the door leading on to a small balcony I caught a glimpse of several dejected-looking potplants, starved for care and water.

She must hate this, I thought. Underneath her changed appearance I felt sure that the old Millie remained, ready to emerge from



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**Singapore**

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To page 66



Painted by Wes. Walters specially for the Australian Canned Fruit Sales Promotion Committee.



*Her gown is an Italian original (Pink crepe, 210,000 lira)  
Her jewellery is from London (Diamond and pearls, £1,500)  
Her dessert is straight from the can (Peaches, 6d. a serve)*

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# COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

THE enclosed picture (left) appears to be painted on glass on the reverse side. It has been handed down to my wife from her mother, who had it handed down from her mother—how far back no one seems to know. I would like to know the age and origin of the picture.—Mr. A. Palmer, Shepparton, Vic.

This fine painting on glass is Chinese. Its period is Ch'ing-lung (A.D. 1736-1795).

CAN you give me any information about a pottery jug (right), of which I enclose a picture?—Mrs. B. Hopwood, Brighton, Vic.

Your jug appears to be Sunderland (Co. of Durham) pottery. It was probably made at the Wear pottery works about 1845. The factory, which was established by John Brunton in 1786, seems to have specialised in making lustre wares and chintz pattern jugs during the second quarter of the 19th century.



● Pottery jug.

## ● Chinese painting.

I WAS interested in your reply to a reader in your issue of March 3, 1965, re the painting on glass of Windsor Castle. I have owned a picture for many years which I have been told is a painting on glass, although it did not appear to me to be so. However, on opening up the back of it I find that although the actual picture itself is in soft muted colors, it is backed with vivid colors on thin glass.

The subject of the painting is a family group—father and mother seated on what appears to me to be a Rocamier settee, listening to their daughter playing the violin while their two younger children are posed in period costume.

I will be very grateful to have information about this.—Christina McArthur, Canberra, A.C.T.

The glass picture is probably an early 19th-century example. Glass pictures have rarely been reproduced. Perhaps you could arrange to show it to me. I shall be glad to express an opinion.

I HAVE a silver pencil-holder with a bust of the Duke of Wellington on top, and the inscription on the shield below the bust reads "Assaye-Waterloo. Born 1769 died 1852."

Below the shield and extending down the column is a flag, spear, rifle, and bayonet all crossing a round shield. At the base of the flagstaff is a drum and knight's helmet.—Mr. J. A. Bates, Hammondville, N.S.W.

Your silver pencil-holder was probably made about 1853 or 1854. I cannot attribute it to a specific maker. I have no references dealing with such pencils. The subject has been neglected.



## ● Cheese dish.

COULD you help me identify my old cheese dish? The flowers are deep pink, red, and blue, the leaves three shades of green and light brown; the small leaves and stems are gold. Inside the bowl are the numbers 2231, 52, and 163F. Unfortunately, a stamp under the base appears to have been pressed on crookedly and is unreadable.—Mrs. J. G. Bolton, Kyneton, Vic.

Your attractive pottery cheese dish and cover were made about 1875 to 1885 in Germany.



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## SNOWLINES

*Up above Lake Eucumbene,  
High up where it snows,  
The world is white and silent  
And the snow gum grows;  
Not a creature stirring:  
Skiers who, en masse,  
Went whooshing by an hour ago  
Are down in some crevasse.*

*Way up there at Perisher,  
Perishingly cold,  
The snow is deep and glittering  
In every mountain fold;  
Not a creature's stirring  
There, upon the Alps:  
The climbing types are lying still  
With lacerated scalps.*

*The slopes look so appealing,  
All gleaming in the sun,  
The streams are bubbling merrily,  
But not on any run  
Is there a creature stirring:  
Old winter, full of whims,  
Has upset the tobogganers  
By fracturing their limbs.*

*Everywhere, the snowfields  
Are full of gentle charms,  
And all the little alpine huts  
Of broken legs and arms.*

—IAN HEALY

Continued from page 63

her gaudy disguise. I could find no words to say, and we sat in silence for a few minutes. Then, "What will you do with yourself now, Millie?" I asked her. "I suppose you miss the garden?"

"Good gracious, no," she assured me. "I'll find plenty to do. Films, bridge, lunch-cons in town—" And her laugh was as metallic and artificial as the sound of her bracelets, which jingled with every movement.

As she talked she used her hands to express herself, and I found myself watching them. I still had a mental picture of what they had been like. Brown, capable, the short square nails as likely as not bearing traces of their contact with the good earth.

**B**UT now they were lacquered vermilion red, and they had forgotten how to relax gracefully when their day's work was done. Then we talked of the book for awhile and of what a little goldmine it had proved to be. But it was a relief when the time came when I could decently take my departure.

I came to the sad conclusion that Millie's ship and mine had taken separate courses. And though I thought of the empty cottage next door I made no mention of it.

As time passed, her garden (I still thought of it as Millie's garden) began to wear a desolate air, and I was forced to do some tidying up. It needed a tenant, of course, but when the thought of Millie came to me I rejected it.

It conjured up a picture of the last time I had seen her; the high heels and the stri-

dent laughter, the hands like painted talons. And I knew that I wouldn't care if we never met again. It was a sad admission, remembering what close friends we had once been.

But the next time I saw her I changed my mind. On this occasion she was in the little provision store which I patronised, and I wondered what had brought her there. That day at the flat she had told me that the supermarkets were the only place to shop.

She looked different, somehow. For one thing, her shoes were the sensible ones she used to wear, and though her nails still bore traces of lacquer it was patchy and peeling. Her hair too, was not so brassy, and I could see a few grey streaks in it.

But the change in her went even deeper than that. It was in her eyes, in the lost and kind of helpless expression I read there.

The old Millie is back, I thought joyfully to myself as she took my hands.

"I'm so glad to see you, Jud," she said simply. "I'm still busy house-hunting or I would have rung you up."

It was on the tip of my tongue to tell her about the cottage next door, but I hesitated. I've never been a man to rush into things and I wanted to think about it a bit more.

When I got home I carried the old wicker chair out the back and sat near the bench of Bonsai. I had moved it under my back window, with a light brushwood screen over the top to give filtered sunlight. The trees had been watered just before I went out, and now the last rays of the afternoon sun glistened on a few remaining drops.

## THE HAPPY GARDENER

I had grown very fond of the small delicate things, tending them like babies, and they had repaid me for my care. My favorite, and I knew it had been Millie's, too, was a Chinese elm. It was one of her oldest, about twenty years—though still a young Bonsai in the eyes of the Eastern world.

But the branches curved gracefully and the small gnarled trunk, embedded in rock and moss, gave an illusion of age, as though it had stood there for centuries.

We could take the paling fence down, I mused aloud, and use the bench as a divider. That way we could both share them. The petunias would do just as well round the front, and they'll make a good show for the passers-by.

I stood up briskly. I knew what I had to do now. I picked up the Chinese elm and I walked round to the flat where I had gone to see Millie. I hadn't put any wrapping round the little tree and I carried it as proudly as any suitor with an armful of roses.

Millie was in, and she was

### Notice to Contributors

**P**LEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

alone. I'll never forget her face when she opened the door and saw what I held. It was of crumpled all over, and she didn't say a word, just took it from me with hands that trembled.

I put mine on her shoulder and I said softly. "Why don't you come back to the cottage, Millie? It's empty, you know."

"Empty, Jud? Are you sure? The agent didn't tell me. I'll go and see him right away."

"I'll come with you," I told her.

**T**HAT was a week ago, and when I brought the milk bottle in this morning I saw she was already in the front garden. She was on her knees, busily planting out some young seedlings from their box. Seeing her there I could imagine that the past year had never been.

I went over to the dividing fence to give her the morning's greetings.

"Getting your asters in, Millie?" I asked her. "Does our book say that spring's arrived?"

"When the birds wake me before the alarm goes off I don't need the book to tell me spring is here. It's something I can feel in my blood. And here, too," she added, picking up a handful of the rich, warm earth and letting it slip lovingly through her fingers.

I settled my big frame into the old hammock and went through the ritual of filling my first pipe of the day.

Her back was turned to me now, and she was busy again with her seedlings, tamping each one down firmly and expertly. Yes, I told myself, Millie's barometer was set fair, and I knew that she had found her harborage. And I smoked contentedly as I watched her.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 21, 1965



# STITCH IN TIME SAVES MONEY

● Using the cheapest materials, 19-year-old Mieke Smit, of Hyde Park, Adelaide, designs and makes all her own clothes — and she looks marvellous in her economical wardrobe.

**MIEKE** says it all started when she left school and began working.

"My pay packet just didn't allow for the type of clothes I wanted to wear.

"I wanted to dress smartly and differently, but clothes like that were far too dear for me," she said.

"The only way out was to make my own things and as I also wanted to be completely different, I decided to try my hand at designing them as well.

"I didn't really think I'd be any good at designing—but it's easy.

"All you have to do is to use your imagination.

"I just keep my eyes open all the time

"The sketch I make in the beginning is enough to go by.

"I just take out a frock I already have.

"I put it on the floor with my material double thickness underneath and cut along the outline, leaving enough for seams, facings, and hems, and enough for the fluted sleeves, gathers, etc., that my sketch has.

"I then pin it roughly and put it on, and, using two mirrors, one at the front, the other at the back, fit it and dart it.

"Of course, it usually looks like nothing on earth when I first put it on and I always have qualms as to whether it's going to turn out all right.

"But by the time I've swapped the pins

By JOAN KENNETT

and if I see something I like on someone else I've learned to say to myself, 'Yes, it's nice, but I wonder how it would look with perhaps a rounded neckline and longer sleeves'.

"I sketch the idea on paper and study it. Maybe it would be even better with cuffs or with fluted sleeves, maybe with a flared skirt instead of a straight skirt.

"You just keep going until you're satisfied, and in the end you have your own, original design."

Mieke says you don't need expensive materials to get a good effect.

"I've found cheap materials can look just as striking. (Note Mieke's evening gown — it's made from plain old polished cotton.)

"Anyway, I'm out to save money," she adds, "so I always buy the cheapest I can find."

Mieke never bothers about drawing up patterns.

**ELEGANT** evening gown (below) and little cape in polished cotton, lined in taffeta. Mieke estimates it cost her no more than £2/10/0 to make.

around a bit and fitted and darted it, it starts to look much more promising.

"All that's left to do then is tacking and sewing and finishing off.

"I've found it's best to stick to something quite plain and simple.

"It's easier for one thing, and, also, I've always thought that plain, simple lines are far smarter and more striking than lace and frills."

Mieke gets most of her ideas from clothes she sees on others, the rest from shop parades and magazines.

She was born in Amsterdam, Holland, and came to Australia with her family five and a half years ago.

She is a receptionist for an Adelaide solicitor and has five brothers, all of whom are wonderful critics.

"They tell me if they don't like something I make and if more than three of them feel the same way, I can be sure it's not much good."

**SHIFT** in light wool and leopard-print felt jacket-cape. Mieke made the pillbox hat, added band to her handbag and the bows to her shoes.



Teenagers' WEEKLY

**SMART** casual outfit of slacks and matching jacket (above) in cotton, worn with tailored cotton blouse. The jacket features gold buttons.



**SIMPLE** button-through shift in linen with round darted pockets. Pictures by Vic Grimmett, Adelaide.



**THE ONLY** frills Mieke has allowed herself . . . a pretty cotton blouse teamed with skirt and jacket in linen.





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THE IDEAL GIFT!

# Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7022, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/10 for each letter used.

## Lonely teens should "keep busy"

IF you are a lonesome teenager, don't just sit at home and mope about your lack of friends and social life like I used to. There is one golden rule to combat loneliness—keep busy. Join a club—you've probably heard that one a thousand times before, and if you've joined one disastrous club where the people were all "old" or not just your type, don't give up hope—simply find another. There has to be one that's right for you.

A sports club is a good idea, even if it's all girls or all boys. If you're not terribly sports-minded, it's still a good idea. It's healthy, and if you try hard enough you usually develop a real interest.

Drama clubs are good, too. The world's worst actor or actress can still paint scenery, help with make-up, act as prompter, and do a 1001 invaluable little jobs which are good fun and helpful.

Night school can be absorbing and useful, too. Pick a subject which you like or one which will help with your job or in later life. There are many courses to choose from now, and instead of moping away your spare time you'll be learning something.

Keep busy at weekends, too. Go places where it isn't



"And behind that brick wall you have one of the finest views in the world!"

hard to meet people—public dances are best. Take a friend if possible, but go by yourself if not. On Sundays—a bad time for loneliness—ring up or call upon a friend you haven't seen for ages, write letters, sew a blouse, bake a cake, clean the car—anything to keep busy.

Once you're so busy with a hundred clubs and hobbies that there just isn't time to breathe, you'll find that suddenly you're not lonely any more. Good luck! —  
Ida van Gelder, Brentwood, W.A.

• Robin Adair's column will resume next week.

## THE BOYS HAVE GONE TO THEIR HEADS



THESE HATS clearly show the masculine influence on headgear in London. Above, from left, "Artful Dodger," inspired by Dickens; "James Bond," a seaman's cap in felt and gold braid; and "007" in needle cord.



ABOVE, from left, "Sherlock Holmes" and "Mild and Bitter," a fashionable version of the cap worn by cartoon character Andy Capp.

## BEATNIK

### First pay

I THOUGHT many teenagers would be interested in some of the bright ideas that my friends and I had about what to buy with our first pay packets.

Some of the ideas were: False eyelashes, two-piece swimming costumes, shoes, dresses, and the usual luxuries a schoolgirl could never afford. But I think some of the funniest suggestions came from some food-conscious friends who raided the kitchen so often in their schooldays. They wanted to buy dried apricots, icing sugar, sultanas, desiccated coconut, powdered milk, chocolates, and a tin of sweet condensed milk. My own weakness was food also, and I couldn't wait until I bought several pounds of preserved and dried prunes! —  
"Enaid," Wellington, N.S.W.

### Ham radio

I AM an average 17-year-old teenage girl who is very interested in ham radio operating. I have been operating on my father's transmitter for over two years now and have learnt many things about different parts of the world.

Japan, U.S.A., Europe, Great Britain, and the North and South Poles are just a few of the places I can talk to. The people I speak to on the air can all speak English, because it is an international language in ham radio. I sincerely hope to have aroused the interest of some T.W. readers. —  
Sylvia Doddridge, Kilburn, S.A.

### Careers

I HAVE not yet decided on the career I want to follow when I leave school. However, I was given something to think about when my headmistress asked the school if we were deciding to do what we wanted to do, or if we were deciding to do what wanted doing. —  
"Joanne," East Preston, Vic.

## Readers discuss the Beatles' MBE

• The Beatles were recently awarded an MBE each, and controversy has raged ever since. Most readers have been in favor of the award.

THE Beatles won the MBE

In witty Beatle style, John thought it was terrific. And smiled a Beatle smile; Ringo said he'd keep it To wear until he's old; George said that he's the youngest

To win it, he'd been told. And Paul, at first astonished, said, "I don't believe it's true!" Then later said, "It's marvellous, And great to come home to."

They didn't have to drive a tank, Or even win a war, Instead they drove the oldies mad And captured hearts galore. —  
Ann Irons, East Kempsey, N.S.W.

WHEN I first read that the Beatles had received the Queen's Birthday Honors, I was the happiest person in the world; but now, after all the controversy, I am very angry and infuriated.

Why shouldn't the Beatles get the MBE? They have brought happiness into many a person's heart, and they are certainly not "vulgar nincompoops." They are intelligent young men who have created musical history with their pounding, swinging beat. Old people, as well as young, have acknowledged them the world over. It has been said that the Beatles are a phenomenon. A Canadian Member of Parliament who returned his medal said, "I don't want to be a member of an order which recognises hysteria and stupidity."

The only stupidity in this affair is the foolishness of these "old fuddy duddies" returning their honors. —  
J. Marx, Turramurra, N.S.W.

THE other day when I was strolling down the street I bumped into a wise, old schoolmaster whom I have known and respected for many years. The conversation eventually came around to the Beatles' MBE.

He said: "The Beatles, who have done a tremendous amount for Britain's economy as dollar-earners and tourist attractions and who, by their example, have been responsible for the reduc-

tion of juvenile crime by as much as 75 percent in some areas, received the MBE, the lowest level of all honors bestowed by the sovereign. No, the Beatles don't deserve the MBE—it's not good enough for them."

"They should get a much higher award." Incidentally, my old friend admits that he loathes the Beatles' music. —  
Bruce Massey, Scarborough, W.A.

ACTORS and actresses in the past have been awarded the MBE, so I do not see why the Beatles should not have the honor bestowed upon them. They are entertainers, after all, and have done much to promote England in foreign countries and bringing innocent enjoyment to many, old and young alike. —  
"For the Four," St. Peter, S.A.

IN my classroom at school, we decided to put the Beatles on the walls. The staff had a meeting about it and it was decided that they had to be taken down, as they are not important. Recently, the Beatles received the MBE, so once again they are on the walls. —  
C.S., Sandy Bay, Tas.

I WOULD like to congratulate the Beatles for their MBE. They have earned it. The Beatles have become known the world over as entertainers and have helped Britain in many ways. As for those people who have sent their awards back because of the Beatles, I think this is ridiculous. The Beatles have earned their awards just as much as anybody else. The pop groups play an important part in life just as much as any other form of entertainment and this century there will never be another group as famous as the Beatles. —  
Glen Gibbs, South Geelong, Vic.

I DON'T think it's fair to give the stupid Beatles an MBE. They didn't deserve it; all I know is they should be locked up in cages, just like the other monkeys. People like those who do a lot for Meals on Wheels should get it, but they don't even get a mention. —  
A. Sigalas, Hamilton, Vic.



# Wendy took a holiday—and came back with a new nose



WENDY HANN before plastic surgery changed the shape of her nose.

● When people told blonde teenager Wendy Hann that her nose gave her character and that everyone liked her the way she was, it was no comfort . . . "I hated my nose, and if it didn't worry them it certainly worried me," she said.

AND in December last year, Wendy, a shorthand typist at Katoomba, N.S.W., decided to do something about it.

"I took four weeks' annual leave from work and went into hospital to have my nose altered by plastic surgery," she said.

"My friends told me I was mad, that my nose was never noticed. My parents were non-committal, but said they would give their consent to the operation if that was what I wanted and could afford to pay for it myself."

"It was what I wanted—so I spent a week in hospital and three weeks at home looking after a much smaller, straighter, but tender nose."

Wendy thought seriously about having her nose altered for two months before she decided to have the operation.

## Cost of surgery

"I went to see a plastic surgeon to ask him the cost of the operation, whether it was worth remodelling my nose, and what chances there were of improvement before speaking to several people who had had the operation themselves."

Wendy found out that the cost of the operation would be between £80 and £100. Hospital expenses would probably amount to £30, and if a general anaesthetic was used a further expense of £13 was involved.

"I also found out that some people who had had the operation weren't satisfied. The doctor warned me that although my nose could be improved, whether or not it would be the way I wanted it was a different story," Wendy said.

"But that suited me . . . I had no definite ideas on the shape of the nose I wanted. All I knew was that I wanted a smaller, straighter, and shorter nose—and that's what I got. I'm thrilled with it."

Before the operation Wendy's nose was large,

pronounced, and had a bump in the middle. "I had quite an inferiority complex about it," she said. "I often heard people say when they passed me in the street: 'Look at that girl's nose—it's huge!'"

"I would never wear dark glasses or my hair pulled back off my face, as I thought it would make my nose more obvious."

Today Wendy can wear her hair in many different styles, and one of the first things she bought when she came out of hospital was a pair of dark glasses.

"It is not a painful operation," Wendy said, "but it is quite uncomfortable, as you cannot breathe through your nose for about two weeks afterwards. The bones take quite a while to settle down and the smallest bump can be painful."

"The nose is kept in plaster for the week you are in hospital, and then for another week when you come out. This is not at all uncomfortable—in fact, I used to forget that I even had plaster on my face except when people would ask me what had happened or who had hit me!"

## Nose swollen

"After the plaster comes off, your nose is still very swollen, and it takes about six weeks to return to normal. Therefore, you cannot really tell what it's going to look like until a month and a half later."

"You also have two beautiful eyes after the operation—they take about four days to disappear."

Wendy loves her new nose and says one of the greatest compliments she can be paid is by those people who say: "You look different . . ."



ABOVE AND RIGHT: After the operation, a pretty, confident Wendy.



prettier . . . what have you done to yourself?"

"It has done wonders for me. I am so much more confident now."

"The day the plaster comes off your nose you feel a mixture of anxiety and expectation. I don't think I've ever been so nervous in my life."

—JENNY IRVINE

## Beauty in brief



## WHAT IS A GOOD SKIN?

● Basically, a good skin is the result of internal and external co-operation.

THE right diet; plenty of protein in the shape of meat, fish, etc.; a knowledge of your vitamin alphabet from A to E; a proper mixture of calcium, phosphorus, iron; and a good complexion is 50 percent on its way.

Combine this with the intelligent use of selected cream and lotion and you're there—or should be.

Make-up is then simply complementary—a way of accentuating the good skin that lies beneath it.

The ideal make-up for all young skins is a light powder base and a powder which matches the skin. Or one of the preparations that do the work of both.

The fresh look of this simple make-up is a matter of checking and renewing. Wash it all off a couple of times a day and begin again.

Heavier, concealing make-ups may help us to a kind of gala look in the evening, even masking blemishes. But they can be mask-like in daytime, particularly if they don't match the skin or are not carried down to the throat.

—CAROLYN EARLE

## THE CLASSICS

BRITTEN and WALTON: Music for Voice and Guitar

THE guitar has been having a great run of popularity lately, and this has resulted in the issue of a number of records with guitar of no great musical interest.

For that reason the recent RCA release simply titled "Music for Voice and Guitar" might be passed over, though, in fact, this one is a disc of considerable interest.

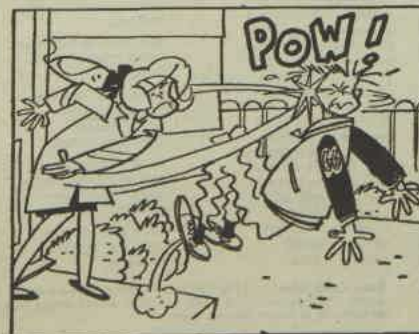
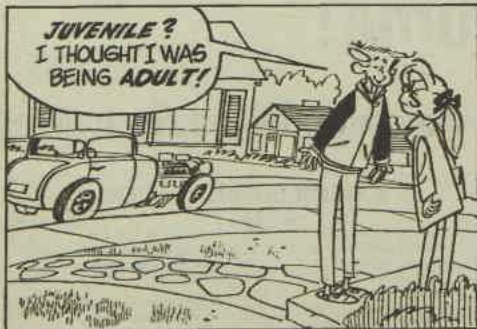
The performances are by the distinguished English tenor Peter Pears and the brilliant guitarist Julian Bream, and the music includes the first recorded versions of two song cycles specially written for them by two leading English composers, Benjamin Britten and William Walton.

Britten's song cycle is called "Songs from the Chinese" and was first performed in 1958. At first hearing, the voice part may seem a little declamatory and "untruthful" to those used to more conventional song-writing, but much of the interest lies in the elaborate and subtle guitar parts, often pitched so high that they provide a constant line of decoration above the voice.

Walton's cycle, "Anon in Love," is a setting of six love poems by anonymous poets. They are more straightforward and "song-like" than the Britten—and also most attractive. It would be well to tackle this side of the record first.

The disc also includes some delightful folk-song settings by Britten and the Hungarian-born composer Matyas Seiber.

—MARTIN LONG





Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

### She's in love

I AM 16½ years old and secretly in love with a boy. I have been out with this boy once. I stop to talk to him sometimes, and when I have finished talking to him and walk away I go all weak and my heart pounds like mad. He is a nice boy and well-mannered. I would like to go out with him again. He is taking another girl out, which makes me jealous. I think a great deal of him. How shall I act when I am with him?

"Confused," W.A.

The worst thing you could do is consciously put on any act in front of him. Take three deep breaths when you see him coming and tell yourself "I am beautiful and charming and he likes me."

Then relax, be natural and subtly show him that you like him. If you get free tickets to anything, or an invitation to a party, it would be quite all right to ask him to go with you. Avoid the temptation to be catty about the other girl, and hide your jealousy.

### First cousin

I AM a girl of 18 and very much in love with my first cousin, who is the same age. We have been going with each other for almost a year, and we know there will never be anyone else for either of us. I am very worried about whether it is permissible to marry a first cousin.

"Worried," Qld.

There is no law that forbids you

to get married, but there are other problems that you should discuss with a doctor. They have to do with the complex laws of genetics. A good doctor who knows the medical histories of your families will advise you.

### Going abroad

IN a few years when we have saved enough money and I have finished training as an infant teacher, my friend and I are going on a working trip abroad. I am leaving school at the end of this year, but am not starting at teachers' college until mid-1966. Could you please suggest any basic training or practical experience I could get in these precious six months that will enable me to get the essential jobs abroad?

"Ambitious," S.A.

One of the best things you could possibly do is to get at least a working knowledge of one or two languages. French, German, and Italian are the most widely spoken. You can do this either through a reputable language school or teach-yourself records. Shorthand and typing are invaluable stand-bys in case you can't get work as a teacher.

You can also make a hobby of collecting information about the countries you intend to visit. A wide general knowledge will be a great help in absorbing and applying everything you see.

Get a driver's licence and have it changed to an international driver's licence just before you go.

### Testing time

I AM nearly 21 and have been going out for 18 months with a girl I love very much. I am moving to work in an interstate country town for two years. This girl says she loves me, and we have discussed marriage, but she will not promise not to go out with other boys while I am away. She says she would only do this occasionally, and that she can still love me even if she goes out with others—but I don't think she could. Is she being fair?

D.L., S.A.

As you have only discussed marriage and are not engaged, it isn't exactly fair of you to think you can put her away for safe-keeping for two years. Even an engagement ring wouldn't be a guarantee that both circumstances and feelings won't change in two years. Your girlfriend is wise enough to realise this.

Don't forget that you are just as likely to meet someone as she is. Think of it as a testing time. If your feelings for each other survive two years apart, you will be able to plan confidently for the future.

### Getting engaged

I AM writing to find out if I can get engaged without my parents' permission. I know it is not very nice to do this, but my boyfriend has asked my mother and she will not say yes or no. My boyfriend wants to get the ring now as we have planned to get engaged on my birthday.

"Impatient," Tas.

You don't need your parents' permission to get engaged, but you must admit it would be nice to know that they are behind you. Try to talk to your mother yourself, and discuss the whole thing with her sensibly. You may find she can give you some very good advice. You will need their permission to get married until you are 21.



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HMT/30 WWJCP

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# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

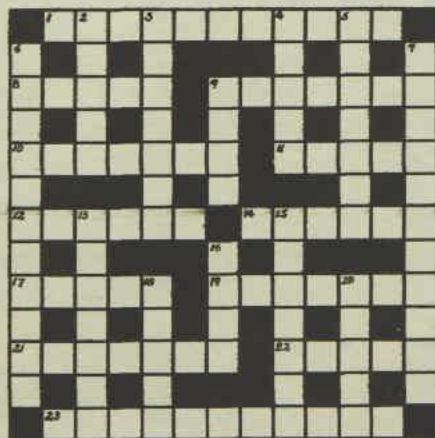
A SUBMARINE cruising near Greenland hits an iceberg. The sub is not damaged, but while submerged one of the crew sees a huge figure in the ice. NOW READ ON . . .



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. Persons devoted to elegant literature might be beautiful women sad at heart (11).
8. Join the French to make it putrid (5).
9. Rapture (7).
10. Wreath, ending on the land (7).
11. The best card is spirited inside (5).
12. Egg-shaped figures with empty heart (6).
14. There is no tire in the East (6).
17. Old-fashioned (5).
19. Singers with the highest variety of voice (7).
21. Make free concerning a contract of letting (7).
22. A hall with everything in it (5).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

2. This cannot be the youngest tree (5).
3. Toward the sheltered side with war in it (7).
4. I sent a piece let into a dress (5).
5. Misrepresent (7).
6. Difficult jobs, but commercial travellers like them (5, 6).
7. Agreed with friendly feeling (11).
9. There are two such books, the Elder and the Younger (4).
13. Lot turns in an Algerian city to make a small bird (7).
15. The act of trusting contains cut up soap (7).
16. Land formation in misleading (4).
18. The end of all of us (5).
20. Town in N.W. Spain headed by everything (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

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3310.—Little girl's A-line back-buttoned dress (below right) with self ruffle at neck and hem. Sizes 21, 22, 23, 23½, 24, 25in. chest. Price 5/- includes postage.

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